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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Another Swindle?

Positive Punk
THE MUSIC, MYSTERY AND MAGICK OF THE NEW PUNKS
by Richard North

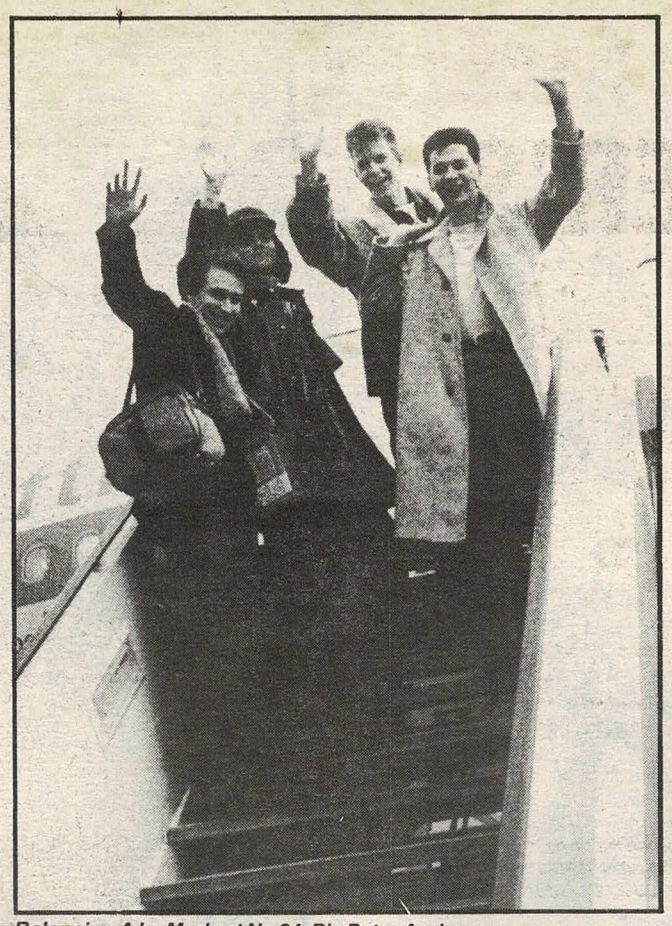
Julian Temple
THE NEW WAVE DIRECTOR OF THE ENGLISH FILM BIZ
by Chris Bohn

JOHN CALE LINDA RONSTADT
THE NME CASSETTE & VIDEO OFFERS

Bob (left) and Lisa (right) of Blood And Roses; Ben (foreground) and Michelle of Brigandage. Photo: Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
	3	**TOO SHY**	**Kajagoogoo (EMI)**	4	1
2	1	**DOWN UNDER**	**Men At Work (Epic)**	6	1
3	3	**SIGN OF THE TIMES**	**Belle Stars (Stiff)**	4	2
4	14	**CHANGE**	**Tears For Fears (Mercury)**	2	4
5	6	**UP WHERE WE BELONG**	**Joe Crocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)**	4	5
6	10	**WHAM RAP (ENJOY WHAT YOU DO)**	**Wham (Innervision)**	2	6
7	4	**ELECTRIC AVENUE**	**Eddy Grant (Ice)**	5	2
8	15	**OH DIANE**	**Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)**	5	8
9	5	**GLORIA**	**Laura Branigan (Atlantic)**	5	5
10	11	**LAST NIGHT A DJ SAVED MY LIFE**	**Indeep (Sound Of New York)**	3	10
11	16	**BILLIE JEAN**	**Michael Jackson (Epic)**	3	11
12	8	**YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE**	**Phil Collins (Virgin)**	10	1
13	9	**NEW YEARS DAY**	**U2 (Island)**	4	9
14	13	**TWISTING BY THE POOL**	**Dire Straits (Vertigo)**	4	10
15	7	**THE CUTTER**	**Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)**	4	7
16	24	**AFRICA**	**Toto (CBS)**	2	6
17	20	**CHRISTIAN**	**China Crisis (Virgin)**	2	17
18	21	**NATURE BOY**	**Central Line (Mercury)**	3	18
19	12	**STEPPIN' OUT**	**Joe Jackson (A&M)**	6	4
20	28	**TUNNEL OF LOVE**	**Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)**	2	20
21	17	**THE STORY OF THE BLUES**	**Wah (Eternal)**	5	4
22	23	**THE CHINESE WAY**	**Level 42 (Polydor)**	3	22
23	(—)	**COLD SWEAT**	**Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)**	1	23
24	(—)	**GET THE BALANCE RIGHT**	**Depeche Mode (Mute)**	1	24
25	(—)	**LOVE ON YOUR SIDE**	**Thompson Twins (Arista)**	1	25
26	(—)	**COMMUNICATION**	**Spandau Ballet (Reformation)**	1	26
27	30	**SHINY SHINY**	**Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)**	2	27
28	(—)	**JAILHOUSE ROCK**	**Elvis Presley (RCA)**	1	28
29	26	**THE HARDER THEY COME**	**Rockers Revenge (London)**	2	26
30	25	**CACHARPAYA**	**Incantation (Beggars Banquet)**	7	9



Balancing A La Mode at No 24. Pic Peter Anderson

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
	1	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	**Men At Work (Epic)**	6	1
2	21	**PORCUPINE**	**Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)**	2	2
3	7	**THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION**	**John Lennon (Parlophone)**	12	1
4	3	**NIGHT AND DAY**	**Joe Jackson (A&M)**	4	3
5	9	**THRILLER**	**Michael Jackson (Epic)**	9	5
6	12	**HEARTBREAKER**	**Dionne Warwick (Arista)**	15	2
7	2	**HELLO I MUST BE GOING**	**Phil Collins (Virgin)**	14	2
8	6	**KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE**	**Eddy Grant (Ice)**	4	6
9	5	**FELINE**	**The Stranglers (Epic)**	5	5
10	4	**RICHARD CLAYDERMAN**	**Richard Clayderman (Delphine)**	9	4
11	(—)	**MAKING CONTACT**	**UFO (Chrysalis)**	1	11
12	8	**RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS**	**Various (Ronco)**	8	4
13	28	**VISIONS**	**Various (K-Tel)**	2	13
14	(—)	**ALL THE BEST**	**Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)**	1	14
15	(—)	**20 GREATEST LOVE SONGS**	**Nat King Cole (EMI TV)**	8	6
16	(—)	**FRONTIERS**	**Journey (CBS)**	1	16
17	22	**SKY FIVE LIVE**	**Sky (Ariola)**	4	17
18	14	**PEARLS II**	**Elkie Brooks (A&M)**	13	3
19	(—)	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	**Eurythmics (RCA)**	1	19
20	10	**TRANS**	**Neil Young (Geffen)**	2	10
21	19	**DIFFICULT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS**	**China Crisis (Virgin)**	3	21
22	26	**THE BELLE STARS**	**The Belle Stars (Stiff)**	2	22
23	11	**CACHARPAYA**	**Incantation (Beggars Banquet)**	5	9
24	16	**LIVE EVIL**	**Black Sabbath (Vertigo)**	5	11
25	17	**RIO**	**Duran Duran (EMI)**	34	2
26	25	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	**Dire Straits (Vertigo)**	18	1
27	(—)	**OCTOBER**	**U2 (Island)**	1	27
28	13	**THE ART OF FALLING APART**	**Soft Cell (Some Bizarre)**	5	7
29	(—)	**SHAPE UP & DANCE Vol 1**	**Felicity Kendall (Lifestyle)**	1	29
30	(—)	**MONEY & CIGARETTES**	**Eric Clapton (Duck)**	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(4)	**Oblivious**	Another Camera (Rough Trade)
2	(2)	**Fat Man**	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
3	(1)	**New Age**	Blitz (Future)
4	(3)	**Johnny Remember Me**	Meteors (ID)
4	(6)	**Get The Balance Right**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(—)	**Bad Seed**	Birthday Party (4AD)
7	(5)	**Heartarche Avenue**	Maisonettes (RSG)
8	(8)	**Plain Sailing**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
9	(11)	**Alice**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
10	(7)	**Love's A Lonely Place To Be EP**	Virginia Astley (Why Fi)
11	(13)	**Orders Of The Day**	Combat 84 (Victory)
12	(—)	**You Must Be Mad**	Marines Girls (Cherry Red)
13	(10)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
14	(9)	**Halloween**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
15	(25)	**Reach Up**	Tony Lee (TNT)
16	(19)	**Feels Like Winter Again**	Fiat Lux (Cocteau)
17	(12)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
18	(23)	**No Time For Talk**	The Box (Go Discs)
19	(16)	**Groovin' In Green**	March Violets (Merciful Release)
20	(18)	**Winter**	Amoebics (Spider Leg)
21	(24)	**For Whom The Bells Tolls**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
22	(27)	**Nellie The Elephant**	Toys Dolls (Volume)
23	(—)	**Hit The O Deck**	Pigbag (Y)
24	(21)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
25	(15)	**Noise For The Boys**	Ejected (Riot City)
26	(—)	**Wessex 82**	Various (Bluurg)
27	(30)	**Out On The Floor**	Dobie Gray Inferno)
28	(17)	**More Than A Dream**	Farmers Boys (Racks)
29	(—)	**Gi's A Job**	Yossers Gang (Rialto)
30	26	**Summer Of '81**	Violators (No Future)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Pillows And Prayers**	Various (Cherry Red)
2	(2)	**Strive To Strive**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
3	(3)	**The Day The Country Died**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
4	(8)	**1981-82 The Mini Album**	New Order (Factory)
5	(6)	**Pissed And Proud**	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
6	(9)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
7	(10)	**Never Mind The Dirt**	Dirt (Crass)
8	(7)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
9	(5)	**Plastic Surgery Disasters**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
10	(11)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
11	(4)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
12	(12)	**La Variete**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
13	(—)	**Partisans**	Partisans (No Future)
14	(17)	**Live At Shepperton**	Damned (Big Beat)
15	(—)	**North Marine Drive**	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
16	(19)	**Leather Bristles Studs And Acne**	GBH (Clay)
17	(13)	**Part Of America Therein**	Fall (Cottage)
18	(20)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
19	(16)	**When The Punks Go Marching In**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
20	(23)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
21	(—)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
22	(14)	**If I Die, I Die**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
23	(—)	**The Bedroom Album**	Jah Wobble (Lago)
24	(—)	**Inchpinchers**	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
25	(21)	**Sound Of Music**	Adicts (Razor)
26	(15)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
27	(28)	**Under The Flag**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
28	(30)	**Harmony**	The Wake (Factory)
29	(25)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
30	(—)	**Guilty**	Vibrators (Anagram)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Love Come Down**	Barry Biggs (Afrik)
2	**Lend Me The Chopper**	Johnny Osbourne (Hit Bound)
3	**Teach Me Culture**	Barrington Levy (Jah Life)
4	**Ritinella**	Larry Marshall (Lignum Vitae Int)
5	**Revolution**	Dennis Brown (Taxi)
6	**Rub A Dub Party**	Johnny Osbourne (Coxsone)
7	**Playgirl**	Techniques (Techniques)
8	**Tu Sheng Peng**	U Brown (Tad's)
9	**Palavin Spree**	Sugar Minott (Thunderbolt)
10	**Gate Man**	Ranking Dread (Body Music)
11	**King Of The Minstrels**	Augustus Pablo (Rockers Int)
12	**Hail Lyrics For Sale**	Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
13	**Only A Smile**	Errol Dunkley (Natty Congo)
14	**Heavy Load**	Owen Isaac with Frank Davies and Adelaide (Exclusive)
15	**Independence Anniversary Ska**	Skatalites (Island)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

WEST GERMANY ALBUMS

1	**The Getaway**	Chris De Burgh (A&M/CBS)
2	**Famous Last Words**	Supertramp (A&M/CBS)
3	**Vun Drinne Noh Drusse**	Bap (Musikant/EMI Electrola)
4	**Odyssey**	Udo Lindenburg (Polydor/DGG)
5	**Nena**	Nena (CBS)
6	**Adios Amor**	Andy Borg (EMI Electrola)
7	**Rock Classics**	Peter Hoffman (CBS)
8	**Tutti Frutti**	Spider Murphy Gang (EMI/Electrola)
9	**Fuer Usszeschinigge**	Bap (Musikant/EMI Electrola)
10	**Kissing To Be Clever**	Culture Club (Virgin/Ariola)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

US SINGLES

1	**Down Under**	Men At Work (Columbia)
2	**Baby Come To Me**	Patti Austin (Qwest)
3	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
4	**Shame On The Moon**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
5	**Africa**	Toto (Columbia)
6	**Maneater**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7	**You And I**	Eddie Rabbitt/Crystal Gayle (Elektra)
8	**Rock The Casbah**	The Clash (Epic)
9	**Stray Cat Strut**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
10	**You Can't Hurry Love**	Phil Collins (Atlantic)

US LPs

1	**Business As Usual**	Men At Work (Columbia)
2	**Built For Speed**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3	**H_2O**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4	**Get Nervous**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
5	**Thriller**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
6	**The Distance**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
7	**Combat Rock**	The Clash (Epic)
8	**Hello, I Must Be Going**	Phil Collins (Atlantic)
9	**Toto IV**	Toto (Columbia)
10	**Records**	Foreigner (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Take A Chance On Me**	Abba (Epic)
2	**Figaro**	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
3	**If I Had Words**	Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)
4	**Up Town Top Ranking**	Althia & Donna (Lightning)
5	**Wishing On A Star**	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)
6	**Come Back My Love**	Darts (Magnet)
7	**Lovely Day**	Bill Withers (CBS)
8	**My Blue Sky**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
9	**Sorry I'm A Lady**	Baccara (RCA)
10	**Native New Yorker**	Odyssey (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Blockbuster**	Sweet (RCA)
2	**Do You Want To Touch Me**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	**Part Of The Union**	Strawbs (A & M)
4	**Daniel**	Elton John (DJM)
5	**You're So Vain**	Carly Simon (Elektra)
6	**Sylvia**	Focus (Polydor)
7	**Roll Over Beethoven**	Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)
8	**Paper Plane**	Status Quo (Vertigo)
9	**Me And Mrs. Jones**	Billy Paul (Epic)
10	**Wishing Well**	Free (Island)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Mighty Quinn**	Manfred Man (Fontana)
2	**Everlasting Love**	Love Affair (CBS)
3	**Bend Me Shape Me**	Amen Corner (Dream)
4	**She Wears My Ring**	Solomon King (Columbia)
5	**Am I That Easy To Forget**	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
6	**Suddenly You Love Me**	Tremeloes (Decca)
7	**Judy In Disguise**	John Fred & His Playboy Band (Pye Int)
8	**Gimme Little Sign**	Brenton Wood (Liberty)
9	**I Can Take Or Leave Your Loving**	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	**Pictures Of Matchstick Men**	Status Quo (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

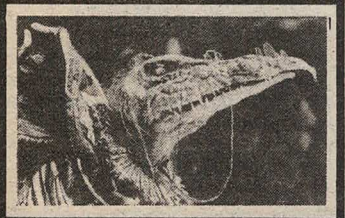
1	**Diamonds**	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
2	**The Wayward Wind**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	**Please Please Me**	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	**Little Town Flirt**	Del Shannon (London)
5	**Loop Di Loop**	Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
6	**The Night Has A Thousand Eyes**	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
7	**Island Of Dreams**	Springfields (Philips)
8	**Globetrotter**	Tornadoes (Decca)
9	**Bachelor Boy**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10	**Like I Do**	Maureen Evans (Oriole)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

KING 6
MUSICAL YOUTH IN JA 4
THOMPSON TWINS 5
WARRIOR COMIX 7
PRINT AT LAST! 8
CHINA CRISIS 11
POSITIVE PUNK 12
NY STREET SOUNDS 16
SINGLES 17
JOHN CALE 18

LINDA RONSTADT 21



SILVER SCREEN 22
JULIAN TEMPLE 24
LPs 26
TOUR NEWS 29
RECORD NEWS 30
GIG GUIDE 31

LIVE! OOPS 36
REGGAE RUNNINGS 40
PLUTONIUM BLONDES 40
DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL 41
X-WORD 43
GASBAG 46
T-ZERS 47

NEW BAND ● NEW 45 ● NEW HAIRCUT

WELLER'S BACK — IN STYLE

PAUL WELLER emerged from the studio this week to unveil his new group, which he calls The Style Council.

In fact, it's just a duo at the moment, the other member being ex-Dexys organist Mick Talbot. Their first single 'Speak Like A Child'/'Party Chambers' is due for release by Polydor on March 11 and, on these tracks, Orange Juice's Zeke guests on drums.

The former Jam leader commented: "Like Robin Hood, I will be collecting members for The Style Council as I go on my merry way, but for the time being it's just me and Mick". He said he wanted Talbot in the group, because he considers him the finest young jazz/soul organist in the country. "And he also shares a hatred of the rock myth and rock culture", added Weller, himself something of a rock myth.

The future is still rather vague because, according to Weller : "I do want to play at some time, but I want it to be a bit special and certainly different, so I have to take my time over it. I haven't any plans for an album, but I'll just collect tracks as I go along. I'm more interested in releasing 45s, really."

He concluded: "It's boring to go on about 'how dull music is at the moment and what I plan to do to change it', and all those crappy promises the fraud squad groups make. So people will have to bear with me, expect nothing and I'll give as much as possible in return. I obviously have great hopes for The Style Council, I think the time is right for a new way of presenting music without the usual bullshit."

Councillors Talbot and Weller demonstrate style. (Are you sure about this? — Ed)

Brixton bands bonanza

BRIXTON'S Ace Cinema in South London — which hosts its last *Whatever You Want* for Channel 4 tonight (Thursday), with Aswad and Clint Eastwood & General Saint — immediately launches into a new series of its own, showcasing the best young bands of the day.

Besides the bill topped by Brilliant this Saturday (tickets £2.50), other confirmed shows are by Funkapolitan, The Apollinaires and Sir Jules & The Knights Of The Lab Table (tomorrow, Friday, £2.50); The Angelic Upstarts, The Vibrators and The Toy Dolls (February 23, £2); The Go-Betweens, The Room and Weekend (24, £2.50); and New Order and Stockholm Monsters (March 11, £4). More will be announced next week.

The Upstarts' gig is a late London replacement for their planned show this Thursday at the Klub Foot, which was cancelled due to that venue's sudden closure.

The Ace is also presenting a series of Monday night reggae shows, next week's (21) featuring Red Cloud, Abacush and Infinity with Nasty Rockers (£2.50). Other black music events coming up include Osibisa (February 25) and a 4 Square Gospel Concert presented by Miracle Music (March 3).

● Just down the road, plans to re-open the 5000-capacity Fair Deal have been reactivated, with local tycoon U-Ming resuming negotiations to take over the venue. If he succeeds, his task will be made all the harder by the impact now being made by the Ace.

Youth's added Brilliants

BRILLIANT, the band launched by former Killing Joke bassist Youth, re-emerge this week — with a new line-up, London dates and recording plans.

The band now includes 19-year old vocalist Chloe Lee-Davis who will be singing alongside Marcus, and the remainder of the line-up is Tintin (bass), Andy Anderson (drums) and Youth himself. Various members of the band will also be handling keyboards, as well as tackling their formidable new stage set — which doubles as percussion!

The new-look group play the first of two London shows at Brixton Ace Cinema this Saturday (19), supported by Urban Shakedown and Sisters Of Mercy. Two days later, on Monday (21), they're at Charing Cross Heaven.

A new single 'Colours'/'Break It Down' will be released at the beginning of March, available only as a 12" monster mix. The band also appear on two upcoming albums, 'The Whip' on Kamera Records and the 'Batcave' LP. A European tour is also in the pipeline.

Shady Sharkey. Pic A. Corbijn

Undertones end two-year absence with new LP, dates

'PRIDE' COMES BEFORE A TOUR

THE UNDERTONES are back in business after a two-year lay-off — with a new single and album, plus a major tour.

EMI release the band's fourth LP on March 7, a 12-track set titled 'The Sin Of Pride' — and it's preceded on February 28 by a single culled from the album called 'Got To Have you Back', available in both 7" and 12" formats.

Before the tour proper gets under way, the group are featured in BBC-2's *Sight & Sound In Concert*, which is being filmed at Hitchin Regal next Wednesday (23) for screening on March 5. Their schedule opens with three shows in Ireland, then moves to the mainland for 22 dates, including a major London showcase at Hammersmith Odean.

They play Liverpool Royal Court (March 9), Sheffield Polytechnic (10), Durham University (11), Bradford University (12), Canterbury Kent University (14), Reading University (15), Loughborough University (16), Norwich East Anglia University (18), Colchester Essex University (19), London Hammersmith Odeon (20), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Brighton Top Rank (28), Manchester Hacienda Club (30), Edinburgh Playhouse (31), Glasgow Tiffany's (April 1), Aberdeen Fusion (3), Newcastle Dingwalls (6), Birmingham Odeon (8) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (9). A support band has still to be named.

BILLY FURY — THE LAST LP ● EXTRA VAN DATES ● NEWS P29,30

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YOUTH INNA JAM INNA JAMDOWN

Video shoot-out drama in downtown Kingston

THE RUNNINGS were somewhat uncool in Kingston Jamaica recently when those bright young sparks Musical Youth flew in to film a new video for their current 45 'Never Gonna Give You Up', with Don Letts once again directing.

Like the group's music, the idea for the video was simple but appealing. it entailed the Youths playing on top of a bus in a downtown Kingston high street with a certain cool JA singing star (who was their idol) making a cameo appearance.

To that end Musical Youth's manager, Tony Owens, had flown to JA a week previously to discuss the project with the singer and his manager. Terms were set, everyone was happy.

A week later the group, together with video crew and a BBC film team (who were covering the band's visit for a future documentary) turned up in Kingston to start filming outside a record shop where the bus they were to play on was parked. Here the fun begins.

As the various parties set up their respective equipment, the owner of the shop approached band and film crews and told them that unless he was paid four thousand Jamaican dollars he would not let them film either the name of his shop or use his power supply.

As no-one was willing to negotiate for such an exhorbitant sum, a quick deal was struck with a nearby shop owner for use of his power source and, with the consent of the police, the bus was moved to the middle of the street.

By now a large crowd had gathered around the bus, all vociferously demanding cash if they were filmed for a mere second. It was then that our cool vocalist, with menacing henchmen in tow, chose to make his entrance, strolling up to the video crew, with Musical Youth onlooking, and demanding payment of two to three thousand dollars for his appearance in the video.

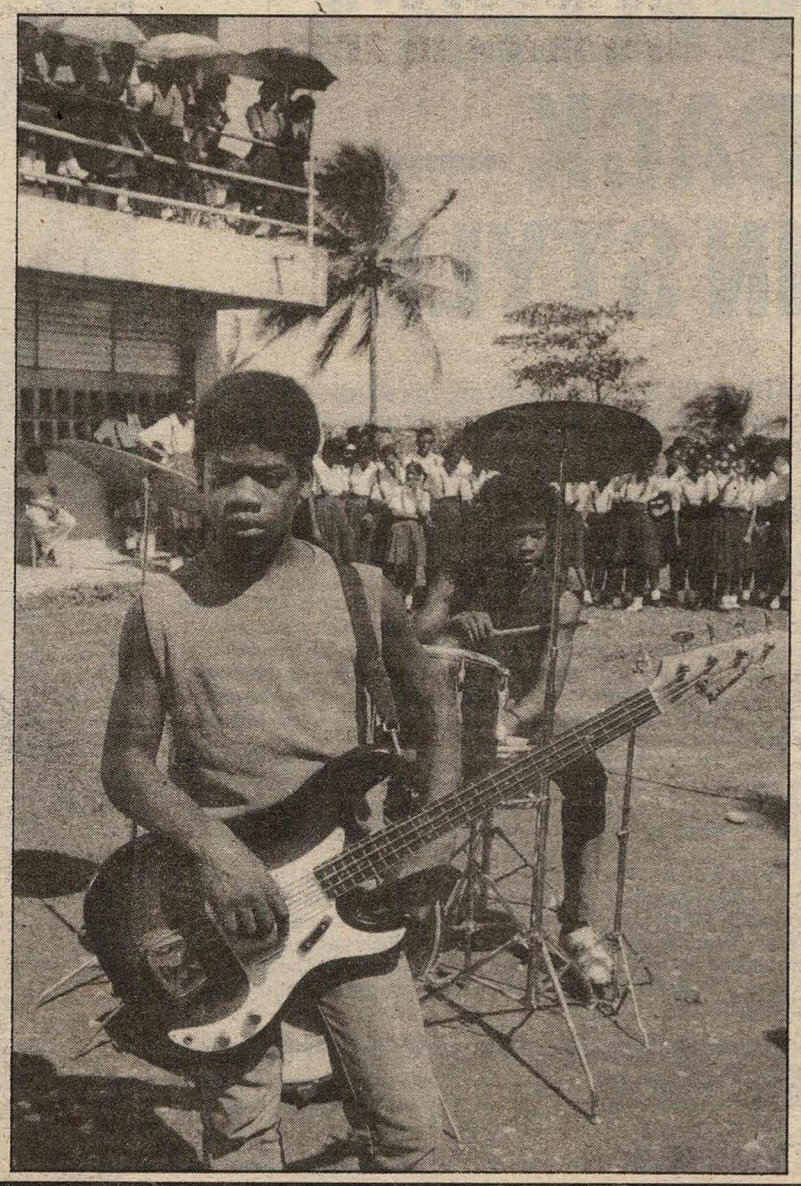
With the crew outraged by this turn of events, filming ground to a halt as various offers were then made to the singer, all of them to no avail. Every offer was rejected as the singer insisted, both in the street and at a restaurant where he was bought a meal, on receiving his original sum.

Amidst all the confusion, Letts, with admirable quick mindedness, shot as many of the video scenes as possible before work finally became impossible.

At the end of the day terms had eventually been reached with the singer whereby he had accepted a sum said to be under half his original demand, although his reputation as far as Musical Youth were concerned had been tarnished forever. Worse was to come.

Next day both singer and manager turned up outside the Youth's hotel and hung around the entrance. It was there, according to eye-witnesses that Valerie Cowans, who was acting as guide cum PR for the English parties, approached the singer and asked why he was acting in such an unreasonable manner.

His response was to slap her twice in the face, push her away and deliver two well aimed kicks to her body before his manager could hustle him away. Neither singer or manager was seen again after this indefensible incident and though it left a foul taste in everyone's mouth, filming was eventually completed.



Right: Musical Youth go back to school Jamaican style. Pic Adrian Boot

What remains in doubt is whether this singer was acting purely on *his* behalf or for the people of downtown Kingston, who would reap some kind of monetary benefit. Certainly many believe that he was collecting cash for the needy, though if that is the case — which remains uncertain — his actions in doing so were deplorable.

What's also stressed is that this series of incidents was the only upset throughout an otherwise enjoyable trip for Musical Youth.

Apart from meeting and playing football with The Melody Makers — Bob and Rita Marley's children who are now recording and playing and are a kind of JA counterpart to Musical Youth — the group found time to visit relatives living there and have their debut LP given a dubwise mix by Scientist for release in the near future.

The band also met two more heroes, Sly and Robbie, who both acted in a manner totally befitting their status; Sly in fact ended up showing Dennis, Youth's drummer, a trick or 20, much to his delight.

MY visited the north coast's Port Antonia, where they were filmed in a Jamaican classroom for part of their video. As an MCA spokesman for the group pointed out, the unfortunate events the group witnessed earlier in their trip failed to outweigh the enjoyable time they had.

Now: who was it under heavy, heavy manners again?

BRIGADIER LUIGI

I Was A Teenage Museum Piece

Curator Peter York with an exhibit from the early '80s. *Pic Anton Corbijn*

THE TEENAGER is dead. Long live *Teenage*. Please. As has already been loudly trumpeted, *Teenage* is a projected TV series documenting the rise, fall and living death of the concept of The Teenager. Sadly, it has yet to go beyond the pilot episode, which prompted patrons at Granada TV to shelve the rest.

The originators, however, are determined not to let their brainchild die. Nor should they. Conceived by researcher and *Face* writer Jon Savage, presenter Peter York and Granada house producer Geoff Moore as a polemic rather than an *All Our Yesterdays* replay of cute newsreel footage, *Teenage* opens with its contentious verdict and then goes some way to supporting it.

The programme is set in a museum dedicated to the teenager's passing, through which curator Peter York guides viewers, giving them peeks into facsimile '40s and '50s front rooms and pointing out cages housing dusty exhibits of exhibitionist dummies.

In the pilot York releases a revivalist Ted and brings him face to face with his makers, the original Teds — half breed younger brothers of worky-ticket spivs and crusty Edwardians. They reacted to the drear greyness of postwar Britain, the sanitised jollity of *Come Dancing*, and *Family Favourites*, with violent coquetry.

The look and the noise got them noticed. They were the first youth grouping to attract media attention. They had spending power and, with rock'n'roll soon to come, they — and indeed youth itself — became a viable marketing target. The rest you already know.

York's challenging commentary is probably what upset the programme's backers (aside from its costly nature). They might have mistaken his manner — a mixture of distanced admiration, affectionate disdain and provocative flippancy — for a lack of concern or interest. But that charge is easily dismissed by the obvious care and thoroughness that has gone into *Teenage's* construction.

The unearthed footage, from delinquent films such as *Cosh Boy* and old newsreels that point up the British tradition for belittling whimsy, is at once hilarious and indicative of its time. That it is long past, that the age of youth is over, is suggested by the elegaic strains of Kinks muzak and The Beatles' 'Yesterday' permeating the museum's corridors.

As yet, *Teenage* begins and ends with the Ted. Further episodes would've taken you through the late '50s, The Beatles, the hippies, the early '70s wasteland and punk. They will have to wait till Savage, York and Co. find a backer willing to unleash the mass of evidence they've compiled to corroborate their original verdict.

Channel 4 to the rescue?

CHRIS BOHN

● *Teenage* director Julian Temple is interviewed on pages 24 and 25.

□ **THE CLASH** issued a statement at the weekend — in response to various rumours circulating in London, they said — confirming that they are to remain a three-piece unit, following the departure of **Terry Chimes,** who has been their guest drummer since last May.

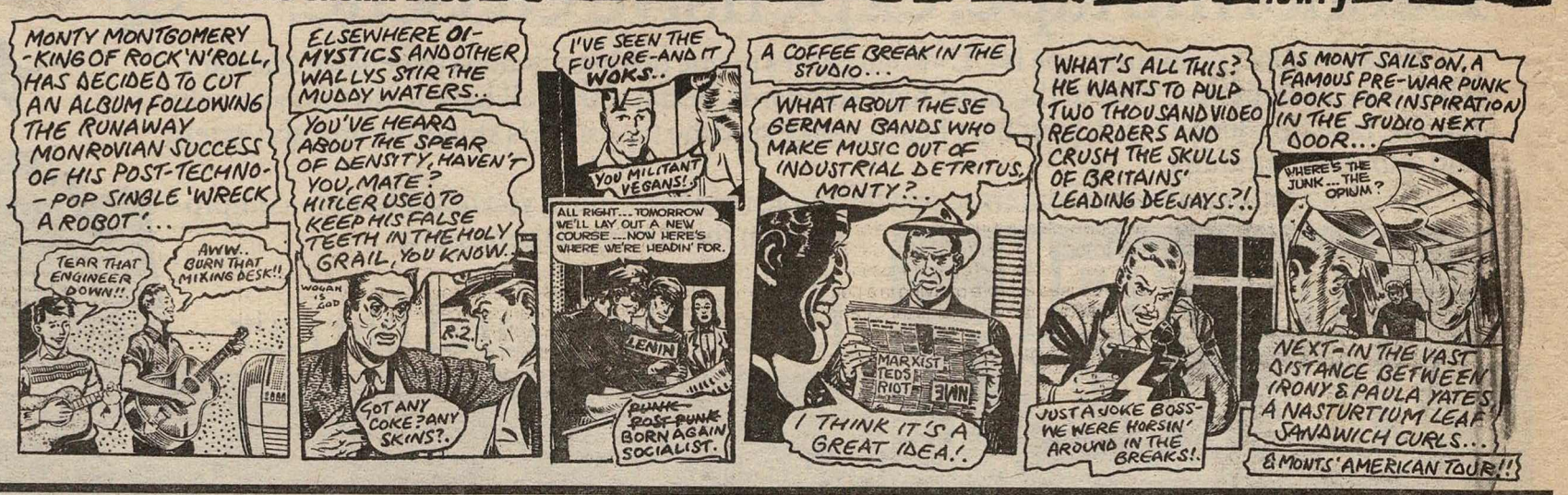
Chimes himself explained: "I thought they were mad when they phoned me up five days before an American tour, but it worked out really well — we all had a great time. Now it's time to get back to my own plans, which have been neglected for the last nine months."

Joe Strummer added: "Terry put up with a lot of pressure on the British and American tours, but I only saw him throw a tantrum once — which is truly remarkable."

The band say they don't yet know who their next drummer will be, but intend to press ahead with their plans to record a new single in London in the near future.

□ **FASHION** are to continue as a four-piece, following the departure of **Troy Tate,** who joined last October as replacement for lead singer **Dee Harris.** Musical differences are cited as the reason for Tate, who was previously with The Teardrop Explodes, leaving and deciding to pursue a solo career.

note oilskin base lowry


MONTY MONTGOMERY -KING OF ROCK'N'ROLL, HAS DECIDED TO CUT AN ALBUM FOLLOWING THE RUNAWAY MONROVIAN SUCCESS OF HIS POST-TECHNO-POP SINGLE 'WRECK A ROBOT'...
TEAR THAT ENGINEER DOWN!!
AWW.. BURN THAT MIXING DESK!!
ELSEWHERE OI-MYSTICS AND OTHER WALLYS STIR THE MUDDY WATERS..
YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE SPEAR OF DENSITY, HAVEN'T YOU, MATE? HITLER USED TO KEEP HIS FALSE TEETH IN THE HOLY GRAIL, YOU KNOW.
WOGAN IS GOD
R.2
GOT ANY COKE? ANY SKINS?
I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE-AND IT WORKS..
YOU MILITANT VEGANS!
ALL RIGHT... TOMORROW WE'LL LAY OUT A NEW COURSE ...NOW HERE'S WHERE WE'RE HEADIN' FOR.
LENIN
PUNK POST-PUNK BORN AGAIN SOCIALIST.
A COFFEE BREAK IN THE STUDIO...
WHAT ABOUT THESE GERMAN BANDS WHO MAKE MUSIC OUT OF INDUSTRIAL DETRITUS, MONTY?..
MARXIST TEDS RIOT
NME
I THINK IT'S A GREAT IDEA!.
WHAT'S ALL THIS? HE WANTS TO PULP TWO THOUSAND VIDEO RECORDERS AND CRUSH THE SKULLS OF BRITAINS' LEADING DEEJAYS?!
JUST A JOKE BOSS- WE WERE HORSIN' AROUND IN THE BREAKS!
AS MONT SAILS ON, A FAMOUS PRE-WAR PUNK LOOKS FOR INSPIRATION IN THE STUDIO NEXT DOOR...
WHERE'S THE JUNK... THE OPIUM?
NEXT- IN THE VAST DISTANCE BETWEEN IRONY & PAULA YATES, A NASTURTIUM LEAF SANDWICH CURLS...
& MONTS' AMERICAN TOUR!!

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

THE THOMPSON TWINS

JOE LEEWAY

BOOKS
Sometimes A Great Notion (K. Kesey)
Vanishing Africa (Mirella Ricardi)
Razor Blade Heaven (Will Tork)
Prick Up Your Ears (J. Lahr)

FOOD
Cheese sandwiches
Chips
Salad
Nuts

LOVES
Water
Fresh Air
One Room

HATES
Muggers
Street hassle
Wet feet
Waiting

FILMS
The Conformist (1970)
Cat People (1982)

ALANNAH CURRIE

BORN
Auckland, New Zealand

LIVED
Suburbs
South Australia
Singapore
South London

JOBS
Tobacco Picker
Toilet Cleaner
Waitress

PEOPLE
Laurie Anderson
Phyllis Diller
Gasper Lawal
Daisy (my mum)
Boy George
Compassionate ones
Ones with a sense of humour

PASSIONS
Rhythms
Hats
Words

HATES
Violence
Smelly Socks
Traditions
Music 'critics'

LIKES
Red tins
Bones
Hair
Electricity
CND
Room service
Old machinery

FOOD
Southern Indian
Toast
Peanut Butter
Bountys

DRINK
Tea (milk with two sugars)
Black rum

CLOTHES
Grey
Black
Simple

SHOPS
Demob
Ken. Market
Marks & Spencer

FILMS
Eraserhead (1977)
Psycho (1960)
Cartoons
Tearjerkers
Rosie The Rivetter (1982)

BOOKS
Ruby Fruit Jungle — Rita Mae Brown

BUILDINGS
Greenhouses

WRITERS
Edith Sitwell
John Steinbeck
Doris Lessing (recent)

ACTRESSES
Bette Davis
Glenda Jackson

RHYTHMS
Machines
Tangoes
Fidget

12"
Pale Shelter (Tears For Fears)
The Message (Grandmaster Flash)
The Pinnochio Theory (Bootsy Collins)
Dance Sucker (Set the Tone)
Only You (Yazoo)

BEST SINGLE
My Boy Lollipop (Mille Small)

BEST ALBUM
Fear Of Music

TOM BAILEY

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TV
Bilko
American Pulp
Commercials

FOOD
Dahi Puri
Fruits
Cheese

DRINKS
Tea
Lassi

MUSIC
12" Extremists
Atmosphere
Rhythm
Soul

DRUGS
Cigarettes

FILMS
The Great Dictator (1940)
Rashomon (1951)
Metropolis (1926)

BOOKS
Mirdad

BUILDINGS
Hotels
Department Stores
Warehouses

TRANSPORT
Buses
Trains
Small aircraft

MOMENTS
Falling Asleep
Waking Up
Dancing

CLOTHES
Everywhere

Of Death Row, Dixie and indecency

AKRON'S LONGHAIRED redneck David Allan Coe fell foul of the US Armed Forces last week.

"You will not sing 'Dixie', nor will you be profane during your performances," he was instructed by the top brass before setting out on a tour of American bases in Germany. Coe, country music's hard man — he once killed a fellow con in an Ohio pokey after being instructed to perform fellatio on him or else — did his best to compromise.

So he didn't warble 'Dixie'. But he did swear. Somewhat profusely. And, somewhere along the way, he also managed to insult a commanding officer's wife. Retribution was swift. When Coe arrived in Britain, he discovered the word had been passed down the chain of command and his USAF dates here had been cancelled.

For Coe, now one of Nashville's leading singers and folk-poets, it's just one more controversy to add to the list. Apart from his trip to Death Row, where he was saved by a change in State law, he once caused a furore by living in a hearse which he consistently parked outside the Grand Ole Opry building.

His songs have caused more than a mite of uptightness in Music City too, titles such as 'I'd Like To Kick The Shit Out Of You', 'Divers Do It Deeper (And Jockeys Do It Shorter)' and 'How High's The Watergate, Martha?' not being considered the norm for Sunday morning Tennesse. When he penned 'Would You Lay With Me In A Field Of Stone', that too sent the Legion of Decency into screaming hapdabs. For it was recorded by the then 14 year-old Tanya Tucker, not only providing her with massive chart success but turning her into something of a Nashville Lolita figure.

Never one to conform, Coe also ditched the sleeve notes on his 1978 'Human Emotions' album and instead slotted in a letter to his wife Meme, who had left him, taking their daughter with her.

"The first three songs on this album I wrote before I knew who you were with and where you had gone," he wrote. "The last two songs I wrote when I got notice of divorce proceedings." The last two songs were titled 'Jack Daniels If You Please' and 'Suicide'.

More recently, he authored a tome called *Ex-Convict,* which he claims is "about how to pull time and parole".

His greatest regret at present is not that his status at the Pentagon has taken a hammering but that his audiences in Britain have generally consisted of American Servicemen and middle-aged country buffs.

"I didn't come all the way over here just to play to Americans," he protests.

"What I really hoped to see was an audience that included lots of young punks. In the States I get a real mixed audience; bikers, country fans, rockers . . everybody. I put a lot of my own money into this trip, several thousand dollars, but it's not working out as I expected."

FRED DELLAR

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	18th	*Aston University*
	19th	*Dingwalls, Bristol*
	20th	*Sugarhill Club, Lancaster*
	22nd	*Newport, Shropshire Agricultural College*
	23rd	*Keele University*
	24th	*Dingwalls, Newcastle*
	25th	*Night Moves, Glasgow*
	26th	*Aberdeen University*
March	*2nd*	*Dingwalls, Liverpool*
	3rd	*Hacienda, Manchester*
	4th	*Trent Polytechnic*
	5th	*Loughborough University*
	7th	*Hatfield Polytechnic*
	8th	*Portsmouth Polytechnic*
	9th	*Southampton University*
	10th	*Academy, Bournemouth*
	11th	*Swansea University*
	12th	*Norwich University*
	13th	*Lyceum, London*

A&M RECORDS

King of Coventry

Booted Kings: Jim Landsbury (guitar), Mike Roberts (keyboards), Colin Heanes (drums), Tony Wall (bass) and Paul King (vocals)
Pic Peter Anderson

HEY FELLAH! If I were to tell you that the Perry Haines' school of cool Dolphin Lovers have come up with a brand new street stance called King, would you laugh in my face?
HEY LEATHER! If I were to paint you a picture of five boys in technicolour Doc Martens, ripped Levis and Indian silk undertrousers all capped off with hairstyles that mark a coming together of Beatnik and quiffabilly, would you stand up and walk out on me?
SO WHAT'S NEW? That's more or less how I felt until I was confronted by the piercing stare of Paul King — the voice behind Coventry's latest boy wonders — shortly before their showcase appearance at Sheffield's Leadmill Centre.

KING was born over a year ago with a quick whip round from the flagging post 2-Tone Coventry scene. It began with a chance meeting at The Marquee between Paul — then singing with wimpy ska band The Reluctant Stereotypes — and Perry Haines, a man of strictly hedonist persuasion with a knapsack full of ideas like ID and non-starters like Stimulin.

"At the time my band was just coming to an end," explains Paul. "Obviously I was pretty frustrated and Perry was looking around for something with more of a positive direction to get his teeth into. And it was from that combined frustration that we ended up with King and Perry handling the management side.

"The band had all known each other from various groups in Coventry . . . everyone was enjoying themselves playing around but not much else. We decided it was time to start growing up and making a few important decisions. Ultimately that's what King is all about . . . growing up."

With the stress firmly on variegation, King pooled the flavours and inspirations of the five most competent musicians available — Tony Wall from Team 23 on bass, guitarist Jim "Jackal" Landsbury, Mike Roberts on keyboards and drummer Colin Heanes making up the complement of four. Gradually they set about refining an eclectic but combustible fusion of funk swagger and rock strut arcing around a pedestrian reggae backdrop. But that was over a year ago and until their recent video spot on *Oxford Road Show* and live appearance at the ICA 'press gang' week supporting Wah! and Everything But The Girl, the only evidence of King's existence lay in shrewdly manufactured rumours by the forward thinking Mr. Haines.

When I suggest that a year ago they would have been far less prone to the scepticism I'm now approaching them with, Paul snaps back fluently: "We haven't been strong enough or hungry enough until now. Rather than go for the immediate mass exposure, we worked six and seven hours a day, every day . . . very much like ABC or The Box . . . until we knew ourselves that the time was right. So it's taken us a year but we've done everything in our own way . . . the sensible, mature way."

Your own way? How much say does Perry Haines have in that way?

"Perry acts as a sounding board to try *our* ideas on . . . he's both manager and friend but this band isn't called Perry Haines' King and it never will be. We're not Bow Wow Wow y'know. We've done everything our way simply because the last couple of years have shown that bands who suddenly burst in with a fanfare of trumpets never last more than a few months. It's obvious, no-one's going to produce their best material three months after they've been together. You have to be able to back yourself up when the press look the other way . . . I mean, look what happened to Blue Rondo?

"People are going to come up to us and say we're just another bunch of clotheshorses, male models or Perry's cronies or whatever . . . but now we're ready to laugh right back in their faces."

I must admit your clothes do look like rejects from an old *Face* feature.

"That's been said before and no doubt it'll be said again But this is King. And like I said, we're about growing up in Coventry . . . but it's not just 2-Tone anymore. It's multi-tone. We've taken the reggae, the rock and the pop music in our area and put it all together like a rainbow. We see all the colours of the spectrum . . . musically, socially and dresswise.

"We've taken the boots, a symbol of aggression, and painted all over them to point out the contradictions. It's not something we've struck on overnight as a viable image. It's something we've developed for ourselves — a sense of identity. That's what music needs at the moment and we're hungry enough to provide it.

"If anyone still thinks we're just a bunch of poseurs . . . all I can say is come and see us, we'll be playing somewhere near you very soon. We're dying to get out there and get everyone enjoying it before we release a record. This is the year of the live band. All the production companies like BEF have had their chance and blown it. People want exciting live music.
SO WHAT'S FUNK? I suggest you follow Mr King's advice and go and find out for yourself before someone decides on your behalf.

AMRIK RAI

The theatre of music

Yorkshire Actors blurring theatre with music

"THEATRE is dead," begins Yorkshire Actors' founder member Andy Winters emphatically. Fine, so what are we going to talk about now?

"I mean the theatre as an establishment — the places are like museums, people just don't go to them."

Talk about making the theatre alive and relevant comes pretty cheap, usually from *Guardian* types who are ready to take a deep breath and slum it for a bit, for the sake of the distasteful necessity of giving some culture to the poor proles. In the case of Yorkshire Actors, though, it's less a condescending mission and more a natural product of a combination of interests.

They've always been at pains to ally their theatre strongly with modern music, but music for them is not something they adopt in the hope of copping a wider audience. Modern music and theatre, they are convinced, make a natural and powerful combination that has yet to be fully explored.

"We could all have gone through the usual theatre apprenticeship," Paul Rider continues, "which means doing straight plays all the time and being 25 or six by the time you've finished training, but that would have meant cutting ourselves off from the interests of our contemporaries and from our own interest in bands and music."

So they struck out on their own, presenting a highly acclaimed production of *A Clockwork Orange* at the Edinburgh Festival in 1980 which, with its stylised violence scenes, succeeded in overcoming the considerable difficulties of translating Burgess's Frankensteinian monster into live performance.

They followed with the less than obvious progression into the field of silent movie adaptation, collaborating with Bill Nelson on a theatrical version of the 1919 German expressionist meisterwerk *'The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari'* which won them an arts council grant and a following amongst fans of experimental music. They then proceeded to lose both of them by teaming up with The Angelic Upstarts for an original and more directly political production, *Cry Wolf.* One thing Yorkshire actors could never be accused of is following an obvious path.

Being based in Sheffield has kept them out of the 'conventional theatre versus fringe' dichotomy that they might have faced in Winters' native London but especially with their latest scheme the Pandora's Box Tour, they have suffered from being seen either as a band performing theatre or a theatre company playing in a band.

"The idea of Pandora's Box," Winters continues, "is to ally a theatre production so closely with a set by our band that the distinction becomes entirely blurred — first there's the production of *Caligari* and then there's a set by our band The Cabinet, but the characters from the play are carried over into the live set."

"People have tried to incorporate theatrical elements into music before, but it's been in a pretty limited manner. Most of it is what we refer to as 'Sham Dram', which is used by people like Bauhaus, where you have a painted front man and a bunch of faceless drongoes behind him. Ours is a truly theatrical performance with all the members of the band involved."

"The power of something as simple as the white face mask has been demonstrated time and time again in modern music," Rider adds, "but if you really get to the roots of theatrical imagery, which we don't think anyone has ever done, it can be tremendously exciting."

We started with the death of theatre, but the art of live performance in music hasn't exactly been in a healthy state recently.

"That is true," admits bald headed violinist Peter Geeves, "but that's often just because bands don't bother to put anything into a performance. We believe very strongly that our performance should be something that you couldn't see on your TV and you couldn't see when you go to the cinema. We do attempt to make sure that the audience will come and take away an original experience with them."

The image of *Caligari* may not be as immediate as the image associated with *Clockwork Orange,* but it is still a source of great potential. The original film, which will be shown prior to the performance at their London date at the Scala, was considered such a powerful and unacceptable attack on authority that a further scene had to be tacked on the end. This final twist turns the remainder of the film into a tale told by a madman — a defusing device which Yorkshire Actors turn back upon itself, restoring the original to its intended power.

"Although we may seem to have jumped fairly randomly from subject to subject," Winters says," there is actually a number of unifying factors between our productions. We never use a set or props, so we rely for effect very much on the interaction between the music and the visual power of the subject matter."

"It's a line from *Clockwork Orange,*" Rider adds, "that music is a great emotional heightener and when you combine music with something as visually strong as the *Caligari* theme the results can be quite exceptional."

DON WATSON

The Pandora's Box Tour will be playing in London at the Scala this Friday and in Brighton at the Zap Club on Saturday further dates are to be announced.

Breaking the age barrier

THE QUESTION of whether comics can transcend the largely juvenile image they have in this country has been going long enough to qualify it for cliche status. The problem is we're still lacking a magazine that can really knock that whole silly juvenile/adult distinction into the realms of irrelevance where it belongs.

The French have had it right for a long time, the Americans have tried (and occasionally succeeded) but in Britain, where low-buck creation usually thrives, we're back in the starting blocks when it comes to really using the comic format. We've had undergrounds staying underground and being read by moles and *Psst!* copying *Heavy Metal* copying *Metal Hurlant*. Meanwhile the potential comic book sources of British music, cinema and illustration have gone untapped.

2000 AD's done its bit, of course, and just recently Marvel has made a welcome, if slight, deviation from the straight and narrow path of reprints. If there's hope for any real experimentation within the British industry, though, it lies in the all original, independent mag *Warrior*.

Warrior has gone eight issues under the guidance of ex-*Mad* editor Dez Skinn — it's not perfect by any means, it still has the tendency to slip into the safe ground of SF sensationalism, but it's moving in a more original direction than any other comic from these shores, without pandering to slumming Fine Artists.

According to *Warrior*, superheroes still have their place, but they're a pretty odd shower — often as lacking in scruples and abundant in neuroses as the villains.

"We started out with the fairly universal concept of the Warrior," Dez explains, "aiming to produce something like a *Victor* for an older audience. Then we began to examine some of the things that are behind that concept, and what the individual creators have come up with are a set of heroes who are far more realistic than the original American ones. In fact they're not really heroic at all — in the end the title has become a bit of an irony.

"Obviously we're not in the position of some of the French mags, which have grown up independently from an American influence. *Warrior* is more of a mid-Atlantic comic — it's been influenced by American material, but I think we have less respect for the superhero. It's less of a cultural icon over here and you're more at liberty to play around with the whole idea of the infallible superhero."

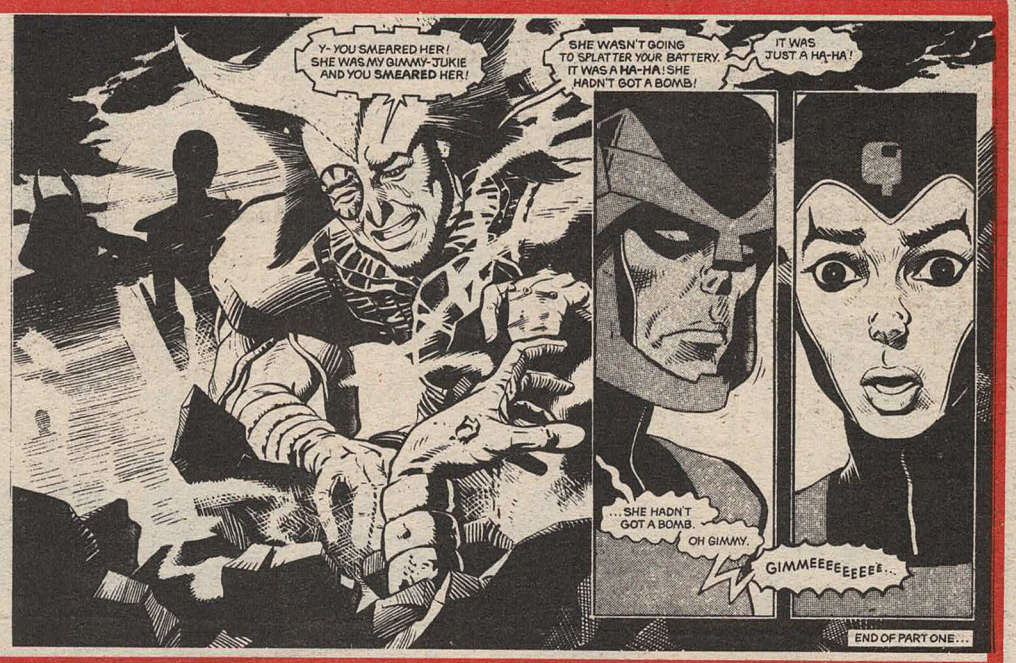
Warrior is certainly proving successful in its stated aim of providing a showcase for British talent — it's selling strongly in America and giving an indication of the phenomenal amount of British comic strip talent. So what now?

"We're constantly diversifying — we've got a new strip coming up in the next issue called 'Warpsmith' which is very good if a little *Clockwork Orange*. There's also a hilarious Bash Street Kids meets Monty Python meets Ralph Steadman strip coming up in a future issue.

"Also we'd like to forge some links with the music industry — Danse Society are big fans of *Marvelman* we hear and there's even talk of Bauhaus recording a theme for *V For Vendetta*."

But what about a comic strip version of the first Birthday Party album? — Now that's something I'd like to see!

DON WATSON


Y- YOU SMEARED HER! SHE WAS MY GIMMY-JUKIE AND YOU SMEARED HER!
SHE WASN'T GOING TO SPLATTER YOUR BATTERY. IT WAS A HA-HA! SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB!
IT WAS JUST A HA-HA!
...SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB.
OH GIMMY.
GIMMEEEEEEEEE...
END OF PART ONE...

Hermine's herstory

YOU MAY have heard Hermine at the twilight dives of the Cabaret renaissance — from the Comic Strip to Cabaret Futura, and lately, at The Slammer.

She's in the tradition of Dietrich, Lenya, Garland, Piaf and Holiday, but unlike her mentors who fought the battle of the sexes and usually lost (viz *A Star Is Torn)*, this time the tables are turned.

Her latest project is '1001 Nights' — but revisited using African and Australian tribal rituals. As the plot unfolds, the men are ridiculed for not being able to make babies, or for failing to cover up their 'magical secrets' (a neon light flashes ART if the franc hasn't dropped yet), and they end up humiliated, worshipping the Goddess. Shererazade also turns King Shargar, her would-be murderer, into a harmless eunuch (Hermine's father was a sausage manufacturer, but let's leave Freud out of this).

The play is punctuated by versions of versions of 'Just Like A Woman' and 'The First Cut Is The Deepest', which take on alarming connotations probably not intended by Bob Dylan or Cat Stevens.

"I didn't set out to write a feminist play," asserts Hermine, "but if you accept that men are jealous of women, it explains a lot. For example, how pathetic men are."

No exceptions?

"Well, maybe the Archbishop Of Canterbury, Keith Allen...."

The set is dominated by a huge sword, sculpted by Andrew Logan, whose Alternative Miss World is, according to the Gospel of Hermine, "Another example of men wishing they were women."

Shererazade is played by Christine Binnie of Neo-Naturist Cabaret. Hermine claims she met this formidable Amazonian troup at a "pagan festival" in Norfolk doing a body-painting performance (*nostalgie de la boue*, already). "I was impressed by how free they were with their bodies."

Hermine: "Men are pathetic".

So is Naturism the next big thing?

"Why not? Although maybe not in the winter," shivers the *jeune chanteuse* and adds, in case anyone is getting the wrong idea, "naked bodies are not necessarily anything to do with pornography."

Hermine promises a spectacle rather than a sermon: "Something you can have dreams about." Or nightmares...

Hermine's matriarchal romp can be caught at the Notre Dame Theatre, Leicester Square on the 16th (preview), 22nd and 23rd of February. Admission £2. Should be a great night out for all the family.

PETER CULSHAW

FOUNDER MEMBER OF THE BOOMTOWN RATS...
BALLAD OF THE LONE RANGER
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PRINT

Forget Abwarts, Kraftwerk, Collapsing New Buildings. Here's the German pop star who'll out-last them all — by turning their hits into a disco medley for middle-aged ravers.

Hansi recycles the hits

SAVE THE LAST NONSTOP DANCE FOR ME

JAMES LAST
by Howard Elson *(Proteus, £4.95)*

ON A crowded train home a while back, I happened to sit with a group of people coming back from their holiday. They seemed quite ordinary except for the dinner-plate sized badges pinned to their anoraks, and the constant mention of someone called "Hansi", referred to in the same tone as others talk of God.

Their stories had for me the quality of nightmare: non-stop James Last music on a train across Europe, James Last discos in the hotel every night, and the annual James Last carnival in Hamburg, for which many of them had made spectacular costumes. The hero of the moment was obviously Fred, a portly middle-aged man who had actually met . . . (hushed pause: the whole party looks reverently towards him) . . . The Man's bodyguard.

For the uninitiated, Hansi is German-born Last's real name, and his fans must be the most devoted in the world. While many journalists and musicians talk of being reared on Stax, Bluebeat, Coltrane or be-bop, my birthright was Perry Como, Las Vegas-period Elvis, Johnny Mathis, Herb Alpert and most of all, James Last.

Although I'd like to dwell fondly on memories of mum hoovering to Billie Holiday or dad comparing his rock'n'roll collection with his mates', instead the Saturday night knees-up comes to mind; everyone letting their hair down (what little was left, in some cases) to Last's washed out orchestrations of pop standards.

The list of his work seems endless — 22 volumes alone of 'Non-Stop Dancing' — and must strike a familiar note in someone out there: Last has sold over 60 million records, and not all of them were bought by my parents. Since his first hit in '65, he has churned out albums at a rate of 12—15 a year and become a very wealthy man with a formula that is blindingly simple: he takes popular, often chart songs, arranges them for an orchestra, adds "atmosphere" (boozy cheering and handclaps), and lays them down without track pauses to allow continuous dancing. Easy. As he himself says, "I can never really define the 'James Last sound' . . . it has no real skill."

According to Elson's book, "His normality is his greatness", although I would put his secret more bluntly. No matter what he wears, whatever glamour surrounds him, the man is totally, inescapably, unalterably naff. This is very comforting to all the other people in the world who are also pretty naff — the vast realm of the Unhip.

There is a myth that, at some point over the age of 30, people fossilise in front of their TV sets, their sole pleasure being to nag their unfortunate offspring. This is not actually true, but some time in the '50s the Generation Gap was invented and teenage rebellion meant your parents had to hate whatever you were into before it could be valid, and it was profitable to exclude older people from visibly consuming the products of the music industry.

'Alternative' record shops are still so alien to my mum that lurid tales of her trip to buy our Xmas pressies usually last well into spring. Last offers that huge, uncatered-for audience a chance to hear *new* pop music in a form that isn't threatening: a familiar big band but with an electric rhythm section, sax or brass taking over the vocals that seem to distress so much, and nice, naff suits instead of the weirdos who ruin dad's tea by appearing on *TOTP* every week.

He offers a ray of hope to the many who haven't had all the life crushed out of them by work, kids, or the *Benny Hill Show,* but aren't brave enough to face the sneers at gigs and many record shops, just as Ginger Williams, Owen Gray *et al* do for many of the older West Indian population.

There *is* a book to be written about Last and his energetic followers, but unfortunately this is not it. At five pounds for just 64 pages, with boring and often just plain bad photos (about a year ago one of the Sunday supplements did a pictorial article on Last that was cheaper and a lot more exciting), it seems just another way of exploiting this starved market. The theory seems to be that they are so desperate they'll buy anything, and it may be true. They buy James Last, after all.

Howard Elson still lives in a world where the youngsters get into Creem and Hendrix, Chuck Berry is a "blatant rock'n'roller", and Lennon and McCartney are part of the "long haired brigade". He merely touches on the trappings of Hansi's success, and barely hints at conflict, preferring pages of bland anecdotes about practical jokes, his goodness to his fans etc, strung together with slavering cliches.

The book's only highlight is the interview with Peter Boosey, who graduated from his job at a shoe company to become the fanatical head of the Last World Wide Appreciation Society. He confesses at one point to owning 13 copies of one album, 'Non-Stop Dancing 1979': "The picture on the cover is identical on every copy. The tracks are the same, too, but right down at the bottom of the cover is a line of copy which reads 'Made in New Zealand' or 'Made in Malaya', and each one is individual. Hansi has made over two hundred records during his career and I've got 2020 of them, simply because I collect all the different versions."

He also points out that Last's fans are *not* morons but people having a good time, and I sincerely hope that in 20 years time I too will be travelling over Europe, searching out records, dressing up to go to gigs, and dancing all night. I just hope that by then there will be something better than K-Tel compilations and James Last.

SHERYL GARRATT

the stranglers

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THE BOYS NEXT DOOR

Sons of the Liverpool New Beat Gary Daly and Eddie Lundon of China Crisis Pic Kevin Cummins

Tough or twee? China Crisis face up to their identity problem as they work out where they fit into the charts scene

UNPREDICTABLE sons of the Liverpool New Beat, China Crisis are currently breathing a sigh of relief that the nation has found a soft-spot for 'Christian', that swaying, melancholy ballad that the DJs would call 'a grower'.

Gary Daly and Eddie Lundon spent last year learning the business the hard way, finally releasing 'Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms — Some People Think It's Fun To Entertain' — a curiously vague debut album, often very hard to warm to, and one which they now have their doubts about.

"We feel optimistic now," explains Gary. "But it's been a really long slog. I think the album shows what kind of a year it was.

A lot of it is half-hearted, and a lot of it is *trying* to get over what we want, like 'Are We A Worker', 'Red Sails' — all that kind of thing.

"But when I put on Side One, it doesn't feel like the same group — it feels like loads of musicians and loads of producers and loads of ideas... and the other side, which we produced ourselves on an eight-track, sounds like someone's demos."

"But I think the structure of the album is really strong," adds Eddie. "The feel comes from the actual songs — not the production."

Though still bearing the faint scars of an introduction to electronic music at an impressionable age ("we were getting all into it — like working-class heroes trying to understand the chip"), the music is nothing if not a subtle variety of style and form: the three singles are a testimony to that.

Both are keen to play down the fuss surrounding the minor classic 'African And White'.

"That song!" moans Gary. "I'd been playing with the drum machine but we didn't really know how to operate it, so everything that we'd done was by mistake. Then we got 'Chitty Chitty Bang Bang' — that's what it is, you know."

How were the duo coping with the switch from local label Inevitable to London-based Virgin?

'Well, you have to remember that they're not trying to help you, they're trying to help themselves. But even then you still get upset because you're human — and they try and do things all the wrong way sometimes...," Eddie reflects.

"I didn't know anything about the independent thing — I didn't understand it," says Gary. "But if we were on Rough Trade we'd be considered a successful group — we'd be like Southern Death Cult or something. But because we're competing with the likes of ABC, we're regarded as one of the floppy bands that are still hanging around.

"We leapt at the chance to sign, though: one of your main aims if you're only 18 or 19 is to actually get your records out. It doesn't matter if it's on fucking Fine Fare: Don't want any money, sing for a packet of crisps — that kind of attitude! But I'm below the poverty line — I'm on £16 a week. We needed some clothes and our manager said, I don't know what you do with your money, Gary — I mean, 16 quid! He's just like a bad Dad."

So how do China Crisis see themselves?

"If there's someone sitting at home who's got the three singles, they must be confused, because they've got no image, no pop poster thing and no music to follow... you get our new single, you could be getting anything. There's no general feel, maybe, but I like it that way...

"Someone from Manchester was interviewing us and he said pop music was going to get much harder — so I was thinking maybe we'll be much tougher... I think we're a bit twee — but with a backbone.

"We're your original boy next door. That's the quote."

KIRSTY McNEILL

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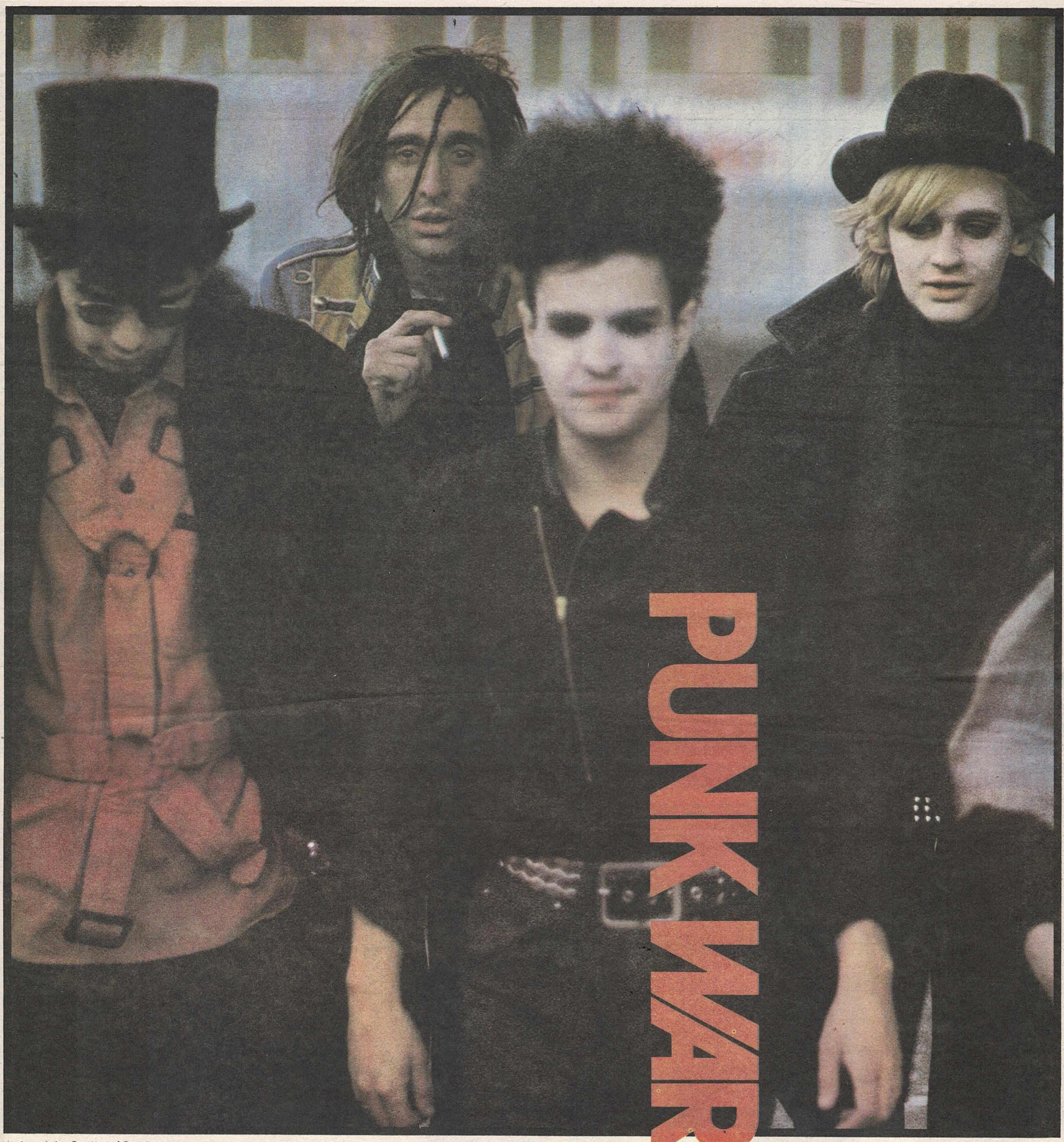

PUNK WARRIORS

Left to right: Scott and Gez (bassist of Brigandage and Blood & Roses respectively); Bob (guitar with Blood & Roses); and a fan called Sean.

Is it too early for a '76 punk revival, or are these new warriors part of a brand new positivism in '83? RICHARD NORTH treads through the Blood And Roses of a new movement to uncover the answers. Photos: ANTON CORBIJN

PART ONE

"Don't dream it, be it." — Rocky Horror Show

THE BOY sits before the staring mirror and ponders his clean-shaven reflection. Smiling, he selects a carefully-compiled tape and slots it into his machine.

'Fatman' is the first track: Southern Death Cult excite him and he dances in his seat while unscrewing a tube of foundation cream.

He's got to look good tonight — and it's becoming every night — because he's off out to a gig. He's going to see one of *his* bands, one of the groups he regularly sees. Brigandage, Southern Death Cult, Danse Society, Ritual, Rubella Ballet, Virgin Prunes, Specimen, The Mob... They're the only ones that mean anything to him any more.

Tonight it's Blood And Roses at London's Moonlight Club and all his friends will be there. One of their tracks, 'Your Sin Is Your Salvation', comes up on the tape and the boy remembers the last time he saw them.

The blur of colour, the heady atmosphere, the fun, the collective feeling of motion — *forward!* It made him feel alive, positive, and then he formed a group the next week.

Finishing his make-up the boy turns his attention to his dyed blue hair, carefully back-combing it into disarray. Last week he'd been beaten up by some skinheads because they didn't like the look of him. He remembers their fury but shrugs: he enjoys his appearance and is proud to look different. In a way he's almost glad that his clothes and attitude had provoked the attack — their mindlessness wrapped in a dull, grey, lazy uniform of bitterness gives him a reason to be their opposite.

He feels bright and optimistic about the

continues page 14

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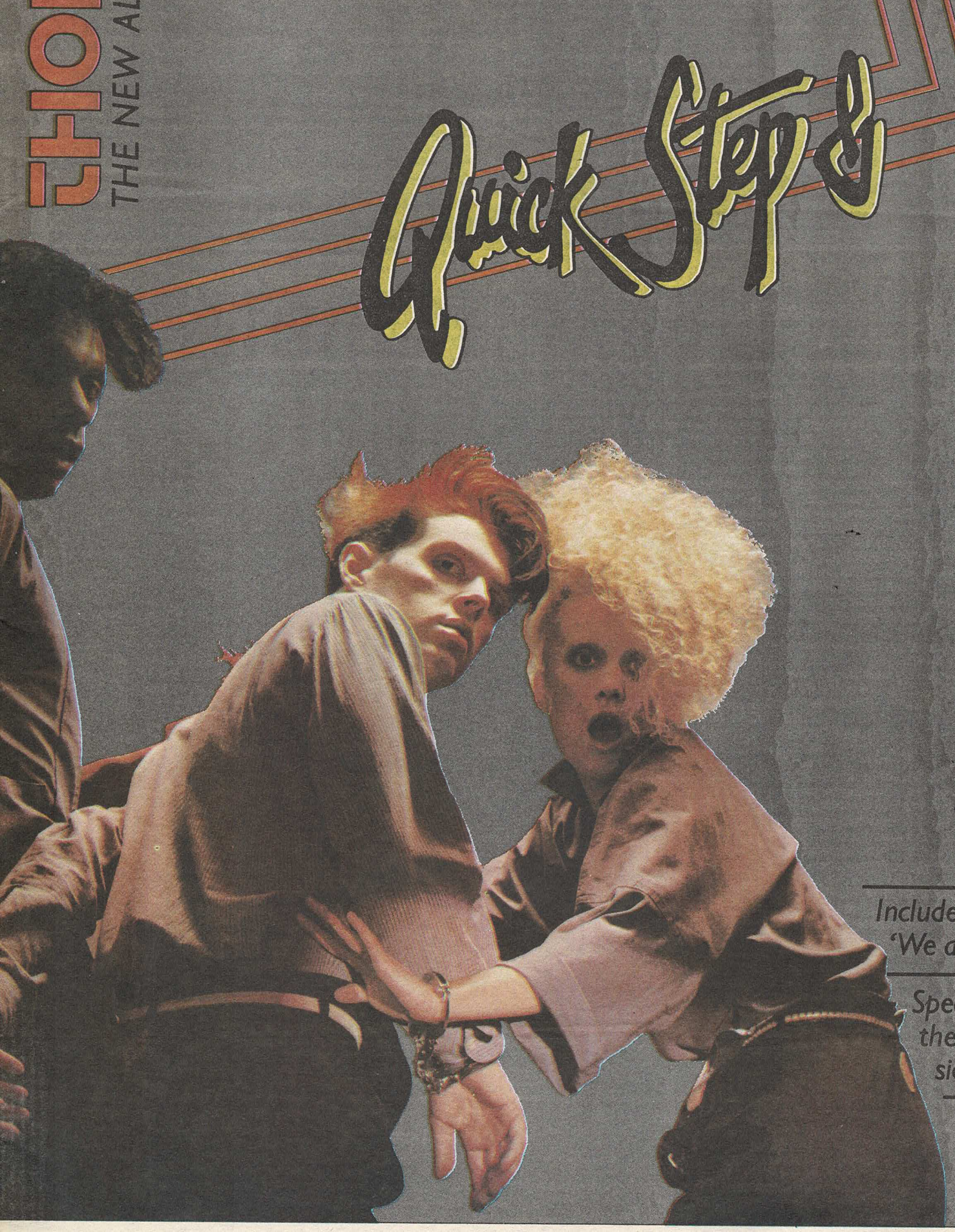

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ARISTA

POSITIVE PUNK

from page 12

Scott—bass player with Brigandage.

future, slipping into a pair of leather trousers, noticing he's only got a few quid left in his pocket. It doesn't matter though, the dole gives him time to *do* things, like his group.

A Brigandage number blares out: 'Hope', it seems to sum things up for him. With its message on his lips the boy half-dances across the room, through the door and out.

PART TWO

***"I don't like the word movement, but there's now a large collection of bands and people with the same positive feeling."*— Andi, singer with Sex Gang Children, speaking on the opening night of Son of Batcave**

HAIL ERIS, Goddess of Discord, and pass the ammunition: as the heavy drumbeat rolls and the harsh chords crash and sometimes even tingle, it's then that the boys and girls come out to play.

Playpower!

With wild-coloured spiked hair freezing the eye, and even more vivid clothes to spice the imagination — faces, thoughts and actions — the atmosphere's infused with a charge of excitement, an air of abandon underlined with a sense of purpose.

Something stirs again in this land of fetid, directionless sludgery, this land of pretend optimism and grim reality. Theory and practice are being synthesised under the golden umbrella of a 24-hour long ideal.

Welcome to the new positive punk.

Although it's not the purpose of this article to create any kind of movement or cult, any easy or accessible bandwagon to be tumbled onto, it is indisputable that a large number of bands and people involved in the culture called rock, have sprung up at approximately the same time, facing their lifestyles in the same direction. Maybe unconsciously so, it's a huge collective force that we *can* call the new positive punk — a re-evaluation and rejuvenation of the ideals that made the original outburst so great, an intensification of and expansion of that ethos of individuality, creativity and rebellion. The same *buzz* that burned our streets, hearts and minds in '76/'77 is happening again.

The Industrial Revolution is over, a new era has begun, and the current mood is an affirmation of that point. The natural energy that for over 200 years has been poured into the physical, the rational and the materialistic, has now all grown crooked. The mental/magical power has been lost: it was simply not needed — steam engines, radios, electricity were so much easier and they worked. But now the glamour is wearing off; we can see the strings and wires, the clockwork squeaks...the radiation is beginning to corrode the pretty box.

All the darkness and light, all the forces are still there deep underneath, bubbling, steaming, fermenting. The instinct, ritual and ceremony are rising again in everyday life; many people are starting to use the tarot and I-Ching. And the new punk groups are a reflection of this feeling; their use of mystical/metaphysical imagery and symbolism is a striking common denominator. Not in the way of dumb-dabbling and superficial posturing of, say, a Black Sabbath with their (gasp) black magic kick.

Nor is it a silly hippy Tolkien fantasy joyride, or even a Killing Joke stench-of-death gloomier-than-thou slice of fanaticism. It is, instead, an intelligent and natural interest in mystery, rather than history, that is a sign of an open mind.

These groups are aware: UK Decay (positive punk forefathers), using the dark to contrast and finally emphasise the light; Sex Gang Children taking us into the sub-world of the Crowleyan abyss; while Blood And Roses are pushing the symbols a whole lot further, their guitarist Bob being a serious student of the Art.

The mystical tide we are talking about here refers, if nothing else, to the inner warmth and virtal energy that human beings regard as the most favourable state to live in. The new positive punk has tapped into this current.

And if all this sounds a touch heavy, let's consider the humour, style and inherent *fun* that are essential parts of the movement. Let's look at groups like Specimen, who are more Rocky Horror than Aleister Crowley, preening themselves in a glam-soaked traipse among the ruins. Or The Virgin Prunes' cheeky onstage oral sex send-up. The real humor is intermixed with the sheer sense of *joie de vivre* present at such gatherings.

Here is a glow of energy and life that overcomes the need for artificial stimulation. Unlike the heroin or barbituate sodden club scene or the glue-swamped Oi/punk arena, the emphasis here is not on drugs. Although illicit substances are not unknown, the desperate desire to nullify boredom is not present, and therefore there is no narcotic edge to the scene. Members of several groups (such as Southern Death Cult, Sex Gang Children and UK Decay) do not even drink.

For perhaps the first time, an active and flourishing dissenting body will not go down with its hind legs kicking as the drug takes over.

Money and time *are* tight: so both of them are being spent on something far more enjoyable and important: style. There's a veritable explosion of multi-coloured aestheticism. So different from the bland, stereotyped Oi/boothby/punk fare of jeans, leather jacket and studs, this is an individualist stance even if it tends towards a common identity. A green-haired spike-topped girl wearing a long black pleated skirt, white parachute top and bootlace tie passes a tasselled, black-haired mohawk in creepers, white socks, red pegs and self-made, neatly-designed T-shirt. Something clicks. They smile in acknowledgement.

We are fireworks.

PART THREE

***"I think that our influence comes from the fact that there are so many negative bands around. We're not — so away we go!"*— Bob, guitarist with Blood And Roses, Stoke Newington**

IF THE bands absorb, reflect and present (not necessarily in that order, it's a give and take thing) the attitude of their fans and the tone of their surroundings — and I think that the important ones do — then we can trace the whole thing back to its roots, travelling through the erotic politics of the influential

Richard—drummer with Blood And Roses, and Steve, a fan.

Doors and the tense dusky danger of The Velvet Underground, then we come to The Sex Pistols, who operated under a vicious amalgam of style and direction.

Projecting a perfect combination of distorted but relevant aesthetics, music and suss, their all-important effect was the provocation of thought.

Then, veering away from 1002 misdirected cardboard copies, we come to the Banshees and the Ants. These two are important to the new positive punk: the Banshees because of their sheer power of imagination, and the Ants because of their promotion of sensuous 'black' style.

Both had an adventurous and rebellious air about them that cut through the regressive dross. Their outlook, musically and in angle of thought, went beyond the proscribed boundaries of behaviour at the time. They explored the edges of light and dark and some of the areas in between. They were a progression and they are the two clearest reference points to this recent outburst of energy.

Back at the tail-end of '78 and beyond, punk spun into a taildive of tuinol-dazed tiredness. A pause. Trends came and went: dead ends such as mod, new romanticism — up to and including the funk craze — all took their toll on the vital energy. And those who stuck with the essence of their punk were faced with the

Lisa and Sean.

Mick—of Brigandage, and Michelle.

development of Oi. Punk, under the guidance of certain lobots, gathered itself around a banner of no brains, no style, no heart and no hope. Heads buried in the glue-bag of dejection and floundering away under a barrage of three-chord rubbish — this was, and is, no way to lead a life.

Some drifted with the anarcho scene which at the time (1980/81) was the only worthwhile concern going. But by 1983, when everything is said and done, that angle seems too flat and *puritan* to be of much inspirational value. Crass, although anti-sexist, were and still are extremely sexless: a stark, bleak Oliver Cromwell new model army, who have sense but no sensuality.

At the opposite end of the scale, inspired by the *feeling* of the Ants etc, come the two groups who are the immediate forerunners of today's flood. They are Bauhaus and, later, Theatre Of Hate — both of whom capitalised on the idea of style and, what is more, a 'dangerous' and sensuous style that attracted more and more fans who were sick of the bleak and macho Oi and the shallow cult with no name.

It's these fans, reacting against the devaluation of punk, and fired by the spirit of the above-mentioned mentors, who are acting now. They've created a colourful and thriving nationwide scene — resplendent in their individuality but still linked by a progressive punk idiom, one that says go instead of stop, expand instead of contract, yes instead of no. A new, positive punk.

PART FOUR

"Stimulating thought, bringing people together, entertaining people, creating an atmosphere of sheer exhilaration and enjoyment. These are the main things."
— Ian, singer with Southern Death Cult, *NME* 2.10.82

ANDI SEX Gang twitches in the spotlight, the beam reflecting his harsh features and closely-cropped hair. He clenches his fists and spits out 'Into The Abyss'.

Ian Southern Death Cult flails his arms and chicken-wardances across the stage, a sharp youthful figure with black be-feathered mohawk. His song is 'Moya', the words and the power behind the words providing an insight into cultural stagnation. He howls and shrieks in defiance. Mark from The Mob, an anarcho-renegade, with his bleached dread hair stands up straight before the microphone, growling *"Still living in the English fear, waiting for the witch-hunt dear."*

All this and more as Michelle Brigandage leaps onto the amps, tophat at a a rackish angle. *"As we walk in the sunlight honesty protects our eyes,"* is her cry. And Bob Blood And Roses, he just grins, he knows... *"Love is the Law"* — their tale underlining the truly optimistic undercurrent to this mood.

And the fans, bedecked in sparkling, inventive garb, they kick, they jump, they scream.

"A night for celebration, a night to unwind," repeats the diminishing echo from the ghost of UK Decay. *"For celebration, celebration, celebration..."*

PART FIVE

"There's nothing else. Everything else has been stripped from us. So now we're just gonna do it. There's no other choice." **— Michelle, singer with Brigandage**

SO HERE it is: the new positive punk, with no empty promises of revolution, either in the rock'n'roll sense or the wider political sphere. Here is only a chance of self awareness, of personal revolution, of colourful perception and galvanisation of the imagination that startles the slumbering mind and body from their sloth.

Certainly this is revolution in the non-political sense, but at the same time it's neither escapist nor defeatist. It is, in fact, "political" in the genuine sense of the word.

Individuality? Creativity? Rebellion? The synthesis comes at the moment when you do the one thing, the only thing, when you know you're not just a trivial counter on the social chequerboard. Here are thousands doing that one thing: merging an explosive and cutting style with a sense of positive belief and achievement, and having fun while they're doing it.

The Oi-sters and their ilk may have taken punk a few millimetres to the right or a centimeter to the left, but not one damn step forward.

This is punk — at last built on rock and not on sand.

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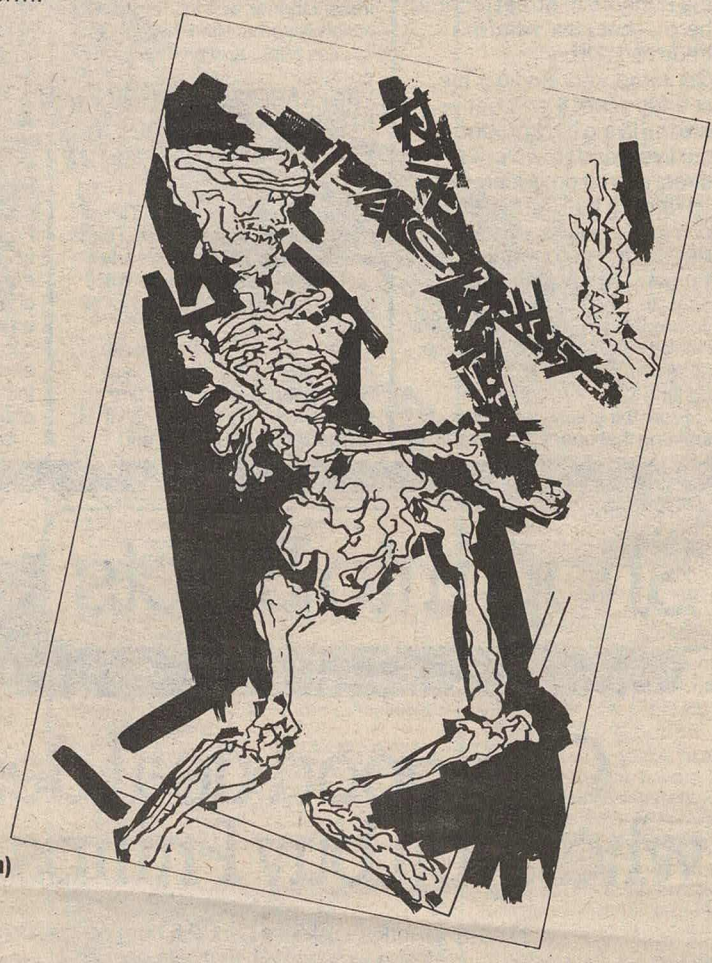

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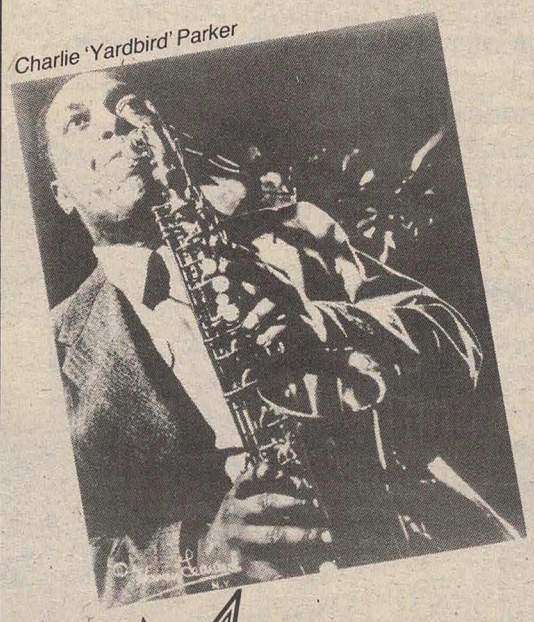

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Reviewed by RICHARD GRABEL

Stateside Soundtrack of the Street

THE rest of the country may be listening to Lionel Richie and John Cougar, but what matters in New York is what you'll hear on WBLS radio or on a good night at the Roxy or the Funhouse. Street records here — because what the trade calls Urban Contemporary Radio is the soundtrack of the Street — are the living background of our lives, and New York's street record producers keep on refining their formulas and coming up with fresh winners.

PRESSURE DROP: Rock The House *(Tommy Boy)* Once again the Tommy Boy label comes up with something just that little bit different to give it a place all its own among the records fighting for air and floor time.

From the ersatz Jamaican toasting that opens, to the taunt of *"you'll never be the man your mother was"*, to that tough and tight chant of the title, this record is packed with unusual twists that keep you guessing and keep you listening. That stuttering *"g-g-g-g-get on down"* is an instant theme, and the fact that it is now reverberating through all spaces public and private sounds *so* right.

THE FEARLESS FOUR: Rockin' It *(Enjoy)* Certain rhythms are inescapable, once heard — someone brings them out and they become part of the vocabulary. Chic's 'Good Times' bass line was one of those. This is another one. That slow steady gait with the hesitant lurch in it is going to be showing up in a lot of places.

There aren't many great rap tracks coming out these days, which partly explains this one's popularity. It's hard, and has that rawness the early Enjoy and Sugarhill stuff had, and dancers welcome that sound onto the floor like an old friend.

THE MICRONAWTS: Smurph Across The Surf *(Tuff City)* A germ of movement, an electronic treatment of sound, a spirit of nonsense, a cute little Chipmunky voice — this is all gimmick, and it all adds up. It's funny and functional and wonderful.

This works in clubs so well because it's the perfect mixing record, a sweepingly blank canvas on which anything and everything can be painted.

Like Roger or certain Funkadelic products and by-products, The Micronawts explore the far reaches of silly, and come out the other side with an airtight construction that is completely their own. This is an electronic dance novelty record that epitomises a genre and rises above it.

Smurphs were cartoon characters. Now there's a dance called the Smurph, an outgrowth of crowds trying to emulate the moves of the Electric Boogie dance crews. The surf? You have to imagine that for yourself.

ESG: Dance To The Beat Of Moody *(99)* Smart move. ESG had nothing new to offer anyway, they've stayed right where they started. So the thing to do was to go back to the same songs, and get them down on vinyl a bit better. This they've done.

It's a matter of studio refinement, and surely of being less flustered and overwhelmed. This time ESG really dig in, and the production gives them the big and deep sound they need. The walking bass, Latin percussion and simple soul groove prove to be a very mixable and popularly danceable formula after all. This is the record that got ESG on the radio, and good job. Now what will they do for an encore?

C-BANK: One More Shot *(Next Plateau)* These are glorious days for dance records that are producer's vehicles (again), an embarrassment of riches which has got WBLS sounding good after a short dead spell. Indeep, Thrust, Prince (they've moved onto 'Let's Pretend We're Married') The Tramps, and now C-Bank.

This is where it really heats up. C-Bank? Who Knows? The label tells me it's a John Robie production, and the record has the sonic grandeur of the great Baker-Robie productions for Tommy Boy, all the usual touches plus some new ones. The voice tells me yet another hot woman singer has been found. Her voice is both plaintive and outspokenly clear, a voice lost in longing and demanding more than one night of love, a rich soul voice.

The lyric is simple and direct, the delivery completely convincing. The setting is a drama, done with an economy of expression (a trait that is becoming a hallmark of the new New York dance beat) so right it's inspiring, but with a sound so sensual it's a massage to the ears. A bridging of imaginative disco fantasy and funk's physical responsiveness. A record to play along with 'Last Night A DJ. . .' and inspire romance and open the wounds of broken hearts.

WEST STREET MOB: Ooh Baby *(Sugarhill)* I guess the Sugarhill house band can now churn out fine funk with their eyes closed, but here they don't sound asleep. But what really distinguishes this is the camp cutesiness of what the girls are singing. They're telling the boys they need to be convinced before they'll get their pants off. Dumb, but that wonderful kind of dumb. Segue with the Brides and watch the house rock.

ASTERiSKS: Darling Cool It *(Charlie's)* Out to Brooklyn for some soca, the pick of Charlie's recent crop of singles. It's got the usual, irresistible bass and horns-propelled soca rhythm, and the singing is funny and charming. The story concerns a couple at cross-purposes. He wants to go out dancing, she wants to hang around and make love. The guy's attitude nips any possible 'Trinidadians make better lovers' campaign right in the bud, but at least we get to laugh while we dance.

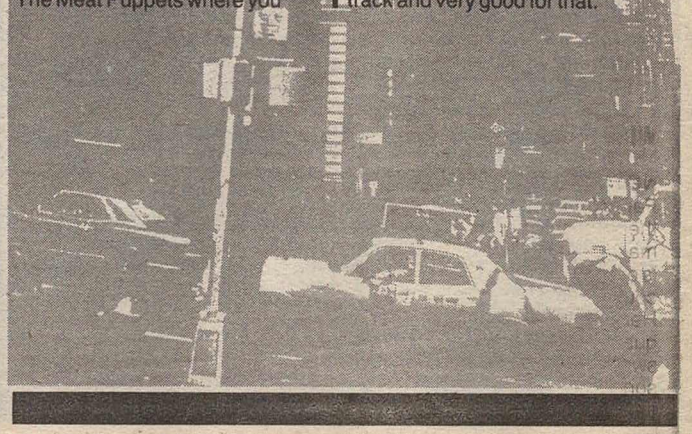
THE TIME: The Walk *(Warner Brothers)* I'd dismissed The Time's second album rather quickly, but this made me do a double-take. The Time really get cracking here, and when they do they prove to be very cunning and clever boys. What they always needed was a strong and simple riff to wrap themselves around, which they've got here, while Morris Day's singing pulls them forward instead of running all over them. It's marching orders for the party as Day takes on Kool's 'Let's Go Dancing' on its own ultra-slick turf and comes out looking good. Sneaky and persuasive, this is gonna make you wanna do that Walk.

MINUTEMEN: Paranoid Time *(SST)* The sharpest bit of punk I've heard in a while. The Minutemen are fiercely political ironists (or is that fiercely ironic politicists?) who don't let dogma get in their way. They're clear about what they're doing — unlike The Meat Puppets where you have to read the record to understand it. The sleeve here shows armed Maoist Chinese filming John Wayne feeling up a scowling cowgirl, which somehow sums up the themes of personal and world displacement.

MISSION OF BURMA: Trem Two *(Ace of Hearts)* Boston's most aggressive experimentalists take a serious tact here, coming across all weird and mysterious, but without contrivance. Through its moody/gloomy veneer a brave and forthcoming directness is felt, and a beautiful shimmering guitar sound keeps the ears engaged even while the mind is wondering what they're on about.

TRAMMPS: Up On The Hill (Mt. U) *(Venture)* The Trammps certainly move with the times. As much as 'Disco Inferno' epitomised the frantic motion of its period of disco music, so 'Up On The Hill' represents the cooled-out, easy and infinitely more sexy disco of the current period. The Trammps' vocal style fits right into this setting, the boys singing with swing and seeming to intuit exactly what's called for, and the production touches create a mood without trying. Downed a notch for being typical, but upped three notches for being perfectly right.

FLIPPER: Get Away *(Subterranean)* What *is* it about Flipper that makes them so wonderfully different from the usual run of hardcore sludge? There is the more deliberate pace, the extra panache to their psychotic distortion of rock verities, the insight and humour of their lyrics. But after all that, there is still an indefinable subtlety to Flipper's dementia that sets them worlds apart. 'Get Away' is a murky eclectic soup that is raving, sensationally addictive. The flip is a hilarious demolition of 'The Old Lady That Swallowed A Fly', with some extra lyrical touches. *"There was an old lady who swallowed a minister/Isn't it sinister..."* Flipper's first comedy track and very good for that.



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SINGLES

Reviewed by

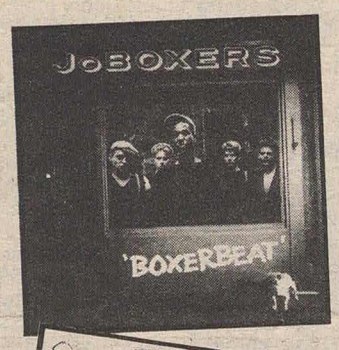
Lloyd Bradley

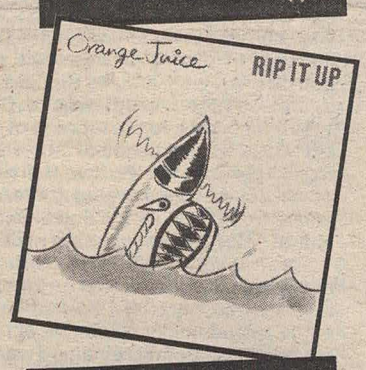
I'D SPENT the last six weeks waiting for 1983 to justify itself . . . half a dozen dreadful shows, two or three average parties, a piss-up once a week, no memorable music . . . hardly enough to call it a *new* year — more like the one just gone.

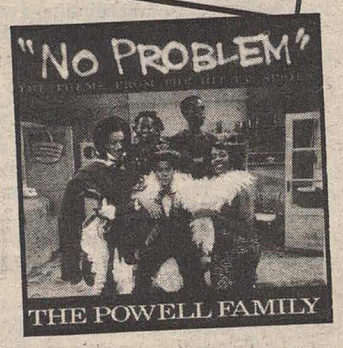
Then came my turn to 'do the singles', and after a weekend in a room with a stereo, a typewriter and no inside door handle, 1983 had done proud every desk diary, cricket season and holiday planner that carried its name.

Here was a pile of platters screaming to be heard, enjoyed, and stored for a lifetime in the record boxes of the self respecting.

So crucial was the cream of this crop, it contained six songs worthy of **Single Of The Week** — were it not for the other five: this makes for a tentative break with tradition, whereby in honour of these six sides of happiness I bring you the **Week Of The Single . . .**







STORMY MONDAY

AFRICA BAMBAATAA & THE SOUL SONIC FORCE: Looking For The Perfect Beat *(Polydor).* We all start the week by looking for the perfect beat, and Bambaataa's musical mayhem is enough to wrench anybody out of bed and into the search. As with 'Planet Rock', Bambaataa and Arthur (Rockers' Revenge) Baker team up to turn out another superior snippet of computerised insanity. Without the shock value of its predecessor 'Looking' at first feels simpler, and true, the basic beat is more immediate. However, after delving deeper the more involved overlays emerge to put up barriers the listener must take a little time to break down. A worthwhile effort as, even if the perfect beat remains hidden, you're left with the most enduring and interesting electronic funk around.

TUESDAY'S TREASURE

MAHOGANY: Ride On The Rhythm *(West End/Arista).* Plundering West End Records' superb catalogue of electronics, echoes, scratches and dubs is becoming a most fashionable pastime for English labels. More power to them, as I feel loathe to recommend records that cost nearly a fiver on import.

By West End standards — say The Peech Boys — Mahogany are dead straight. That is no put down, as they have three things that take them well above the soggy standards set by Indeep — a killer tune, brilliantly restrained pace and production, and a girl with a golden voice. The slightly silly lyrics are easily overlooked, as this easy rocker gets boys dancing with girls again instead of just making exhibitions of themselves by themselves. The ideal antithesis to Bambaataa's frantic searching!

WIN'ING UP ON WEDNESDAY

NO PROBLEM: The Powell Family *(Island).* As a rule, TV theme tunes have their own ready made market. *No Problem* though is on Channel Four, so this record could need all the help it can get. Here's help from an unexpected quarter, as here sits a man of sworn opposition to TV theme songs as entertainment in themselves. This is different, being a re-recording specifically for single release.

Souped up and mixed down, 'No Problem' stands as a wonderful example of the light, cool reggae much in demand recently. Drum'n'bass courtesy of Aswad's Drummie and Tony hold it down firmly, while Janet Kay's voice — surely one of the best this country has produced — lifts it to soaring heights. Part of the toasting is as irritating as some of the programme's dialogue, but thankfully it's not enough to spoil the effect. Devotees of the series will find a fine souvenir. Non-believers should try and disassociate and give The Powell Family an ears only chance.

THIRST QUENCHING THURSDAY

THE CARNABY STREET ALL STARS: The New NME *(IPC).* Who needs a single when you've got all this to read? Flash it!!

FRIDAY'S FREEDOM

MARDONNA: Everybody *(Sire).* Previously reviewed by Good Taste Award contender Barney Hoskyns in its original form, Mardonna now resurfaces with a Rusty Egan remix.

A fine song to start with, it's been given the cutting edge it needed to get through to the English club scene, and hopefully the charts. Mardonna is a spunky little Detroit slum child who now hangs out at New York's Roxy in the distinguished company of the top spinners and mixers. She puts 200% into this, and comes up a winner as her voice echoes nimbly around the paces, spaces and synthesised beats of the backing track. More than just a disco record — exactly what you need to start the weekend.

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

THE JoBOXERS: Boxerbeat *(RCA).* To have singled out this record by itself would unfairly discredit the other five — however, the Saturday Night slot is a prize that should not be ignored.

Vic Godard must be close to suicide to hear how his former Subway Sect are shaping up. Then, they were merely a very tight band — now, they are the most adrenalin pumping outfit these eyes and ears have encountered in an age. The difference is Dig Wayne. Furious music can appear pathetic without a furious vocal, and Wayne is the Boxer boys' perfect frontman. He delivers with the strength of a navvy spitting out gravel while swinging a pick, and the tune hits the listener with the same force.

If you haven't yet seen The JoBoxers live, check the Jack Russell Terrier on the single's sleeve and you'll have some idea of what's inside — small, fierce, often takes on the seemingly impossible, yet will win through by guts alone.

Is the Boxerbeat the perfect beat we began the week looking for?

SLOWING DOWN ON SUNDAY

THE S.O.S. BAND: Grooving/Take Your Time *(Tabu).* After a Saturday night with The JoBoxers, The SOS Band seem a bit *California Carafe,* but so what, you got to slow down sometime. Silk'n'satin in a lazy, sunny style done so well it can't be faulted for being soft. There's nothing left to do but relax and think about what might've been last week, and what's going to be next week.

'Grooving' is that compulsive ambling swing that Shakatak would love to put out if they had the knowhow. The 'B' side, 'Take Your Time (Do It Right)', is a real bonus, being a reissue from three years ago, when it was that summer's classic cruising/dancing track, much like 'Beat The Street' last year. Its early electronics seem dated by today's comparisons, but it can still stand firm.

Now, in true Breakfast TRV fashion, here is the weather forecast.

SUNNY DAYS

ORANGE JUICE: Rip It Up *(Polydor).* Orange Juice have never had the acclaim they deserve, as they emerged alongside a whole bunch of 'white funk' bands, and got palmed off as being "just another". Many of their rivals have since fallen by the wayside, and this could be OJ's hour as they rip up a standard calypso rhythm and put it back together around a comfortably slow bass line and scratching guitar. Orange Juice avoid all known cliches in both music and words, so although this horn-laced swing ultimately goes nowhere, it's a bright, refreshing journey.

ANGELA BOFILL: Too Tough *(Arista)* Ms Bofill used to call herself Angie, and was described as 'a jazz singer'. This disco single heralds two changes — she's grown up, and will stop showing herself off (and up) on 'deeply conceptual' album covers.

Destined for dance floor action, 'Too Tough' is a sturdy synth and drum foundation capped with a hysterical lyric: *"He's too tough for me/He's from another scene . . ."* You can almost imagine the post-pubescent *Angela,* at her first big people's night-club, cowering in the ladies while a macho Village Person type beats on the door offering her everything Mom told her to avoid.

Rock . . . with laughter.

THE CHAMELEONS: As High As You Can Go *(Statik).* A truly remarkable effort, picking up on everything that's good about the English pop scene and, by not labouring any one part of it, achieving an airy effect that is innocent without sounding naive.

Its first-play appeal lies in its familiarity — there's nothing here you haven't heard before — but The Chameleons expertise lingers longer than the average rip-offs. 'As High As You Can Go' isn't something to get worked up about, it's simply this week's best example of the pop single — enjoyable, agreeable and probably ultimately disposable.

COOL BREEZES

THE STRANGLERS: Midnight Summer Dream *(Epic).* I've never had much time for The Stranglers since they went clean, and here's another sanitised big seller, a quasi-Caribbean beat backing an acoustic guitar wholesomeness that will in no way upset mass market moralities. It's a Radio One producer's dream. The song is so well crafted though, it snuck through this cynic's defences and for a while was actually likeable, but by the end of a weekend I was hoping The Stranglers would stop this trend before they turn into Donovan.

CELENA DUNCAN: I Want Your Love Back *(RCA)*
GWEN McRAE: Doin' It *(Atlantic)*
FORREST: Rock The Boat *(CBS).* Celena Duncan's ditty is one of those aerobic soul tunes that are based on the current unhealthy trend towards physical exercise. It's got that same bass line you've heard so much of lately from women like Melba Moore, Evelyn King and Sharon Redd — does it come as part of their family allowance?

Gwen McRae comes forward with yet another variation on the theme, but her magnificent voice puts her above the rest. It really deserves to put her into the charts. Forrest (silly name — why not Scrub or Arable Farming Land) electronically do over the song made famous by Gwen McRae and her ex-spouse George. I've always liked the song, so it deserves a mention, but I'm not sure I would've if I'd heard this version first.

SCATTERED SHOWERS

BANANARAMA: Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye (*Decca*). A long time ago, I used to drink in the same pub as Bananarama, and hence feel a weird loyalty to them, but this record stretches it. One day, with any luck, these three lovely girls will realise there's more to being cute than acting like idiots. The self-penned, Dennis Bovell produced 'B' side does them much more justice. Please girls, as you represent the only reasonable alteranative to the truly dreadful Belle Starts, let's have a bit more effort.

CHAKA KHAN: The Best In The West (*WEA*). She once was, and I was in love with her with an intensity that, were I American, would've resulted in me trying to murder her. On this showing, the title's no longer true.

THE SPOIL: Dream On (*KSL*)
GARDENING BY MOONLIGHT: Strange News (*Imperial*)
THE DANCING DID: The Lost Platoon (*Stiff*) Three sides of what was once known as 'powerpop', although only The Dancing Did seem to have any sort of force. The Spoil sound like they're trying for an early Beatles effect, which although crisply produced ends up pretty weak, and Gardening By Moonlight could be Tears For Fears on particularly bad speed.

Back to The Did, and a sombre anthem about an ambiguous forgotten army — it could be a protest, or it could be a tribute. Thankfully it's not a dirge, nor is it one of those breakneck punk-influenced poses.

G CUT: Credit/Edit *(!Drum!).* I can't say I like this much, and I'm reviewing the spirit in which it's offered more than anything. It is a glorious free-form that allows the musicians to do much what they want, within some very loose boundaries, as long as they are enjoying themselves. It is a fine theory, that I wish was used more often, but unfortunately it allows no compromises to hook in unaccustomed listeners and ends up sounding self-indulgent.

CHILL WINDS

THE PINKEES: I'll Be There (*Creole*), Why do those pink persons pop up every time I do the singles? Why do they dislike me so much?

RAY PARKER JNR: You Can't Change That *(Arista).* Three tracks nicked off 'The Very Best of Ray Parker Jnr' album. Problem is, Mr Parker's very best isn't much good.

JAZZY DEE: Get On Up (*Laurie*). This mob tried hard to sound like Shakatak and Level 42; now they're paying the price — they do!

JUICE NEWTON: Heart Of The Night (*Capitol*). Juice Newton is one of those American phenomena, the one time rocker who's got old and taken her audience with her, unlike the old English sods who rant on about reaching a new generation every 25 years. The result is much too grown-up and sensible.

GATHERING STORMS (OR SO DEM SEH)

U.V. POP: Just A Game (*Red Rhino*). Just A Game is just what a protest should be; quiet and rationally stated yet chilling and eerie. UV Pop have given a serious subject — war — some serious considerations and produced a diamond.

INSTANT AGONY: Fashion Parade (*Half Man Half Biscuit*)
MENTAL AS ANYTHING: The Nips Are Getting Bigger (*Virgin*)
THE METEORS: Johnny Remember Me (*ID*)
IVAN X: Tell Tale Heart (*Ring Of Fire*)
THE LURKERS: Frankenstein Again (Clay). The pathos side of protest. Bands (and people) like this spend more time telling the world they are rebels than actually rebelling. They represent nothing more than five hangovers from a now respectable era, that continue to posture and thrash about like they made a difference. It would not be surprising if they got together and came up here to bash me up, but I think I'm safe because they'd never admit to reading *NME* — and I've got those toughies The JoBoxers on my side!

COLD TURKEYS

YARBOROUGH & PEOPLES: Heartbeats (*Total Experience*). A cut price Ashford and Simpson.

PRECIOUS WILSON: You Haven't Heard The Last Of Me (*Epic*). That's a pity.

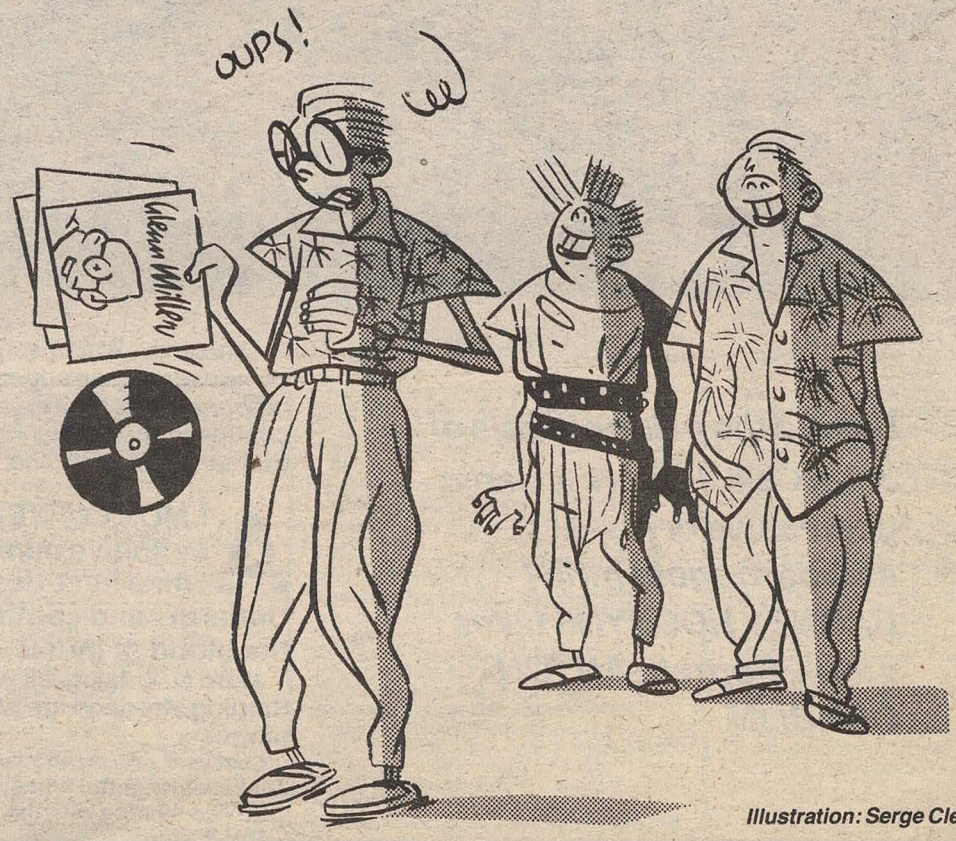
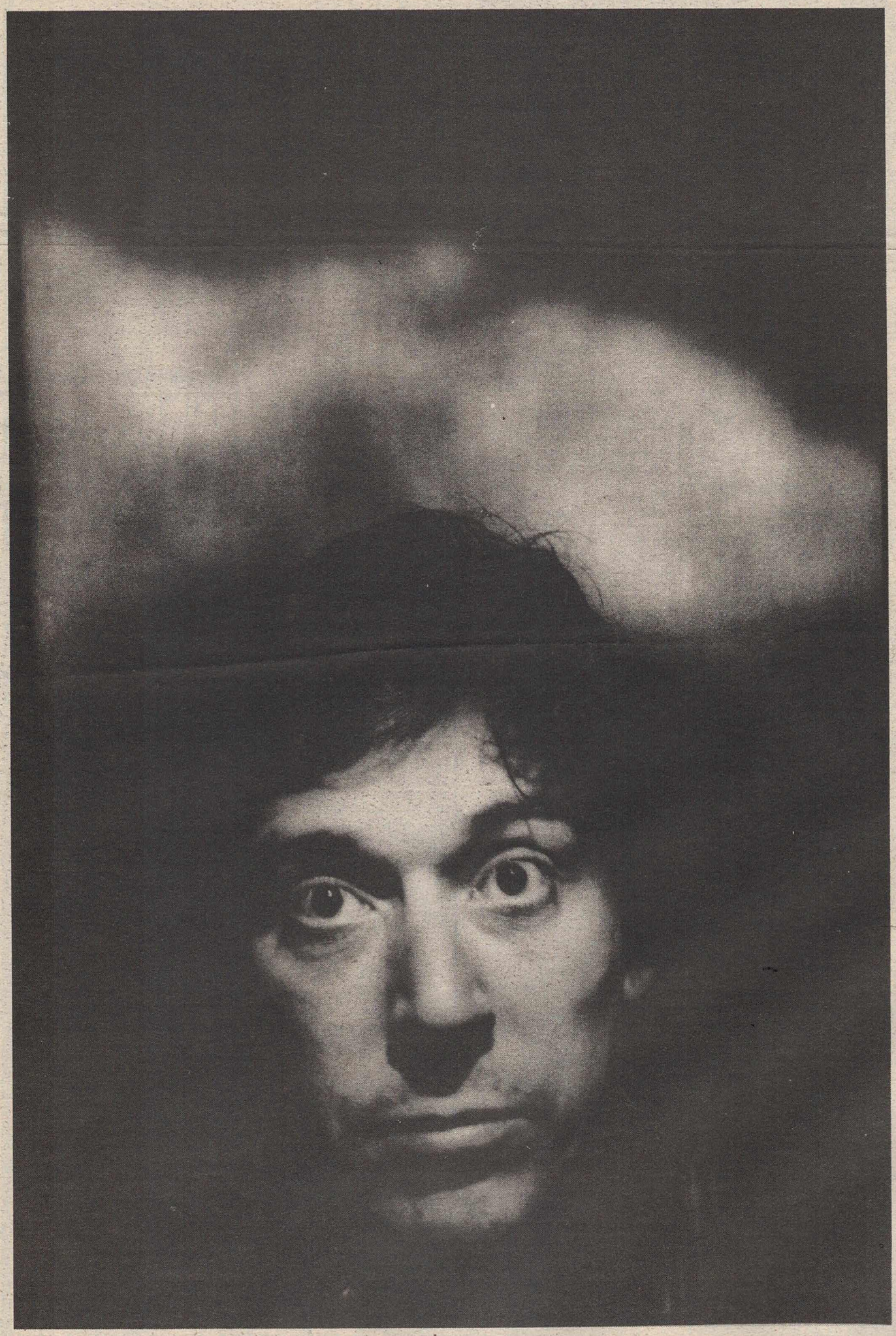


Illustration: Serge Clerc

JOHN CALE



Behind the painful music of John Cale, is there a manic depressive or just a stubborn egocentric? BARNEY HOSKYNS takes a look. Portrait: ANTON CORBIJN

"The great Welsh singer, pianist, guitarist, composer and arranger, who in 1967 was responsible for the most significant structural change in rock since Elvis's Sun sessions ..."
(Richard Williams, *The Times*)

ALMOST 17 YEARS on from the 17 definitive minutes of 'Sister Ray', the white heat-death of The Velvet Underground continues to seer through the blood of music.

More surprising, all its original members bar Sterling Morrison are still making music to some purpose.

Last year saw an above-average LP from Lou Reed, Mo Tucker's delightful homemade homage to rock'n'roll, and Nico singing with the brilliant Blue Orchids.

But the most remarkable move was that of John Cale, the man whose fingers changed the structure of rock.

'Music For A New Society' — an album not just produced but written in the studio under intense pressure — is one of the most withering and disturbing records ever made.

After the brash but comparatively orthodox 'Honi Soit', it seemed Cale was settling down to assume an honorary role as a freak-with-dignity, a heretic reincorporated into a convenient pantheon of "innovators". If 'Wilson Joliet' was a magnificent howl, 'Fighter Pilot' was hackwork. The ideas were interesting, but the sound was stock rock: the band was hired and it showed, confirming that, save for a couple of EPs on Illegal and the unreleased 'Jack The Ripper', punk rose and fell without Cale. 'Honi Soit' couldn't have been further from 'Rosegarden Funeral Of Sores'. Nor would his performance at The Venue last week have suggested any different.

No music, then, could have come as more of a shock, more of an outrage against society, than 'Music For A New Society'. Cale has shocked, but never like this. He once described Jackson Browne's 'Chelsea Girl' as "the nicest way to say something ugly", and, as Richard Cook put it, he's always garbed "loathsome ugliness" in "the colours of rhapsody".

Thinking back to his records of the mid-70s, the instances of actual musical violence or pain are rare. For one 'Heartbreak Hotel' there are ten 'Buffalo Ballets': whimsical, solidly piano-based songs rooted not in the Velvets but The Beatles and Beach Boys, songs that shield broken hearts or cracked minds behind open, carefree melodies.

'New Society' is different. 'New Society' is tangible pain, a loneliness that surrounds and invades. If the songs are framed in the gentle apparel of the folk ballad, they have been emptied of the more familiar trappings of rock: as though a land had decayed and all that remained was the beauty of dessication. Aside from 'Changes Made', there is no band: there is just Cale, alone, his bare, exposed voice straining against minimal rhythm, desolate punctuation.

Some of it, 'Broken Bird', 'If You Were Still Around', is as great as great Brian Wilson — 'Still Around' like a ravaged 'Day In The Life Of A Tree'. 'Taking Your Life In Your Hands' is a tragic metamorphosis of 'A Child's Christmas In Wales'. Some more of it, 'Chinese Envoy', a new 'Close Watch,', is simpler, one moment David Ackles, the next Pete Townshend. Still another part barely revolves around melody at all. 'Santies' is a poem shredded by the counterpoint of noises that seem to drift from the lips of ghosts.

There are no electronics here: had Eno been playing Cale might have felt too secure. This is a sound which refuses either to settle or to be diverted into too precise details. It is the sound of the anguish of true solitude. As Cook further noted, "The atmosphere of baroque meditation renders it a half-brother to Nico's 'Desertshore', which he also produced."

Appropriate, since it was Cale who in 1968 gave the gaunt chanteuse her first portable organ.

Perhaps for Cale there are no more alibis, no more euphemisms for pain. Honi Soit...let evil come to him that thinks on it. 'Music For A New Society' is possibly the most precarious, despairing beauty this side of the third Big Star album. For in fact, while there may be nothing here as shimmeringly beautiful as 'The Endless Plain Of Fortune' or 'Mr Wilson' (his paean to Brian), there is at the same time nothing as wearily depressing as 'Leaving It Up To You' or 'The Man Who Couldn't Afford To Orgy'.

'Music For A New Society' makes this mortal frame — in the words of 'Santies' — a "stronger, *loving* world....to die in."

WHY "MUSIC For A New Society', when it's such an introverted record? What kind of society did you intend?

The next one that's coming up. It's an optimistic note. I mean, the record is so dark, you've got to have something optimistic. But it's not depressing as in songs about people jumping out of third floor windows, the thing just doesn't bloody sell. They should put a tag on the record saying 'Danger: Depressing', it probably would sell more! But it's the most optimistic title any of my records has had. CBS didn't like 'Vintage Violence' (*his first solo LP*) at all, because at that time all the student demonstrations were going on — the corporate called down to the record company saying, y'know, what's all this about?

'New Society' is very against-the-grain, very out-of-time. More than anything it reminds me of Nico with her harmonium — 'Marble Index' and 'Desertshore'.

That's exactly what the idea was, to do a 'Marble Index' — you take my songs, put the songs down, and then write independent arrangements around them. I mean, it's an arranger's record. The whole thing is based on arrangements. There are melodies there, but some of it even goes outside the realm of that, it's like the BBC Radiophonic workshop. A song like 'Santies'...

'Honi Soit' was pretty orthodox. What happened between that record and this to make such a change?

Well, it was intended to be a proper solo album, which was something that I'd never done. Initially, the idea was to stick me in the studio with a piano and have me just play the songs like that. There was a purist notion of what it was supposed to be, but it flowered into something entirely different, with a lot of overdubbings. The only one with a band on the whole album is 'Changes Made', and it shouldn't be there. But Michael Zilkha insisted on it — it was either that or putting on another track like 'Santies', which would have been far more of a statement for me.

Without wishing to sound obvious, the greater part of 'New Society' verges on the agonising. What was your mood at the time?

Grotesque. It's a risk you take when you're making something up and doing it at the same time. There was very little rehearsing going into that, all that stuff was written in the studio, so it was like make or breakdown.

I don't like working under that kind of pressure anymore. The new one that we're doing, there's not so much *glaring* going on y'know, staying up late and grinding your way through an album. It's the best band I've ever had, a great band. It's like a family, everybody helping each other, and it's *cautiously* done. The approach is quiet and not doctrinaire or belligerent.

But 'New Society' is very *clear.* The whole thing is hooked on the voice, which is one thing I'm really proud of, that the voice is

A STRONGER MUSIC

sticking out there, that it's not hidden, because you really have to identify with the characters of those songs. Some of the personalities are schizophrenic. There's a lot of conflict in there between the person the song is written about and the voice I'm singing it in.

How did you come to be on Ze, or is it just the connection with Island?

Well, I've known Zorro — oops, Michael — for a long time. He was involved with Spy records, so as a parting gesture I agreed to do one solo album and one group album. The band is a four piece, very different, not the hard, punchy kind of thing that was on 'Honi Soit'.

There was a review, I think in *Melody Maker,* of the band live in New York, which was pretty good. They're real musical players, they can do 'New Society' on stage beautifully. The sound is warm, it's got a good feeling. The new stuff we're doing is kind of 'Paris'-oriented, because the band is that good. It's got some ballads in there, it's got some rock'n'roll. Nothing as rabid or abrasive as 'Honi Soit'.

ARE YOU still interested in, as you once put it, "breaking things down into their lowest common denominator and seeing how much tension can be created between the individual parts"? Is that how you'd still describe your approach to rock?

That's what I tried to do in 'New Society'. It worked with The Velvet Underground, in a sense, you know...if you want to come up with an album that's different from everyone else, OK fine, it's easy to be different, but it's not so easy to be consistent, to make sure that all this individuality that you've got going for you is used consistently.

You once said of Jackson Browne's arrangements on 'Chelsea Girl' that they were "the nicest way of saying something ugly". How many of your own songs would you say that applied to?

Impossible. If you're talking about any of my own songs, then I don't think there *is* a nice way of saying something ugly. I mean, they seem pretty haggard to me. With the first song, 'Taking Your Life In Your Hands', you're talking about a mother who's being put away for homicide of a child and she's talking to her children. That's sick.

I was thinking about the difference between the two partners Brecht worked with: Kurt Weill, who concealed the venom of Brecht's lyrics behind the seductive veil of nightclub songs, and Hanns Eisler, who wrote more brutal and more transparently bitter songs in tune with the tenets of socialist realism. One is like a beautiful poisonous flower, the other is a weapon. It's like the difference between a Randy Newman song and a Richie Havens protest song. Funnily enough, Brecht was happier working with Eisler.

Well, socialist dogma, agitprop music, is distasteful to me, so I would go with the Weills of this world, I guess. Socialist music! You've got more chance with a band of the Coldstream Guards doing it! Songwriting is . . . like Eric Coutts, that's agitprop music. Andrew Cockburn is going to send me this magazine for enlisted men in the Russian army — every month they've got a song on the back page, and in the latest there's one called 'Salute The Great Defensive Rocket Forces'!

Are there any people whose records you buy, as some people buy yours, out of habit?

Some for production values, some for songwriting. There are people like Steve Harley and Beefheart. . . you don't buy Beefheart for the production, but for the energy and the personality.

'If You Were Still Around' reminded me of Brian Wilson on 'A Day In The Life Of A Tree'.

I'm flattered. I saw him play it live in Santa Monica. He was frazzled, his hair was greasy as hell, and he climbed up on the stage where he had this guard massaging his back and a psychiatrist sitting there talking in his ear. . . what a sick, weird family!

I've got these pictures of him with his cousins, the Mike Love faction, which was the one with the real grip on him, the ones that put the bodyguards on him. One of the Love brothers is holding this tennis ball and Brian's just staring at the camera and whenever he gets upset or anything, he plays with the ball.

And then they're all swapping wives . . .I mean, fuck! One day Brian wanted to buy a motorbike, right, but his wife's got control of his money, power of attorney, so when he asks she says, Well Brian, if you want a motorbike you'll have to take lessons. So Brian goes and sits on this little bike in the corner of the room and says, I don't know why I have to take lessons, I can ride this one *real fine*!

What do you do with spare time?

Watch TV, I guess . . .there's a lot of channels. Public Access Television — glorious amateurism! There's the British Network thing, which comes out of Santa Monica. Santa Monica is full of third class Englishmen who go there to become first class Englishmen.

There's a disgusting establishment there called The English Pub where the Anglo-Hollywood community gather . . .

Yeah, a lot of dishwashers!

TO DIE IN

YOU ONCE said, cruelly but accurately I'm sure, that Lou and Nico only had this "rabid mentality" because they were so bored.

Well, yeah, they just entertain themselves and nobody else. I just heard that Lou was gonna do a farewell-to-the-industry concert . . .probably the first of many.

Do you think there is still a cult of The Velvet Underground?

Yes, and it's distasteful to me. I mean, all the promise we showed in those two albums, we never delivered on it. I'm sure Lou feels the same way . . .he's as stubborn and egocentric as I am.

Didn't you once say that Nico should have recorded a version of 'Streets Of Laredo'?

Yes, she just revolted against it, like I don't do cowboy songs, you know. The song is in a movie called *Bang The Drum Slowly,* with Robert De Niro and Michael Moriarty. In the middle of the movie, when they know that he's dying, the cowboy sings the song during the pep talk in the locker room. Great movie, underrated.

Are you a crank? Have you got anything to do with rock'n'roll?

A melodic, musical crank, yes. My life is oriented around music but not around rock'n'roll. My private life has nothing to do with going onstage. But, I mean, the secrecy I insist on is necessary for me to be able to go on and do performances. In the end, I'd rather be a Svengali than a star.

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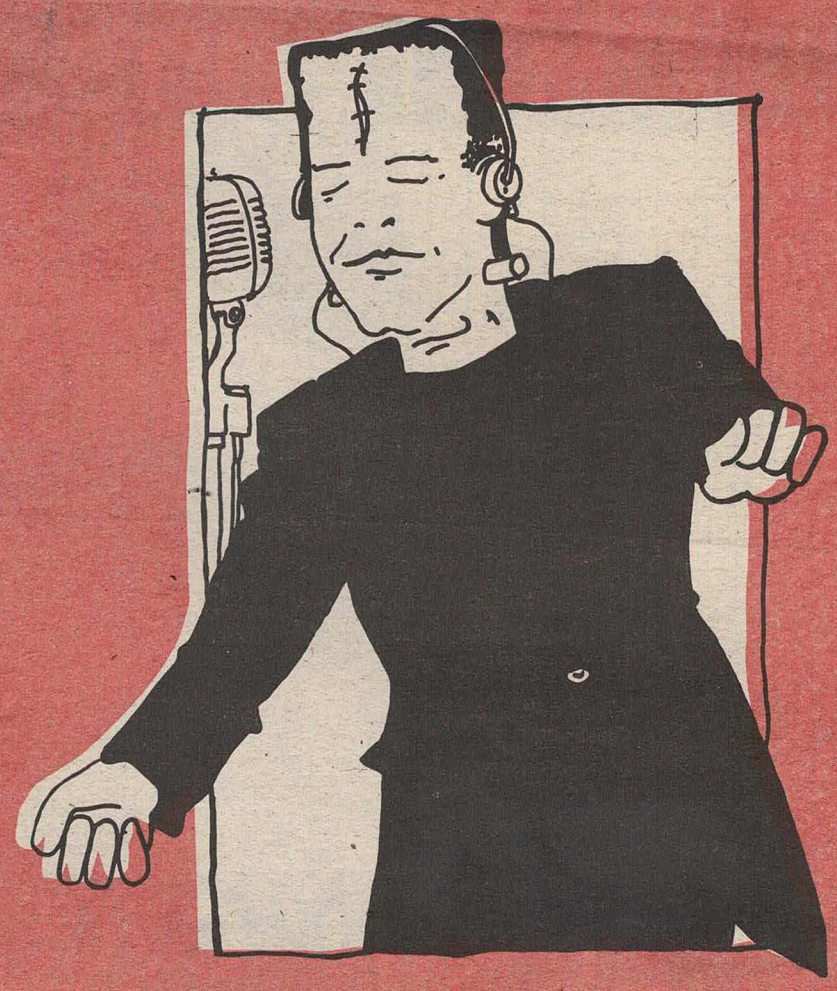

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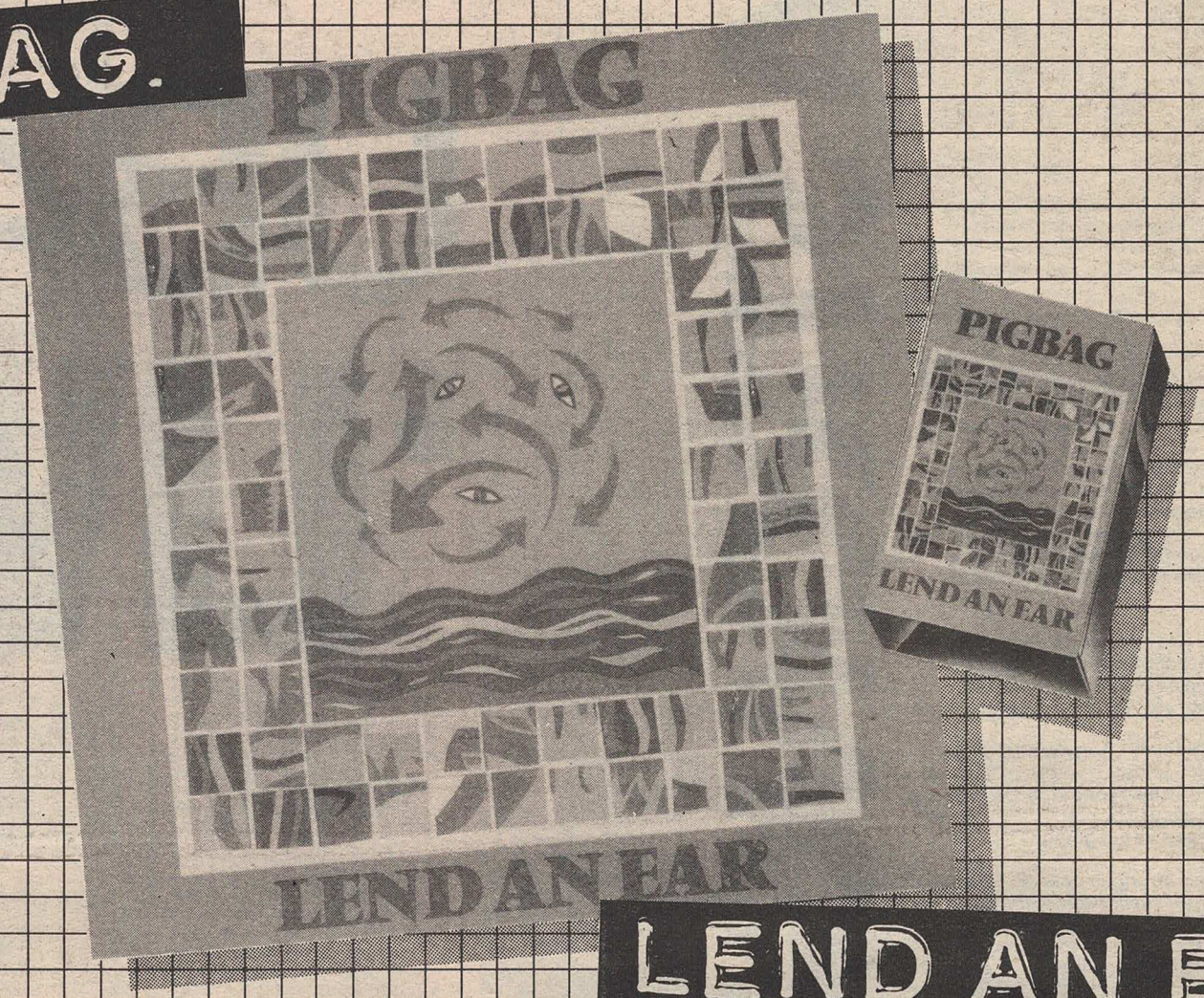

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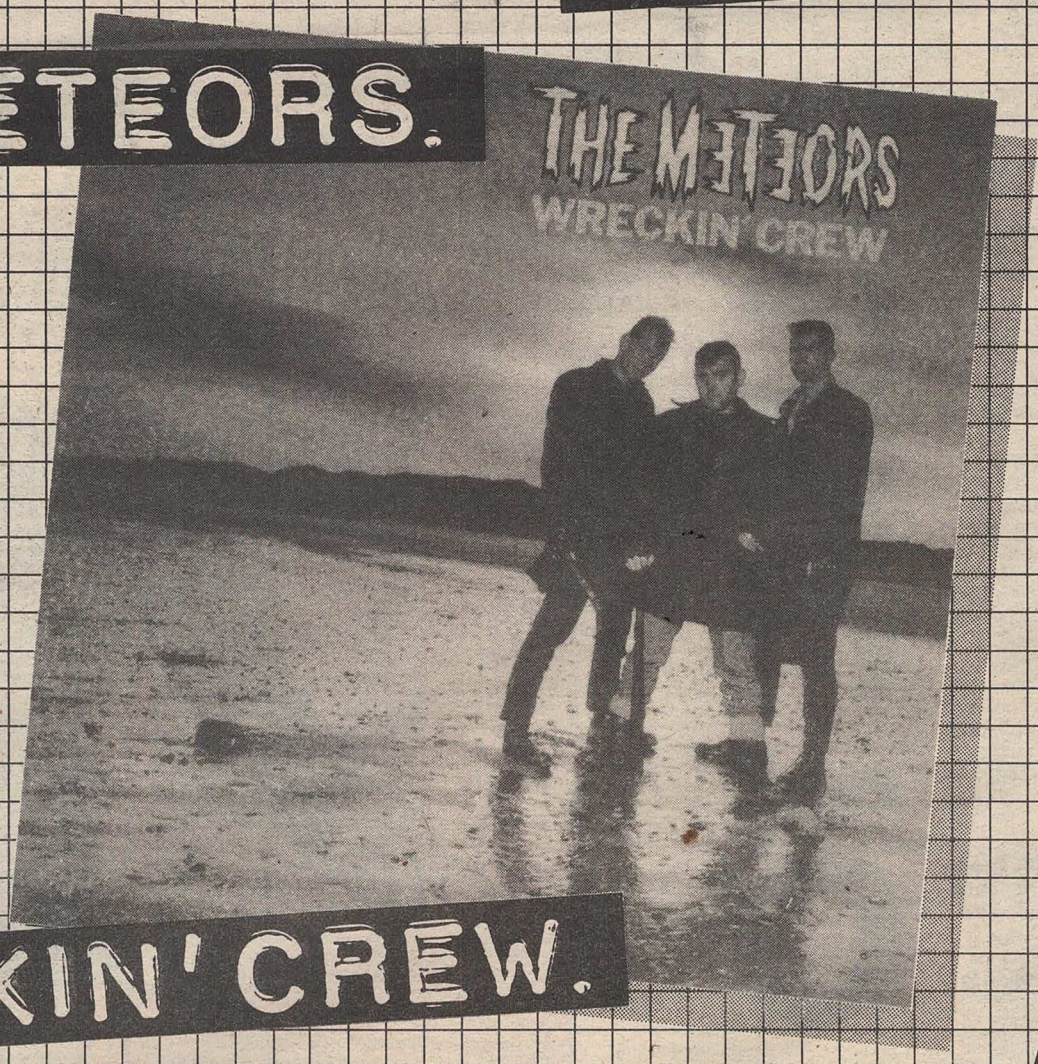

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CONFESSIONS OF AN LA BUNNYWOMAN

Linda Ronstadt rabbits on about the singing movies in her head, directed by Richard Cook. Pics Peter Anderson.

PREFACE

IN THE MOUNTAIN of scorn heaped on the Los Angeles musical community, nobody has been maligned more than Linda Ronstadt.

The vapid esteem she was held in around the time of her last visit here in 1976 was so comprehensively dispersed by the ensuing change in attitudes that it's slightly amazing that she has *any* following still intact on these shores. Even more so, perhaps, that she should be encountered in these pages.

As a sort of grandmistress of Bel-Air pop, Ronstadt appears to have lost out on all counts.

She hasn't the hazy erotic appeal of a Stevie Nicks, the thick-ear exuberance of a John Jett or Pat Benatar, or the spinsterish profundity of a Joni Mitchell. All she has ever done is sing pop songs, some with an affected rock'n'roll gait, some with an elderberry country tinge. For nearly ten years she has fronted Peter Asher's productions, slickly attuned to the prevailing wind of the principal LA studios.

She is probably the last girl singer of rock as we knew it.

But that is exactly why we might defer to pay her, at least, a pop singer's respect. Ronstadt courted animosity even more openly by daring to sing Elvis Costello songs (and suitably incurring the composer's displeasure), yet her version of 'Alison' is actually revealing in a way that Costello's isn't: there is a tremulous, melancholy note of accusation in her reading that the original soused in facile angst.

It would be convenient to damn Ronstadt as an all-purpose cipher of American blandness and insensitivity if it weren't for instances like 'Alison'. By remaining an interpretive singer she has kept a modest distance from corrupting trends: it has left her in one kind of stasis, an overall stylistic cul-de-sac of antiseptic West Coast pop, but it has granted her a prolonged meditation on the song form.

On her current 'Get Closer' LP there is 'Easy For You to Say', a simple insight into the dregs of an affair: Ronstadt peels away the flesh of memory until there is only an aching core. In one of his few inspired moments on the record, Asher lets her voice linger on into the very last cadence of the mix ... it's irresistible, perfect.

Alas, most of the rest of the record is rubbish that needn't trouble anybody. Asher's witless production is so determinedly lethargic it sterilises all the manufactured energy and opts for the most tedious symmetry. There is scarcely any overall difference between 'Get Closer' and 1975's 'Prisoner In Disguise' in their attitude towards pop. It is as if Asher is afraid of letting Ronstadt grow old, gracefully or not (a line that the coquettish cover snap of 'Get Closer' confirms). He seems ignorant of her real strengths.

Ronstadt's maidenly notes on romance might seem thin in the glare of an 'Art Of Falling Apart'; but how strong is your heart?

Two days after being taunted by Russell Harty about Jerry Brown (who cares?), Linda Ronstadt talks about songs and singing. She is a tiny person with a giggly, Bunnywoman sort of voice. She might talk all day if I asked her.

SPEECH

SONGS ARE wide-awake dreams, that's what I think. They have to be specific but still be flexible enough to let the dream change from time to time and still be evoked by the same set of images. Love songs can vary, y'know ... you can be mad at somebody or just feel pessimistic about anything. It doesn't have to be romantic love. It's like there's a movie running in my head all the time. I can see 3-D, colour and everything, when I'm singing.

Songs pick me, in a funny way. I *have* to sing them when I hear them. There might be something going on in my life that's about that and then it's hard to pry me loose from them, *even though I might not do them very well.* Sometimes they get let out of their cages when they shouldn't have been. Sometimes I make records that I don't like afterwards. I never listen to them after they're finished, I only hear them by accident. I can hear one of them and feel like cutting my wrists...

It's much harder to write good songs than to find good songs and sing them well. There aren't many people who can write well and sing well too. No, I never feel jealous of singer-songwriters. That's not my job, y'know? I was never involved in writing. It would be like asking if I were jealous of a sculptor. Sure, I can be unhappy with certain things about a song. It's like having a friend or a lover — there are things you don't like, but if there are enough things you like you put up with them. I cut out verses I don't like. But I can't write from the ground up.

I'm real suspicious of breaking out for the sake of it. There are always reasons why people make the

kind of sounds they do. Suppose I came over here and played with people I'd never played with before? It might be interesting but not a very *pleasing experience* on either side. It takes years to develop a common language. You don't just sit down and *play*. It has to do with shared experience and knowledge.

What do you think when you perform an Elvis Costello song and he says it's terrible?

Well, y'know, he's very iconoclastic. Everything he's said in the press hasn't made him very popular in the States. I think my version of 'Alison' is very good. The others, um, 'Party Girl' I haven't heard since I made it...I know I sing that very well onstage. I'm unshakeable about that. If he'd said that about 'Heatwave' I'd say he's completely right because I should never have recorded that. But 'Alison' I know I read right.

On an album of mine you might find songs by J D Souther and Lowell George and Jimmy Webb because they suit me. If those kind of songs sound good to me I'm going to go on recording them. Refining an idea over a period of years can make really wonderful stuff in the end.

I guess our culture produces something that's a reflection of the economy, which is planned obsolescence. Make this car last for three and a half years and then it falls apart on the road and the wheels run off and everything, and it's hopeless and out of date and you have to get a new one! Pop music reflects that.

But you've lasted longer than three and a half years.

I think it's because I've responded to classic elements in everything. The great pop writers like Buddy Holly have a kind of 'classic' element in them.

What do you think when you hear a record like 'Don't You Want Me'?

That was a nice record. I enjoyed that. I think synthesisers are real viable things...it's not close to what I do at all. That record wasn't a singer's medium, it WAS made for synthesisers.

But people do sing along to it.

How much of it can you sing? (*Sings*) *"Don't you want me baby"*... that's one line. It's not *singing*. No, of course it is, it's just not the most important thing. The important thing is the synthesiser.

I think people get *way* too serious about it, about pop music. You know what it's supposed to do? I think it's supposed to get you up off your ass in the morning and get you off to work in relatively good spirits. (*laughs*) It's work-music! I think that's the point.

I have various rates of success to my own standards. The basic thing is picking something you like and trying your best to do it. Everything *then* is after the fact. Work is always in progress and that's the fun of it. I'm not very interested in past history. I think people who listen to their own work a lot might be very vain or shallow because it's like aural narcissism.

HAVE YOU made a conscious effort to separate your life from your art?

That's like asking to separate mental and physical. Those things are completely intertwined. Hmmm...music is always such a basic and natural function for me. Singing while washing the dishes, riding to school...I don't have to create an attempt to distance myself from whatever the media print image of me is. Who knows what that image is? A lot of different things. It doesn't concern me.

Money wasn't ever the thing for me. There isn't enough money you could pay me to do music I wouldn't want to do. Yeah, I'm well off, but the way the economy goes you never know if you're going to wake up next morning dead broke. You don't. I don't think I do. I haven't made a lot of money like people like The Eagles because I don't write. I'm not starving.

Depends on how you invest your money and since I can't...make that my prime interest. (*Complete breakdown into laughter*) I got to get up in the morning and listen to the radio!

Do you think you encourage laziness?

No! (*more laughter*) I work very hard! My show is

● *continued on page 45*

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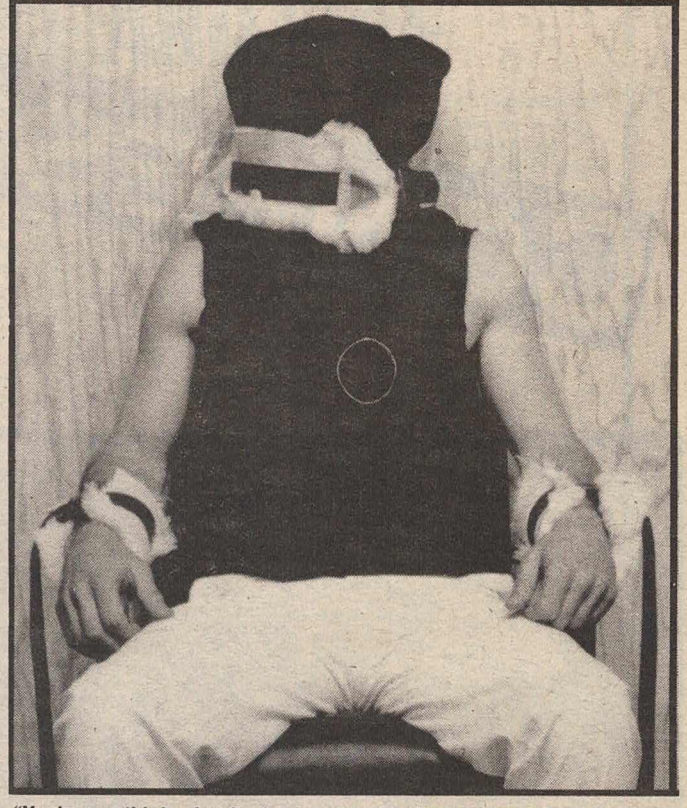
The Executioner's Song

DIRECTOR: Lawrence Schiller
STARRING: Tommy Lee Jones, Eli Wallach, Christine Lahti, Rosanna Arquette (Virgin)



"You're sure this is what they're wearing in The Face this month . . . ?

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE?

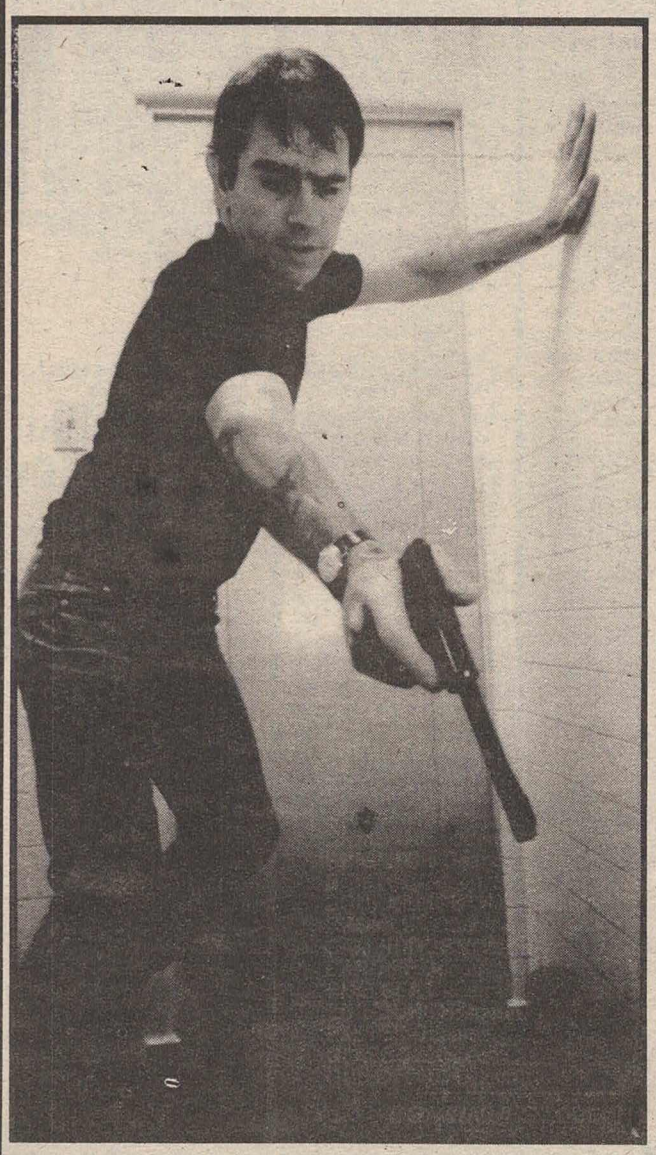
EVEN AFTER the real event, the 1,056-page 'factionalisation' by Norman Mailer and this movie version of a four-hour TV mini-series, the most appropriate comment on Gary Gilmore's story is still the one made by scriptwriter Stanley Greenberg (the man who refused to take on Gilmore's saga for filming after having been part of the media circus around it). "It's fascinating, it's ugly and it's complicated," Greenberg told his then-sponsors at ABC-TV.

This movie version, produced and directed by Lawrence Schiller and scripted by Mailer, of necessity telescopes many of the complications; but it eschews any of that ersatz glamour it might have imparted to Gilmore as outlaw, social victim, or explicably 'human' being, in favour of the inescapably ugly facts of his story.

There are several practical reasons why this should be so. One is producer Schiller's previous notoriety: he brokered the deathbed confessions of Jack Ruby and unwittingly destroyed part of the state's evidence against Charles Manson when he sold the rights to witness Susan Atkins' tale. And despite a prestigious previous record in photojournalism (although he has only one eye, Schiller broke Watts, Dallas, the Olympics and Sirhan Sirhan's trial for *Life* magazine), Schiller's reputation suffered further during his obsessive pursuit of the Gilmore saga. *The Executioner's Song,* however, packs exactly the sort of strongly anti-capital punishment line for which Greenberg sought it as script material.

Undoubtedly this represents some sort of reckoning Schiller wanted to achieve with himself over the nature of his past manouevres (detailed in Mailer's book). But it's also because the film was shot entirely in the small provincial and religious community so profoundly affected by Gilmore's acts and eventual fate. Over 100 of the people who were involved in the original events actually appear in the film, including — quite chillingly — that chaplain who administered last rites to the real Gilmore.

These citizens are reasonably well-served by this cold — almost dispassionate — narrative of their conservative and claustrophobic community, into which Tommy Lee Jones *(Coal Miner's Daughter, The Amazing Howard Hughes, The Eyes Of Laura Mars)* portrays Gilmore's pent-up energies exploding destructively. The whole



Just a nice all-American psychopathic boy . . .

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 17

Get Smart. The Indians attempt to get America back before the Arabs buy it all up. Agent 86 smokes the peace pipe. **(C4)**

Forty Minutes: Freshers. What to expect in your first year at (Liverpool) University — or at least, the first week But will Michael Waldman's film touch on sex, probably the most traumatic issue in the initial student year? **(BBC2)**

What The Papers Say. An extended edition to cover the programme's annual awards. **(C4)**

Lou Grant. As tough as ever — child pornography, official fury, Lou sweating it out. Phew! **(ITV)**

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 18

The Tube. Easily criticised but less simple to think up improvements, I'd rather see this cocky mess of ideas than the complacent building-block approach of the BBC pop entries. **(C4)**

Jubilee! It sounds like a glutinous slap on the back for a broadcasting philosophy that has always stumbled over its real winners *(Grange Hill)* by accident while giving greatest attention to the prim and patronising rubbish *(Blue Peter)*; but this celebration of children's TV should stir an ember in every young mind. **(BBC 1)**

The Last Song. First of Carla Lane's new sitcom looks typically in the cast of sloppy *Woman And Home* soul-searching, even if it does centre on the reliable Geoffrey Palmer . . . **(BBC)**

Cheers . . . but is this much better? The one I saw last week seemed depressingly reliant on economy-class sexism and slapdash stereotypes for the laughs, such as they were. **(C4)**

Lawman (Michael Winner 1970). One of the best films of Winner's muddled career, this really draws its strength from Burt Lancaster's man-of-granite performance as the Marshall out to sweep up the evil that resulted in a callous murder. some might have chosen to make it the kind of autumnal spectacle of a dying West which Peckinpah *(The Wild Bunch)* and Leone *(Once Upon A Time In The West)* had initiated the previous year; Winner is less subtle and less epic, choosing to scale down to a personal conflict which he would explore more

Gilmore story — from its background forward through its grim finale — was played out entirely within the psychological estate of America's 'poor white' population. And with that territory, with its mournful George Jones and Waylon Jennings tunes, its endless sagas of struggle and self-pity and splits in the 'acceptable' social fabric, its names like Mayvine and Angel and Norton, comes dislocation as a fact of life. The film does manage to make clear (primarily through the superb characterisation of the family which tries to help Gilmore) that those born into these circumstances possess only one real option for victory: endurance.

It can be argued that Tommy Lee Jones is miscast as Gilmore, that he resembles more the traditional two-fisted Mailer hero, but in fact he builds up a consummately professional (and quite terrifying) portrait of a man — merely a man — who could not be 'understood'. And at the base of Jones' portrait is an implicit belief that finally and practically a man blows his own chances, however few he is given.

Jones has made it perfectly clear that he lacked any sympathies with Gilmore, on any grounds. Yet the huge contrasts of emotion and character in that version of the criminal he creates *are* made recognisable and identifiable to a degree. Too much of the detail of Gilmore's real life (particularly his drug use, his 19 year-old fiancee Nicole Baker's blandly debauched past and three marriages, their mutual sexual corruption of a teenage neighbour, and Gary's hunger strike in prison) is missing here. And thus a Romeo-and-Juliet aura still inevitably surrounds the Gilmore-Baker involvement and suicide pact, but excellent support by Eli Wallach as Gary's uncle Vern, and Christine Lahti as his cousin give a pretty clear picture of what Gilmore did to those who cared about him.

As we watch him escalate from stealing a banana to blowing away a man's skull for no reason at all, it becomes clearer and clearer just how "ugly and complicated" a story Gilmore's is. It would not, however, be much different from any other 'post-modern' cinematic depiction of evil as anomic and banal if Jones' performance did not drive with cold relentlessness towards its factual culmination: the execution.

This is re-created with exact attention to detail (a shackled Gilmore in sleeveless T-shirt stumbles through snow to the van assigned to take him to the death site, then its driver is embarrassed when the 'fly away to a better life' sentiments of 'La Paloma Blanca' come blaring out of the radio). And the final scene becomes excruciating to watch; one realises this murder is every bit as self-evidently inhuman and wrong as Gilmore's casual killings earlier in the movie.

Just that animal curiosity with which the seated, strapped-in Jones twists round to peer past his 'guests' for a glimpse of the slits which hide his killers is disturbing enough to prevent any easy outs about what follows. Retaining Gary Gilmore as a *human* enigma — while refusing to cite misfortune or rage as sufficient explanation for his actions — makes *The Executioner's Song* a simple film. It's extremely sober and linear, yet it is also valuable for raising its issues of extremity within a context of circumscribed lives. It's the latter, as well as the Dec 7 execution-by-injection of Charlie Brooks, which also makes *The Executioner's Song* somewhat timely.

Cynthia Rose

THE MOVIE EVERYONE'S TOLKIEN ABOUT!

The Dark Crystal

DIRECTORS: Jim Henson, Frank Oz (ITC)

"Bah! Those elves win every time. 'Tain't fair!"

PREVAILING CINEMATIC and cultural tendencies being what they are, it was utterly inevitable that Jim Henson and Frank Oz would end up applying Muppetechnology to a soft-core variation on the sword-and-sorcery theme. *The Dark Crystal* — soon to be available as a Marvel comic, series of soft toys, calendars, pyjamas in very small sizes, bubblebath containers, posters, paperbacks, making-of-the-movie books, etc — is a fairy tale containing as many archetypes as possible and veering crazily from the masterful to the twee.

Henson and Oz have never set their creations among 'real' objects and landscapes with greater success, and there are many brilliant examples of sheer sleight of imagination in *The Dark Crystal*. The nice race of ancient sorcerers look like a cross between Yacqui Indians and giant lizards, which is a nicely hallucinatory allusion to Castaneda, while the nasty race of ancient sorcerers — you know, in fairy tales there are always nice races and nasty races, remember? — look like decay personified.

However, the hero and heroine of the story are a pair of revolting little blonde elves with American accents who are sufficient to make the viewer sympathise with anything — no matter how disgusting — that wants to wipe them out. Elves are getting worryingly popular in America — hence Richard and Wendy Pini's highly successful *Elfquest* comic series and *Weirdworld*, Marvel's staggeringly unimaginative derivation of it — and *The Dark Crystal* follows the same pattern: adorable little creatures set the world to rights. Bah!

The Dark Crystal is exquisitely realised — from designs by Brian Froud — and if your tolerance for cuteness hasn't been worn away by the juveniles in the Spielberg blockbusters, then it could prove to be a diverting little morsel. With additional dialogue by Alan Garner providing the extra mythophiliac credibility, I think you'll be amused by its presumption.

Charles Shaar Murray

fully in *Death Wish*. **(BBC1)**
The Conformist (Bernardo Bertolucci 1969). Vacuous pastiche or slap-shot masterpiece? The house is divided on Bertolucci's wryly bizarre examination of a hapless young man (Jean-Louis Trintignant) tormented by desires and squeezed by the state in Il Duce's Italy. Whatever the verdict, you can't help but admire the style and visual wit of a director caught up in the fever of cinema. **(BBC2)**
Jazz On four. More from the cats in Manchester. **(C4)**

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 19

Sight & Sound. The Thompson Twins. **(BBC2)**
Sam Whiskey (Arnold Laven 1969). Burt Reynolds again, although this 'comedy' western about a gold heist is several notches below *White Lightning* — and that didn't exactly set the house afire. **(BBC1)**
And Now For Something Completely Different (Ian Macnaughton 1971). You'll watch it anyway although most of this material is so familiar by now that whole sections of the script have passed into the language — Twit Of The Year contest, etc, etc. Classic Python. **(BBC1)**
Une Semaine De Vacances (Bertrand Tavernier 1980). A schoolteacher takes a week off to sort out her life — very much in the French mainstream, and lacking in the waspish insight that Tavernier brought to *Coup De Torchon*, but the script's beguiling enough to leave you feeling good at the end. **(BBC2)**
Tom Keating On Painters. Did you see the Turner one last week? Brilliant television. Tom's wisdom on my favourite painter should be equally riveting this time. **(C4)**
The Other Side Of The Tracks. Oddball mix: Randy Newman, Hall & Oates, Lene Lovich. **(C4)**
The Killers (Robert Siodmak 1946). A good weekend for Burt Lancaster — here's his debut in Siodmak's darkly impenetrable web of flashback and investigation. Edmond O'Brien is the insurance 'tec, Ava Gardner the ritzy dame and everything's black black black. Terrific. **(C4)**

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 20

Heavens Above! (Boulting Brothers 1963). Peter Sellers is frankly miscast as the northern vicar who tries to redistribute wealth. Dolorous and grey satire that seems quaintly sad and unintentionally poignant for his presence. **(BBC1)**
The Avengers. The identity-swap one, 'Who's Who?'. **(C4)**
Alfred Hitchcock Presents. 'Banquo's Chair' — and Hitch directed this one himself. **(C4)**

MONDAY FEBRUARY 21

Angel City (Jon Jost). Timeless (they haven't given us the date) inversion of the private eye picture. Probably not as funny as *Pierrot Le Fou* **(C4)**

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 22

Forbidden Planet (Fred McLeod Wilcox 1956). Walter 'Stool' Pidgeon takes second place to the brilliant (for their time) effects in this respected and genuinely exciting futurising of *The Tempest*. Robby The Robot says 'Hi!' and the Monster From the Id is a real shocker. **(BBC2)**
Rich Kids (Robert M Young 1979) Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy and the wiseass kids getting together out of two broken marriages. I haven't seen this one but it's said to be one of the better studies of New York domestic drama with a cast full of reliable second-liners. **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 23

Sita's Wedding (Bapu 1977). An Indian film of DeMillian grandeur: mythology given the spectacle of a celestial Hollywood, and the start of a season that grants a rare opportunity to drink in the sumptuous and hollow vision that is Indian Popular cinema. **(C4)**

Tempest (Paul Mazursky). You can choose from John Cassavetes overdoing it either here or in the *The Incubus* at present. But should we be making so much of the Shakespeare angle in Mazursky's admittedly hollow and rather beautiful-looking film? Anything with Gena Rowlands can't be all bad, and while this may be another expensive indulgence from the Tiffany strain of contemporary Hollywood something enjoyable still leaks through the misconceptions. **(Columbia)**

Diner (Barry Levinson) Still drifting around some locations, so I'll remind you of this charming and hugely enjoyable picture: scripted with incendiary verve by Levinson and played with equal gusto by a terrific cast, the foibles of ageing young America have never seemed so attractive.

Airplane II (Ken Finkleman). At least there are *some* laughs, which is more than can be said of the multitude of IIs, IIIs and IVs which are going to be hurled at us this year. Is there really such a paucity of new ideas? Are we really so repetitive in filmgoing decisions? Answers to **(UIP).**

Richard Cook

IN THE CAN

Turkey Shoot (Brian Trenchard Smith). Totally awful helping of penny dreadful melodrama tricked out with crass doses of mutilation and fountains of gore. In essence yet another revamp of *The Hounds of Zaroff* with the human hunting going on in a bleak totalitarian future, humourlessly directed by Smith at a comatose pace and including a hapless favourite of this column — Olivia 'The' Hussey, no less. Putrid garbage of which it has to be said — this turkey needs shooting. Wait for *The Evil Dead* and the upcoming *Basket Case* to see how it should be done. **(Enterprise)**

An Officer And A Gentleman (Taylor Hackford). While I find both the idea — Gere as snotty upstart cracking American class divisions, Winger bucking factory-line romance for satori in a peaked cap — and its slick execution unbearable, one has to grudgingly admit that Hackford scarcely puts a foot wrong in his limited brief. Up where it shouldn't belong. **(UIP)**

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Exclusive footage of Temple's ABC film.

FROM A DAN

MORE THAN the destination itself, a trip abroad helps one achieve a better perspective of Britain. To return to this dying little place, still vainly convinced of its own superiority, is an increasingly depressing experience.

Buoyed up by a simplistic and hollow denunciation of Americana, failing even to recognise activity elsewhere, British popular culture — be it movies or music (television alone maintains standards of investigation) — sustains itself on spent myths and gruelling thin rehashes from better times.

Until it accepts its own death, it will stifle any half-baked phoenix struggling to rise from the embers. Until it strips back the false aura of vitality, with which it masks the true nature of its desperate situation, it will never perceive the thoroughly scavenged corpse of its reality.

More damaging than Britain's cultural delusions of grandeur is its cowardly refusal to look Death in the face.

Coming in from this angle British pop music is hardly worth considering as anything more than, at best, a delaying action — with, of course, a few exceptions. The most notable is Soft Cell, the only group after The Sex Pistols and since The Kinks to swim in the essence of being British. It is not their fault the essence flows through a sewer. Even less can be said in the defence of film.

The laughably touted British film revival has sadly equated a national cinema identity with an ugly kitsch nationalism or, alternatively, it is based in spurious and overly violent problem pictures, like *Scum, Scrubbers* or *McVicar*. A stream of small, likeable, if unambitious films, like *Time Bandits* and *Gregory's Girl* is its one saving grace, but it hardly constitutes a vanguard. Dull, dour social realists like Ken Loach counter the tendency of Alan Parker and Ridley Scott towards glossy visualism with grainy black and white.

A few flamboyants, like Derek Jarman, are left to founder unsupported. Backers would prefer to pump their money into a seemingly endless succession of bad youth pictures, ranging from the Cliff Richard vehicles of the '60s right through to *Quadrophenia* and the execrable *Party Party*. It would seem that, like their counterparts in the music industry, film financiers have paid no heed to the valuable lessons of The Sex Pistols.

IT IS NO coincidence that the one film really to convey something of what it is (or was then) to be British since Nicholas Roeg's magnificent investigation of the malignant evil permeating British petty-mindedness, called *Performance*, is *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*.

For all its clumsy execution and Malcolm McLaren's self aggrandisement, it is still a compelling and funny, even provocative inquiry into Britishness, as well as a fittingly flippant elegy for doomed youth.

Neither is it out of keeping that its maker Julian Temple has yet to complete another feature. Without wishing to force any parallels, he has racked up a list of notable shelved projects to match the *Swindle's* subjects, The Sex Pistols' label leaps. Except he hasn't been rewarded with massive record company pay offs.

Out of *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle's* fullstop to the concept of youth, he developed with Peter York and Jon Savage a series called *Teenage* for Granada, which expounded the death of the teenager. It was deemed unsuitable and dropped, possibly to be picked up soon by Channel 4.

A possible feature called *The Hole In The Middle* was finally turned down by Paramount and, most dishearteningly, he believes he will be taken off *Mandrake The Magician*, after investing it with all the ideas that made it viable in the first place.

So just how does he manage to bounce back?

"Well, you have to have more than one thing going so you can't wallow too much in despair," says Julian with a sigh. "What is peculiar to making big films is that you can put that much time in it for it only to end in disaster. It's rather sobering when you've spent so much energy for it all to just evaporate . . ."

TO COUNTER the disappointments he has set up a company called Midnight Films, for which he has completed some 50 pop videos. That he is so much in demand as a promo maker is small consolation, as they don't allow him the full scope he desires: to pursue his quest for a commercial cinema form that is at once entertaining and provocatively reflective of its time.

"When I make films I really believe you don't want boredom in a film. Films should stylise and exaggerate. You don't want to lower the form to naturalism. On the other hand you don't want the visual overkill of films like Alan Parker's or Ridley Scott's. There's no light and shade there, no slowing down before the killer punch.

"The pace of a film in its visual texture is vital. It's no good just squeezing it out like paste on a cake. It's a real problem with that school of filmmaking."

His visual concern is obvious in his best videos. For ABC's 'Poison Arrow' he contrasted a sumptuous look to a breakneck narrative that charted the humiliation of the narrator, played by Martin Fry. The style is being developed further in the upcoming ABC film, which will go out as a circuit short and an hour video. Currently at the post production stage, he is busy completing it while rushing to meet the deadline of an adventurous video exploration called *It's All True*, for BBC's *Arena*.

Unsurprisingly, he admits to feeling fragile when we meet. But then, with a trained staunchness of character, he is reluctant to let it show. Evidently his years at Cambridge University studying history have stood him in good stead.

"The whole thing of going to Cambridge is like a dream," he admits. "The whole town is like a cardboard set that you own at night. It's very odd. It's a cultural passport and I use it. It goes a very, very long way. It's amazing the power it gives you. It's very unfair, but it lets you understand things you just can't understand if you're on the outside. It's very strange. There's a kind of malignant power there, and I think it's time to reveal it now."

Rumours abound that he spent his Cambridge years dressed in Byronic garb.

"Who told you that? Yeah, I probably did. I was a bit exotic. More of a dandy then. Now, I'm more of a rogue . . ."

BOHN: AT a guess, I'd say you wouldn't be totally satisfied working purely in pop video.

Temple: No. That's right for many reasons — although I do like them a lot.

How do you feel about contributing to the packaging of a group, or is it possible to operate independently of the group?

I think I did do, as much as possible. Obviously you are being paid to flatter a group, but some of these groups are so gullible that you can do things with them they don't really notice happening. That's the space you can work in and actually say something you can sleep with at night.

I treat them as a diary really, for things that obsess me and for trying out shots. They're very good for becoming a film maker, because as you are under a lot of pressure you can learn more than you ever would at film school. It does have a discipline to it and, on the other hand, you are very free. You can come up with the script, you can do this kind of shot and if anything goes wrong you can always cut to the drummer. Which is what most people do . . .

It's cooled out a bit now, but there was a period when pop videos were being heralded as a new art form, a complete breakthrough, but videos are nothing new anyway, just the same old thing — mutton dressed as lamb, shaken around in front of people's eyes to make them spend more money and be more interested again in the same old nonsense.

They have a lot in common with advertising films: they are a total visual indulgence without any regard to structure, narrative and ideas, beyond a plethora of visual surface ideas, which amount to gimmickry really.

But they don't have one organising idea. Like any work, the organising idea is the really creative part. Ideas are purely things that keep you from sleeping at night. They just keep coming and there's no point to them unless you can bend them into some kind of shape.

Whenever you make a film, you should express your point of view on the world. Well, apart from a few, like Don Letts, many don't know what their point of view is. And very few of them have a sense of humour as well. The Madness ones have always had that, and that's the best thing about them. But so many others are gothic over the top. That Ultravox school of video making to me is the end, just looking at David Selznick's *Hollywood* and dressing Midge Ure up as Clark Gable. That side of things disgusts me.

Ultravox have come to the same realisation.

That is as may be. The other species I don't like is this travelogue thing. You drag a group off to the pyramids, have them ride around on camels, or drag them off to Sri Lanka and have them look little boys up and down on the beach. I don't see the point . . .

The other problem as a director working on videos is you don't work with actors. It's often very difficult to work with a popstar as an actor because they see themselves as one thing and you can't ask them to take the piss out of themselves. With an actor you can jump on him, but popstars won't let you do that. Well, the best ones have the strength to take the piss out of themselves.

I've worked with Ray Davies a lot, who is really extraordinary, the one pop star I've worked with who can act. There is a certain English humility about what he does. I found that, although everybody is knocking ABC at the moment, Martin Fry has that masochistic streak about him; he doesn't mind taking the piss out of himself.

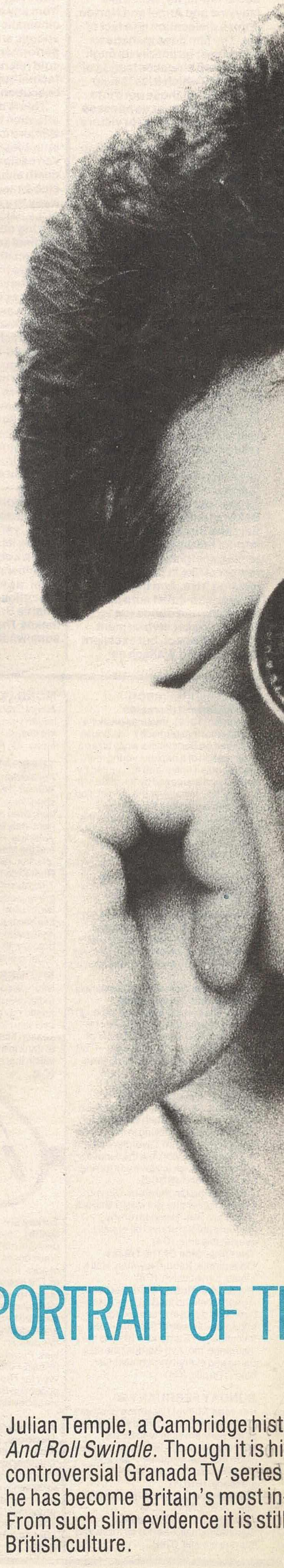
Tell me about the ABC film. Is it just a vehicle built around their videos?

It's a new thing, a cinema short idea, continuing the kind of ideas in the 'Poison Arrow' video where he was cut down to size by the girl. He's set up in the film, a guy who can't sing, who is set up with a group by this sinister character, played by James Villiers. He goes out on tour with this group, and is actually swapped in Prague with a guy who Villiers is trying to get out of Czechoslovakia. Martin is left stranded in Prague and the guy — who is his double — finishes the tour . . .

It is a story about the total fabrication of a group like ABC.

Is this Martin Fry coming clean or was it your idea?

I wrote the script, but he went along with the idea. I think he was pleased because his last video, 'All Of My Heart' was a fine example of complete and utter



PORTRAIT OF TH

Julian Temple, a Cambridge hist
And Roll Swindle. Though it is hi
controversial Granada TV series
he has become Britain's most in
From such slim evidence it is still
British culture.

NDY TO A ROGUE

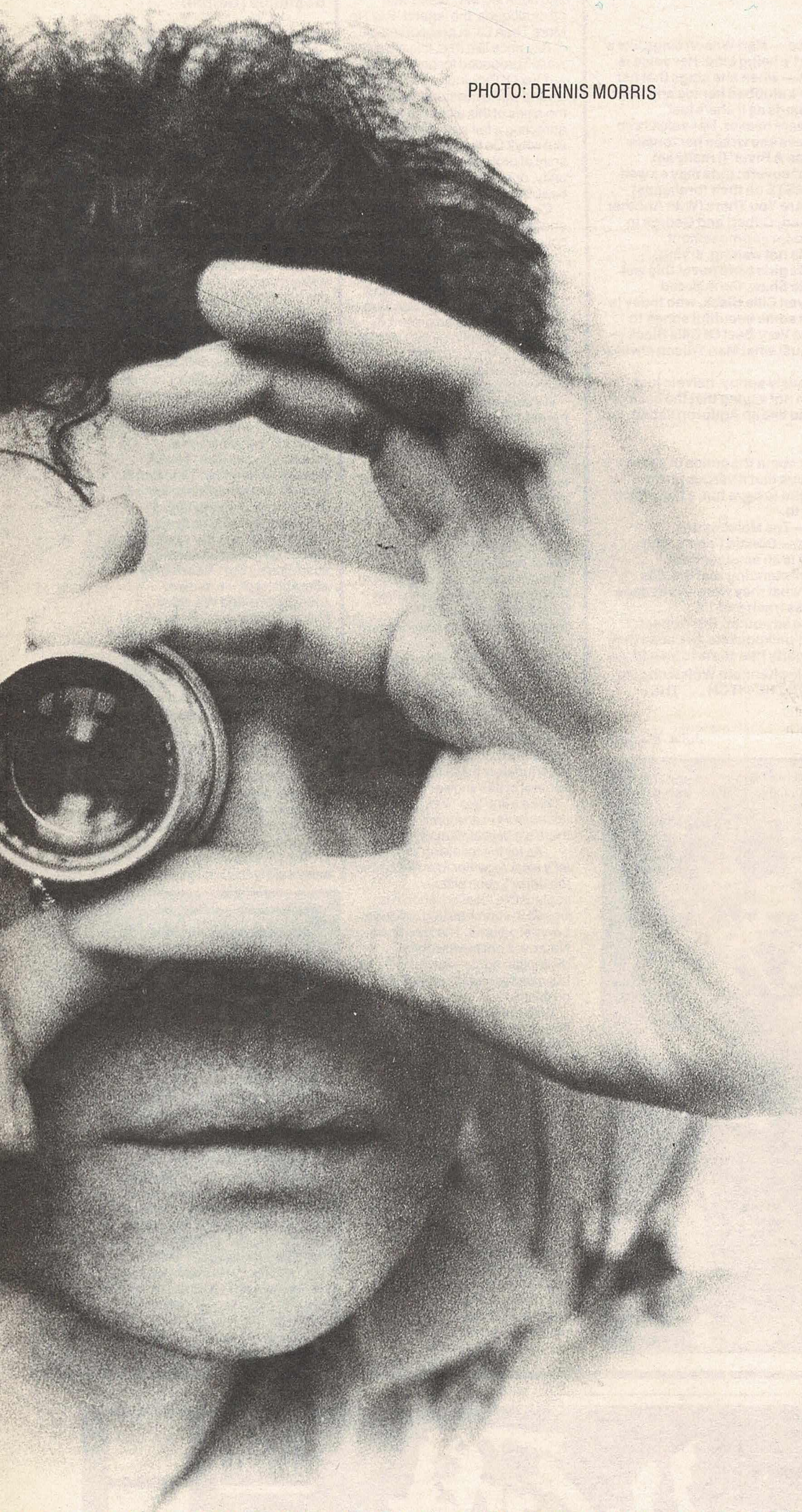


PHOTO: DENNIS MORRIS

nonsense. It was gibberish and he knew that. He was rather worried what was happening to them. So this one will be slightly more cynical about themselves, which, I think, is what they need to do.

Is it a Monkees' *Head* type thing; a total explanation of the pop myth?

No. It's like the 'Poison Arrow' thing, which I quite like, because it shows a popstar completely humiliated, which you don't often see. He starts off as a singing telegram, he meets the girl and then he's playing in a cabaret for old people where he's doing Billy Fury routines, and the girl turns up and shrinks him. I liked all that and there are elements of that in the new film. The same girl is in it.

PEOPLE USE pop more to their own ends these days, fitting it in their own soundtracks. Pop groups seem very reluctant to go along with this.

There's very little willingness to stand back and take stock of what they're doing in relation to their audience or the time they live in.

I think the Falklands crisis finally proved pop's impotence. Not that it should have directly commented on the affair, but the niceness of pop and the level of agreement happening in the country at the time was depressing.

Well, look at Adam Ant, it's like *Mephisto* watching him now. A concert for the Falklands is a long way from 1976.

Did the idea that the teenager — as such — was over date back to that time and your involvement with The Sex Pistols?

Yes, very much. All three of us (Temple, Peter York and Jon Savage) were very fired up by The Sex Pistols. It all really came from that era. A lot of people's minds were ignited by that. It certainly changed the way I thought. Malcom McLaren was an incredible catalyst. He was like a lightning conductor, which was wonderful, and I'm still running off that charge. And I think Jon and Peter got a similar thing from that time. We all had that in common.

The idea of the *Teenage* series was to be a lot more analytical as well as entertaining, to look at the economics and the history of the teenager in an overall British context.

It's very strange, because *Teenage* has become a very mythical thing, when all it is, really, is a very cosy little half hour show about Edwardians. I think when Granada dropped it they were amazed at the press it got. Someone manipulated the media well there.

Isn't the idea of teenagerdom being over just the reasoning of the postwar baby boom generation — the teenagers of the '60s — growing up into middle age wanting to take the focus of the market with them? Not wanting to give up the attention they are used to?

That's part of it, yeah. The invention of the teenager was an economically determined thing, but it no longer makes sense. If your grandfather was a ted, you don't want to be a ted. Similarly you're not rebelling if you go through pop music. Your grandfather has done that already, so why do you want to do that? You want to find some new way of coming out, jumping from behind the door, from where nobody's expecting you. You need an element of surprise that music doesn't have anymore.

Going into pop music is like going into the army; it's just so predictable. You don't want to be a teenager — it's just so obvious to be a teenager.

Does *Teenage* suggest any alternative?

If it did, it would no longer be a surprise! Towards the end of the series I think it will get away from music a bit. It's probably to do with changing things in a more fundamental way, or in whatever social dimension.

DO YOU get the feeling on returning from abroad that Britain's culture is dead?

Well, I don't think it need be . . . The Sex Pistols were like an electric shock through all that. It needs more of those and from areas that have nothing to do with music. If Britain came to terms with what it is now, if it could escape the whole process of losing the Empire that has traumatised it for 50 years, and if it didn't elect people who still play on that, instead if it reassessed its position in the world, *then* Britain isn't over.

It's an incredibly fertile place. When people break through the constrictions of being British, they become wild and marvellous people. You see it in individual people, but . . .

The education of someone as an English person is a very finely developed trap that stunts a lot of possible things. The process of having to regard yourself as English is stifling. So the kind of liberation you get as an English person abroad is extreme. You are immediately free from this kind of minute placing of you. If you walk down the street in England or go into a shop, everybody immediately knows what kind of person you are from the way you walk or the way you talk.

That seems to me an important battle, the overcoming of your Englishness, and you can only do that by taking it apart. One of the main motivations in making films is to do that. I do feel that this is the area films should be made in. It shouldn't be this mythical imperial past, or these guilt ridden things about ethnic groups in Brixton or Glasgow. There is a lot of liberal bullshit around that and it's all shying away from confronting the central issue.

It seems that those responsible for the revival of the British film industry are simultaneously trying to forge a national cinema with a mythical British identity.

On the one hand you have imperial epics, like *Chariots Of Fire* and that whole nexus of things, like *Brideshead* and, on the other, films like *The Long Good Friday*. And those two versions of Britain seem to be the whole of this new cinema thing. It seems to have missed out on the instant access that American films have to a kind of national consciousness, or the French films of the '30s, which immediately locked into the whole life and everything of that country. You just don't have that access here. It's either finding little isolated areas with problems, or retreating into this mythical past.

Much of this *revival* amounts to a reaction to the idea that there has never been a British cinema. As if we've always been very literal in terms of films, and we don't have any visual culture and so on. It's not true — look at Michael Powell's strong and dynamic imagery. Anyway, as an overreaction to that, people are placing a huge amount of emphasis on the visual. Those making commercial films, like David Puttnam (producer of *Chariots Of Fire*) are totally involved with the seduction of the visual image — images to be melted on the tongue. People are being asked only to think with their eyes, which is a very self-indulgent way of experiencing the world. I don't think cinema has ever been just about the eyes.

Anyway, the notion that Britain has never had a film culture is quite false. There have been some wonderful films made here, which wrestled with the central emotion of being British and living in Britain. Robert Hamer (*Kind Hearts And Coronets*) Alexander MacKendrick, who made *The Man In The White Suit* — they were two people who undermined the Ealing studio system and tried to do something darker.

Films I really admire, like Hamer's, are really acidic. They put England into the acid bath; really play with the currents and strings that hold the whole thing together . . . Unlike the French kings at Versailles, who flaunted their wealth and power in peasants' faces, the English have always been more cunning about power, always held it in check. The French kings probably had a better time while it lasted, but there is a certain canniness about the British establishment, the way they pull strings, which I think is the really central subject for anything.

I think it sad that nobody in Britain has been ambitious enough to explore the quality of Britishness in the same way that, say, someone like Skyberberg has done for Germans in his *Ludwig* and Hitler films.

There isn't even an equivalent to Fassbinder's last few films about Germany in the '50s.

CONTINUES PAGE 39

HE CAMBRIDGE FOP AS FILM MAKER
by Chris Bohn

ory graduate, was rescued from the National Film School, by *The Great Rock*
s one feature to date, he has seen other notable projects shelved — the
Teenage — or spirited away — *Mandrake The Magician*. In the meantime
-demand pop promo maker and is currently completing a film with ABC.
l obvious he is the native director best equipped to tackle the dying beast of

Mandrake The Magician.

LPs SWINGING, SWINGING, SWUNG

MARI WILSON WITH THE WILSATIONS

Show People *(Compact)*

CAMP IS mourning for dead innocence, and nostalgia — the opposite of memory — is nothing if not camp. After Gatsby and greaserama it was really only a matter of minutes until peevish piratical popkids plundered the '60s — the longest party. Darling, everybody's doing it! Channel 4 — what with the sad, stylish *The Sixties* series, now gone, and the wacky, quirky Avengers and Munsters and Addamses and Smarts, still with us — could well re-christen itself Channel 60, and now there's Radio 2's mega-series *Sound Of The Sixties:* but when MARY QUANT, for god's sake, appears in TV commercials telling you how to make A PATCHWORK QUILT — well, you know that the longest party is dead. This record is nothing more than the obituary.

Come with me once more to the Wilson '60s — not the white-hot version but the pale pink-tepid. What meets the eye is fine; with more and more crooners these days the energy goes into the artwork rather than the crooning, and the sleeve is pure '66 Palladium programme, something you'll cherish forever. Look at the listing; *twelve* songs, just like the old days!

The Dozy Dozen says it best — two covers, ten pastiches of selfish, innocent Sixtipop, and once you get past the passable first track — the sad, psychedelic 'Wonderful To Be With' — all is fortissimo mediocrity, the songs performed as though bluster will cover the hollowness of the product (actually an authentically '60s gimmick — think of Frost, Dee). 'The End Of The Affair' sounds like the lowpoint of a Redcoats hoedown (plundering the '60s is one thing, but stealing a title from GRAHAM GREENE — !!!), 'One Day Is A Lifetime' makes you think grimly that one track is a lifetime in Miss Wilson's case, 'Dr Love' is a real stinker — if you're a glutton for puns, this is your garbage. An immortal couplet from 'Remember Me' — *"Just like Mr Memory/This goes on forever!"* — sums the song up perfectly, and makes you think that Hal David's shopping lists must have contained more sheer lyrical pizazz than Teddy Tot's best shot.

The sad thing is that a lot of the lonesome-sounding intros are great, all drums and trumpets — just think of the intro to 'Just What I Always Wanted', quite thrilling, containing everything but the swinging sink — but then *that voice* limps in and everything grinds to a halt. *That voice* — Mari Wilson sings like a boiling kettle with adenoids, and that's being kind. Her voice is completely without humour or heart — when she sings that her heart is broken she sounds as if she's stubbed her toe and when she sings that she's ecstatic she sounds as if she's just discovered a new colour of Tupperware beaker. Her voice is so unappealing that even the two classics she wraps her tonsils around — Hamilton/London's 'Cry Me A River' (I really am getting tired of these 'Cry Me A River' covers; girls may as well stick a label saying I HAVE GOOD TASTE on their foreheads) and Bacharach/David/Warwicke's 'Are You There (With Another Girl)' are not so much levelled as razed; Gilbert and George in tulle and taffeta, an exercise in boredom as amusement.

Not a moment goes by when Mari is not waiting, crying, hoping or hanging on the phone; '60s girls were never this wet — think of the sinuousness of Sandie Shaw, the milk-fed mystery of Marianne Faithfull and even Cilla Black, who today is an awful giggling zombie, was given some beautiful songs to play the foghorn fatale with (buy 'The Very Best Of Cilla Black — 20 Original Hits' on EMI for proof — just what Mari Wilson always wanted and will never get).

And even if they *had* been so seriously soppy, naivete just can't pass for normal these days. I'm not saying that the back of every long-playing record has to read like an Agitprop listing, ie: 'Leave Lech Alone!' (dub version) 'Brits Out Of Bogside!' (pts 1 & 2) and so on; but twelve songs in a row about the antics of some naughty boyfriend looks so ingenuous that it verges on the grotesque. You don't have to be stupid to have fun, a fact which Mari Wilson seems totally oblivious to.

Mari Wilson is neither a parodist — The Maisonettes, 'Heartache Avenue' — or a protector — Donald Fagen, 'The Nightfly' — of the precious past; she is an amateur hour impersonator, a cultural liquidator, pretending that the '60s were one long frothy blur instead of what they were — a decade musically composed of 99% mindless trash and 1% unspeakable brilliance, a decade like any other. But it doesn't matter anymore, boys and girls, pop-pickpockets, because the Lucky Dip is empty and the longest party has come to an end. As that great voice of the Swinging Sixties Kenneth Wolstenhome said in 1966 — "THERE'S PEOPLE ON THE PITCH . . . THEY THINK IT'S ALL OVER . . .

It is now . . ."

Julie Burchill

Mari Wilson and The Six Teas

FLUX OF PINK INDIANS

Strive To Survive *(Spiderleg)*

AFTER THEIR extended advertising campaign on the back of the nation's leather jackets, Flux Of Pink Indians release their product. It's a well packaged little item, containing pin-up piccies of starving children, animal testing labs and nuclear power stations and adorned with, along with other slogans, the legend 'Pay No More Than £3' in aerosol stencil.

At a price like that, this album wasn't produced for profit motives — Flux Of Pink Indians are clearly a band with a mission which, from the sales of this album so far, is attracting a fair sized following. But why? Do they love it for its spirit of protest, for its projection of unity, or simply for that beat, beat, beat, beat beating?

Certainly the sheer violent energy displayed on this collection is difficult to ignore — on the most superficial of levels this album sounds like a threat. The searing malevolence of the guitar sliding off the exhilarating rumble of the crazed drum rolls contains an implicit rebellion that the soggy Americanised posturing of latter-day Clash can't even approach.

It may just be that parent-baiting buzzsaw beat that attracts the masses to the cause, and in the art of the all-out attack this band must be one of the leaders, but Flux Of Pink Indians are more than a musical phenomenon. This band have a message — and just in case it gets lost in all the racket, the lyrics are all neatly laid out in our old friend the accompanying booklet. It's once you start probing their intentions that Flux Of Pink Indians become an anachronism.

In these days of disillusionment, demoralisation and bland acceptance, perhaps something that screams and shouts a little is something to be valued — but what we don't need is simplification, misdirected anger and Ludditism, and unfortunately that's the main content of this shower's crusade.

Take a line like *"Violence isn't acceptable in any form"* — now there's a bald statement for you.

As for the following line, *"So let's work together to make peace the norm"*, such pitifully implausible idealism should be limited to churches and old John Lennon albums. The Newtown Neurotics got the essential distinction right — it's not violence but *mindless* violence that's the problem.

With the exceptions of 'Charity Hilarity' and the one real ace 'Is Anybody There' the rest of the album is sadly just as simplistic and just as misdirected. The golden headband award for ultimate wet lefty stupidity goes to the lines *"I don't want your progress, it tries to kill me / You don't want these trees — you only want towns and cities"* by which time I was hatching plans to have Flux Of Pink Indians condemned to a life sentence recreating the Iron Age on a drizzly piece of wasteland somewhere.

Despite their proud bluster, if you look too closely at Flux Of Pink Indians all you'll see is the same old hippies in punks clothing — and that's something we could all do without.

Don Watson

CAR SICK?

RIC OCASEK

Beatitude *(Geffen)*

WITH THE Human League's American success, Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' now the longest-lasting single in the history of *Billboard's* Hot Hundred, and MTV deluging the Yanks with visions of a 'technopop' (catchy phrase for critics, eh?) that's supposedly dance-oriented, artistic opportunists such as Ric Ocasek were bound to take note.

All during his four LPs with the Cars, Ric Ocasek has fought to play the conscientious rock patron: producing good stuff with the Bad Brains, Suicide, Romeo Void, various hometown conglomerations (The Cars drove out of Boston) and — let us not forget! — 'Covers Girl', Bebe Buell's recording debut. I'm quite prepared to believe he's a nice guy; that's why I wanted to hear this, his first solo outing. But BOY is this LP a groaner: on a couple of tracks (like 'Take A Walk' or the lengthy 'Time Bomb') it even manages to make tinny lil' ole technopop sound *turgid*.

I liked some of 'Candy-O', if only the odd Cars bar since. But 'Beatitude' makes it seem suspiciously like Ocasek may affect his esoteric musical associations and Wayfarer shades for the reason you'd least like to think he does: in the hope of absorbing by propinquity what *he* sees as 'rock cool'. Anyone who could put their name to lyrics such as *"For your slinky smile I can't wait/For your angel heart I can't wait"* or *"I feel your dreams/You talk close to me/Fairy dome and princesses"* or *"cold cream windows nervous smiles"* has a palpable problem with interpreting the term 'pop' even in this dissolve-powder-add-water-and-do-the-hype-hop era.

Plus anyone willing to whine away said lyrics in such pinched

BOW WOW WOW

When The Going Gets Tough The Tough Get Going *(RCA)*

NOBODY IS doing this, this well, this fast, this funny, this crazy, this smart. Bow Wow Wow will dip their fingers in anything, and then they'll hold them up and lick them and do it again. No pop music that people are making now sounds this *young*, not the frolicking whimsy of Musical Youth or the spiritual release of U2 or — certainly — the morose whining of the crowd of young philosophers who are too dismaying to mention.

It is all very brilliant. Nothing sticks as a damp squib in here, even though there's pain and real heartache in some of these adolescent telegrams. It is never the non-stop party

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and anguished a version of 'sincerity' (here I take Tic at his press release rather than assume some coke-addled Joke when he steals a line from the American national anthem, transforming *"oh say can you see by the dawn's early light"* into *"blow tray can you see fly the pawn's curly sight")* has *personality* problems.

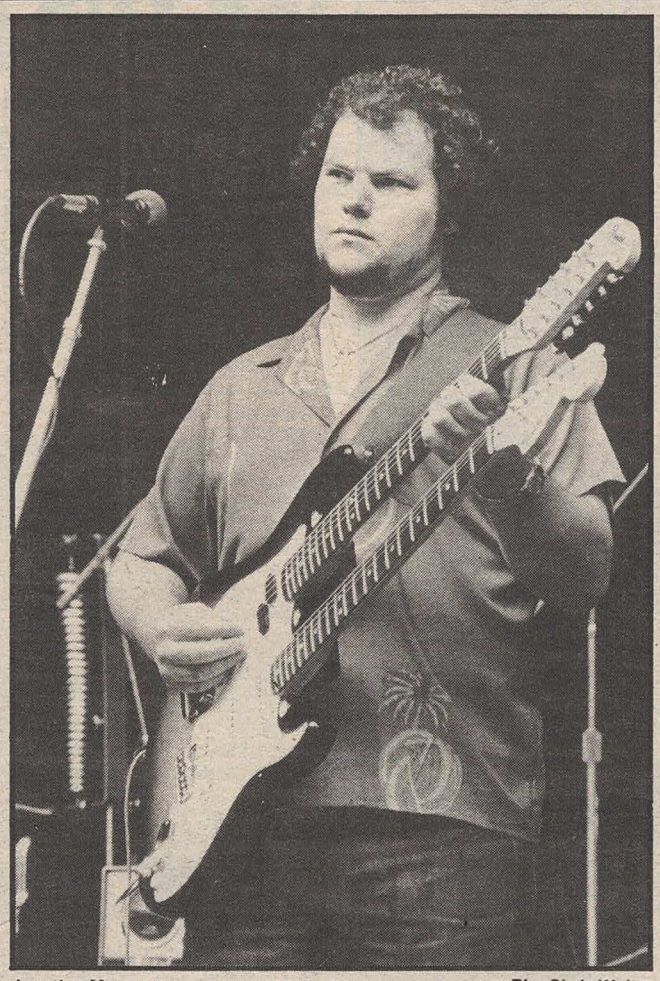
The LP's romantic sentiments would seem to confirm this; Iron Maiden might sound unprogressive in their own terms covering 'A Quick One' *("How about a quick one...I don't want to lose your dawn delight"). Dawn delight?* It sounds like the guy's a housewife coveting some E-Z-Fix recipe! There's also *"When you gonna give me something to grab for/When you gonna put it in my sight"* from 'Something To Grab For, and a whole song about how pretty girls are allowed to do anything cause they're, well, so *pretty*. Yes, this must be the fellow who never thought of talking Bebe Buell out of covering Petty's 'The Wild One, Forever'.

Not that 'Something To Grab For' mightn't make it onto radio; that and a couple of the others could probably pass muster at 85 mph on the highway, blaring from your dashboard with lyrics blurred. But taken as an album, this is just a relentlessly banal electronic fabric (a few Carhands and a few unknowns, some from Boston, who are helping Ocasek far more than this will ever help them) that banks and repeats endlessly under what's really Ric's version of a rap record.

Into its word-associations, he throws all but the local roller rink and his themes — other than sexual warfare — include a parental prod at the kids of his homeland in 'Jimmy Jimmy'. Just this, the album's opener, offers proof that becoming a rich and famous rock star *does* 99.9% of the time cut you off from the realities lived out by your fans (not to mention non-fans). *"What's going on?"* quizzes a seemingly irritable Ocasek — who seems convinced that the Jimmys of the world outside his are sullen, over-indulged and incapable of a romantic though. *"America/It can happen here"* he eventually concludes profoundly.

Yes it can; on 'Beatitude' it has.

Cynthia Rose



Inaction Man *Pic: Chris Walter*

MOR-IBUND

CHRISTOPHER CROSS

Another Page *(Warner Bros)*

AND THE meaning of life is . . . there is no meaning of life. After I played this record a couple of times and went to lift it from the turntable, a momentary burst of static crackled between the plastic and my fingers. That was the high point, the only sign of life evidenced throughout the whole dismal exercise.

Christopher Cross sings songs about sod all — the lyrics are here for anyone who wants to dispute the fact — to great public acclaim and vast commercial success. The press release informs that his first album "picked up an unprecedented five Grammy Awards", whatever that is supposed to mean to the average common or vegetable-garden *NME* reader. This record, his second album, is a tightly stretched balloon crying out for the attention of a pin.

Just listen to this, dear hearts: *"Some like it hot/Some like it cold / I like it best when it's untold / When I feel sad / And when I feel down / Then I'll wish you were around."* Fabulous, isn't it? Gizza job. I could do that. The mixture of banal lyric, Mr Cross' mushy singing tone and the musical settings effervesces like a roomful of aural Alka-Seltzer. I'm a starving man and he offers me candy floss and a meringue full of carbonated water and compressed air!

The redoubtable Mz. Bitchall (God bless all who sail in her etc.) threw the word eunuch into the lively debate centring on the peculiar tone of Mr. Cross' singing voice recently; but, after a deal of thought, I've come to the conclusion that he and the rest of the girls on the album (Karla Bonoff, Don Henley, Art Garfunkel and others) are actually trying to attain the condition of Linda Ronstadthood. Hers seems to be the voice everyone on the record is straining towards. Perhaps the perfect conclusion to one of these songs would be a succession of barely audible gasps followed by the gentle tinkle of balls falling off onto the studio floor.

I think that's a more accurate assessment of the current state of things — a soaring after a certain condition rather than a demonstration of same. Having established that, what shall we do from here until the end of the review, animal lovers? Shall I compare the record to a bucket of pigs' lights? I could throw in some of the silly song titles, like 'Talking In My Sleep', 'Baby Says No', 'What Am I Supposed To Believe', and some more lame lyrics, but soon my words would turn into a meaningless ring.

Music of this nature engages my interest and attention not one whit. Sometimes in the silent watches of the night, the air whistling in and out of my nose sounds just like the soundtrack to *Eraserhead*. I swear to God! But I don't expect the rest of the world to want to hear it. This gunk pours out of California like wind-borne brain pollution. Music to enervate, to clog up empty spaces. As profound and meaningful as stretched cellophane.

For this weeks' competition — First prize, one review copy of 'Another Page' by Christopher Cross — complete the following slogan; "Mashed potates are better than Christopher Cross because . . . ." and post your entry to 'Chris Cross Quiz' at the usual address.

Ray Lowry

LIGHTNING STRIKES

JANET JACKSON

Janet Jackson *(A&M)*

THERE ARE only so many tricks you can teach an old dog, and when it comes to that grand old disco dog, Janet "is she a sister and does anyone care" Jackson is no great trainer.

Save the opening 'Say You Do', where Ms J's elasticated timbre recalls her most famous namesake at low power, this LP sounds like an A-Z of LA disco predictability despite liberal usage of various Solar luminaries.

Records like this seem to be made just to make up the session players' wage packets. It's precision-tooled, predictably plotted, toothless and irredeemably dull PRODUCT. You can quote me on that.

Gavin Martin

TWINKLE BROTHERS

Dub Massacre *(Twinkle)*

AS IMPECCABLY hard and explosive a dub album as has come this way for quite a while, 'Dub Massacre' deconstructs and reassembles Twinkle material from the last few years, beginning with a thunderous troubling of 'Jahoviah' and winding up with savage treatments of 'The World Was One' and 'Battlefield' from their last album, 'Underground.' There's a monstrous disturbance of their well-loved 'Jah Kingdom Come (last encountered on their 'Countryman' album and on a particularly tasty discomix): The Twinkle Brothers have always been an underrated band, and this set — with Jah Shaka delivering some distinctive touches in the mix — should cause plenty trouble wherever it's played.

Charles Shaar Murray

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Music Spoken Here (WEA)

Allthismusicsoundslikethisfasterfasterfasteroh STOP! There's a gap here so I'll say what I can before they start up again. Big Mac still has the timetables on his mind, still has the same flyin' fingers. He has a female keyboard player in his group now. One track's written by Egberto Gismonti, who at least deserves the royalties. What else? One is called 'Honky Tonk Haven' and emerges as bar-room music for some far-future Nashville bourbon joint. Otherwise, 'tis the same aged modal frenzy. I still have 'Inner Worlds' because that is at least *splendidly* over the top. This one is more, um...dull. The camp Hispanic flavour is about as insulting as Chick Corea's 'My Spanish Heart'. That'll do because they'vestartedagainandthere'snowayIcantalkwithallthisgoing—

Richard Cook

JOURNEY

Frontiers *(CBS)*

MY LITTLE Oriental houseboy tells me "..Journey very popular in Japan" which probably accounts for the subsequent disappearance of the album's 'free colour poster'. Though an insignificant incident in itself, the loss felt was transported to the zenith of orgasmic experience when compared to the excitement generated by listening to the accompanying LP.

'Frontiers', like Toto's 'Africa' and Level 42's 'Chinese Way', is sadly only the name of the shop.

Regine Moylett

BILL WOLFER

Wolf *(Constellation)*

ANOTHER SESSION-MAN steps out: Bill Wolfer is a keyboard player who has worked with Stevie Wonder and The Jacksons, which is why Michael Jackson crops up singing backup on two of the tracks and Stevie Wonder contributes a typically deft chromatic harmonica solo to a third. Apart from the lead vocals and percussion and a couple of Nathan Watts bass cameos, Wolfer does everything himself on assorted keyboard and computer instruments. The end result is purest air-conditioned lift music at various tempi, effectively demonstrating that creativity and skill are essentially discrete qualities, which do not necessarily appear simultaneously in the same individual.

In other words: bo-o-o-o-oring. Keep this wolf from your door.

Charles Shaar Murray

MERLE HAGGARD & WILLIE NELSON

Poncho & Lefty *(Epic)*

ONE OF the weirder artefacts of a reliably weird genre (commercial C&W), this certainly stands a chance of accruing at least a modest cult following, although I'd hate to have to look at 'em in a well-lit alley. Critically, the merger of monoliths representing 'redneck rock' and 'country classicism' is a toss-up between the tossed off and the gosh-awful. Bizarreries abound: there's Merle' Side One disquisition on 'Reasons To Quit' followed by Side Two's 'No Reason To Quit'. But the LP's point belongs to Willie in an ingenious composition of his own called 'Half A Man', viz: *"And if I had but one leg to stand on/Then a much truer picture you'd see/For/I'd more closely resemble/THE HALF A MAN YOU'VE MADE OUT OF ME!"* Whew, BOY!

Cynthia Rose

Poncho and Lefty

ADOLESCENT TELEGRAMS

that might be carelessly sketched as a print-out of wild youth. Bow Wow Wow yell when they get burnt and bawl out complaints when they can't get what they want — because, sensible boys and girl, they'd rather feel the sunshine of a bright day than the pale and miserable moon of an introspective dusk-light.

Mike Chapman — an old man, but skilled and accurate — has recorded them with the faith of someone who believes in the power of pop music to thrill. The grimy jungletown charge of their early records, where the drums sounded like busily scrubbed washboards and the guitars made like kidstuff metal, has been infused with the buoyancy of helium and a sappharine glitter. When 'The Man Mountain' comes shimmering in on airbed of crystalline acoustic notes or when the hookline literally soars out of 'Do You Wanna Hold Me?' — these are serious matters, for they track the birth pangs of desire — Bow Wow Wow skin the thickening flesh of rock to a radiant core.

It is a focusing of the candypunk turmoil of 'See Jungle! See Jungle!' that refuses to forsake the impetuous and irrational temperature of that music. The studio is rifled with the energy of a gang of urchins loosed on a cosmetic counter: powder and gloss is sprayed everywhere. The nursery rhyme slogans of 'What's The Time (Hey Buddy)' and 'Aphrodisiac' have the illusion of complete spontaneity.

But then — and here comes the sour punchline — it *is* only an illusion. As dizzily beautiful as it all is, it's impossible to dismiss the scent of something mean and calculated behind the proud naivety. No matter how Annabella Lwin may make a manifesto of her independence, the whole history of this group is bound up in her exploitation at some level: it used to be obvious, in the tiresome jailbait pantomime, and now it appears half-hidden in the skimpy mantle of acquired wisdom that seems to hang around her. 'When The Going Gets Tough' is presented almost as a chronicle of Annabella growing up — her reflections on seeing the world, on experiencing affection, on touching sex, on trying always to laugh at life.

The age of the girl singer has gone, yet in 'Do You Wanna Hold Me?', 'Lonesome Tonight' and 'Love Me' Annabella reopens an era that it seemed was forever lost. Her companions bash out a city shakedown beat that is a perfect response, but it hinges on that gremlin siren sound.

It won't last much longer now. Everyone gets older, they grow weary, their ideas falter. Bow Wow Wow probably have a shelf-life even briefer than the brutish and short span of the average pop group. For now, this is their moment: this is their transitory masterpiece. The best pop record I can think of playing today.

Richard Cook

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NONSENSE AND SENSITIVITY

BEN WATT
North Marine Drive *(Cherry Red)*

OH DEAR — I really wish I hadn't listened to this one. I had hoped that it might be another delicate pleasure of the pale semi-perfection of Tracey Thorn's 'A Distant Shore'. Instead, after two listens I'm left, much though it grieves me to report, with the sickening confirmation of my worst suspicions and a great reluctance to play the record again.

Ben Watt is a sensitive guitarist, as he's shown in the role of Everything But The Girl instrumentalist, and a talented arranger, as his own 'Summer Into Winter' EP indicates. His great problem is that he's simply not a very good songwriter — and if you're going to go around heralding the return of The Song that's a great problem indeed.

On 'Summer Into Winter' there was more than a hint of adolescent angst posing as art — and yes I've made that criticism before but there is rather a lot of it around nowadays. The queasiness was always quelled, though, by the pure Satie-like atmospherics induced by the combination of Watt's arrangements (of the subtle but effective type that we journalists always call sparse) and the keyboards and backing vocals of Robert Wyatt.

This time round there's some equally adept use of instrumentation — a brilliant burst of sax in 'Some Things Don't Matter' and a rippling instrumental intro to 'Lucky One' — but there's some real nail-meets-blackboard lyrics in there. Mainly the problem is that Watt seems to go out of his way to make his lyrics sound like *real* poetry, and only succeeds in making them sound like incredibly *bad* poetry. A simile like "*The carriage lurches like a drunken man*" had me blushing for a full minute in memory of the sort of thing I used to put in essays to impress Teach — Yeuch! This was at primary school, I hasten to add.

At a time when the state of the songwriting art is getting pretty desperate we could certainly do with someone capable of ushering back the standards of the classic song. Unfortunately Ben, what we don't need is another Ralph McTell. Don Watson

Ben Watt *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

ICE AND FIRE

HERBIE HANCOCK
Quartet *(CBS)*

'QUARTET' SPARKLES with cold fire: its nearest visual equivalent would be a handful of diamonds spilled onto black velvet. What Herbie Hancock has done is showcase the prodigious skills of trumpeter Wynton Marsalis by presenting him in the most appropriate context: with the supercharged rhythm section of bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams.

Hancock, Williams and Carter are of course, all Miles Davies alumni, which would tend to suggest that the album (four sides of crystalline digital recording, all transients intact) is one more attempt to cast Marsalis as the '80s Miles, but the music has a character distinctly its own. Marsalis is a far more florid trumpeter than Miles — he even understates flamboyantly — and these pieces show an energetic extroversion channelled into performances of devastating vitality.

I have never been exceptionally partial to Herbie Hancock — his playing is so calculated that it seems there to be admired rather than to move and stir the emotions — but there's certainly no arguing with Williams and Carter: their empathy and propulsion are breathtaking.

It is the rhythm section who even write the best tunes: Williams' 'Pee Wee' is the album's finest ballad, on a par with the (almost inevitable) reading of Monk's 'Round Midnight', while Carter's 'A Quick Sketch', which takes up all of the second side, is a dazzling exercise which shows off the entire ensemble to exquisite effect.

Anybody who has yet to make the acquaintance of Wynton Marsalis should wait no longer: you are unlikely to hear him with a better rhythm section for quite a while. It's a shame that Hancock didn't decide to go for a quintet and invite Wayne Shorter along, but one just has to live with these things.

Charles Shaar Murray

RUDE BOYS MAKE SWEET SCENTS

SKUNKS
The Skunks
(Republic import)

MORE AND more, some interesting truths about the current state of relations between the sexes are emerging in modern American music — as you learn listening to work as diverse as X's 'Under The Big Black Sun', Tom Petty's 'Long After Dark', and this debut by a five-year-old independent outfit from Austin, Texas.

I've caught this trio live on their home turf off and on since 1979, which was when their 'Cheap Girl' — a Southwestern dance floor favourite — got to be one of my all-time top tunes (I'm still waiting for the right female singer to cover it as 'Cheap Boy'). Even though obviously penned as a punk anthem, 'Cheap Girl' seemed way back then to suggest something slightly new — I just couldn't tell exactly what.

Now, however, the focus is getting more explicit: 'The Skunks' represents one facet of a new machismo — music which unlike say, The Pretenders, isn't a patented sexual stance. It's just a series of songs *by men,* reflecting their range of responses to contemporary emotions / situations couched in a traditional hard rock format which doesn't resort to heavy metal cliché.

This embraces sheer let-loose exuberance ('Let's Get Twisted' and deservedly popular US successes 'Telewoman' and 'Gimme Some') as well as more thoughtful ballads — some ('Jesse's Not Like The Other Boys) reggae-tinged.

Every local scene has its Mudcrutch (the "eccentric little outfit" which evolved into Tom Petty's Heartbreakers) or Go-Gos (for so long a despised joke). Credit for seeing the potential in this trio, and for maximising that moment's potential on vinyl, goes to producer Earle Mankey. It's he who has architected an impressive running order, added clarity, cleaner harmonies and a lot more bottom to the mix.

A couple of tracks ('You Really Know How To Put The Pressure On' and 'Still the Same') really shine in this well-thought-out format. And, though it lacks 'Cheap Girl' as well as some of the band's newer repertoire, this LP showcases The Skunks as perfectly viable recording artistes.

People's growing need to feel some possibility for control in today's world has begun to manifest itself in the sexual arena (that area whose heat rock specialises in dramatising). If The Pretenders represented the raw edge of the new and double-sexed machismo which results from these confusions, it's just as often lesser-known bands like The Skunks whose best tracks explore rather than merely merchandise the situation.

(Note: It's possible 'Cheap Girl may still be available as a single; contact Republic Recording Corp at 1200 S. Congress, Austin, Texas 78704 USA.)

Cynthia Rose

TAKIN' REAL GOOD CARE OF BIZNESS

THE TRENIERS
Rockin' Is Our Bizness *(Edsel)*

WHEN a scribbler from the New York *Daily News* stumbled into the Cafe Society club one night in 1953, he was compelled to write that The Treniers were "the most exciting act to come along in ages. Headed by twin brothers who sing and dance, the combo consists of piano, plastic bass guitar, an alto saxophone and a guy with maraccas. What a combination! They fairly ripped out the ceiling."

Despite a solid reputation as one of R&B's most entertaining live acts and a list of bookings to match, success on the vinyl front evaded The Treniers throughout their long career. A listen to the 16 tracks on this collection however reveals some joyous, irresistible, shoe shufflin' moments and offers an insight into the myriad of styles vying for space in Black American music at the time.

The Treniers cut their teeth within the jazz fraternity working with Jimmy Lunceford, Louis Armstrong and Charles Mingus as well as Jimmy Witherspoon and R&B giant Johnny Otis. They were the inheritors of swing, contemporaries of the Be Bop generation and label mates of The Ravens. Their roots were in the juke joint but avoided the intense, sweat-soaked, gutbucket drive of Savoy's "honkers, screamers and shouters", dropping neatly into the slipstream of trailblazer Louis Jordan.

'Rockin' Is Our Bizness' opens the album and declares their intentions in no uncertain terms. These cats and kiddies were clearly capable of engendering a state of euphoria among the assembled cogniscenti who probably felt so good they felt like falling down, especially after a couple of bottles of Hadacole.

Slip in a couple of blues to cool it down, a dodgy dose of humour in 'Get Out Of The Car', the Professor Longhair inspired 'Baldhead', a tribute to Moondog and a supa dupa slice of "pre-rock" rock written by Bill Haley for The Treniers entitled 'Rock A Beatin' Boogie' and you've almost got the picture. To complete it we must move to 'Go Go Go', recorded with the Quincy Jones Orchestra, which showcases the extraordinary talents of alto player Don Hill. Throughout the album he just keeps on keeping on with honking and booting solos — echoing the spirit of Big Jay McNeely or Hal Singer, racing along like a man possessed before slipping into a cool blues.

An excellent companion to the Savoy Roots of Rock'n'Roll series and the Charly and Ace reissues, Demon/Edsel's The Treniers has more than a few shots that would set the dance floor alight in the more catholic of the nation's dance dives.

Paul Bradshaw

The Treniers

Next Week In NME

POLL WINNERS

It's the big one, it's the real one. It's all your fault. ***NME*** **readers deliver their verdicts. Will The Jam win anything this year? Does Boy George wear a dress?**

U2

At home with the Irish wonders. Adrian Thrills trades blarney in Killarney.

BRITAIN ON THE JUNK HEAP

Part one of a chilling account of the drug habits of Britain's young — and old. Andrew Tyler surveys a nation smacked out under the clampdown and reveals a frightening portrait of users, abusers, addicts and had-its.

NME tour NEWS

Bow Wows in spring outing

BOW WOW WOW, who've recently been busy boosting their reputation in America, are planning a major UK tour in the spring — details are still being finalised by promoter John Martin, but it's understood that the schedule will start in April and run through into May. As well as established material, the band will be featuring new songs from their latest album 'When The Going Gets Tough, The Tough Get Going', released by RCA this week and reviewed elsewhere in this issue — and they also have a new single coming out on February 28, taken from the LP and titled 'Do You Wanna Hold Me'. Tour dates and venues will be announced shortly.

STARS' TRIBUTE TO BILLY FURY

MARTY WILDE, Joe Brown, Lynn Paul and Bill Kenwright are among artists who'll be appearing in a Billy Fury tribute concert at Hayes Beck Theatre on April 10 — and we're told that these are only a few of the stars who are offering their services. This is the first event to be organised by the Billy Fury Memorial Fund, a charity set up to remember the singer by raising money for research into heart disease, the basic cause of Fury's death — and run primarily by his manager Tony Read and girl friend Lisa Rosen. Meanwhile, Fury's last album is being released next month — see *Record News* on the next page.

Morrison, Lizzy, Maiden, U2 extensions

VAN MORRISON has added a few more dates to his UK tour next month, announced three weeks ago. His original schedule included six nights at London Tottenham-Court Rd., Dominion Theatre — which, in itself, is impressive enough — but now, owing to the enormous ticket demand, he's added a seventh show at that venue on Thursday, March 24.

Three other new concerts have also been slotted in, and these now come right at the beginning of his itinerary — at Oxford Apollo (March 5), Ipswich Gaumont (6) and Southend Cliffs Pavilion (7). Tickets are on sale now priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Oxford and Ipswich); £6.50 only (Southend); and £7.50 and £6.50 (London). Tour promoter is Paul Charles for the Asgard Agency.

THIN LIZZY — who, three weeks ago, added four more dates to their farewell tour — have now confirmed a further seven, such is the demand to see them before they finally disband. The extra concerts are at Bristol Colston Hall (March 3), a fourth night at London Hammersmith Odeon (12), a second show at Newcastle City Hall (21), Bradford St. George's Hall (23), a third at Birmingham Odeon (28), a second at Manchester Apollo (29) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (31).

Even that isn't the end, because a spokesperson said that dates are coming in all the time, and another batch will be announced shortly — together with a string of Irish concerts. Meanwhile, release of the band's new album 'Thunder & Lightning' has been delayed, and it's now scheduled for March 4.

IRON MAIDEN have added three more shows to their spring UK tour schedule, all of them extra dates at venues which are already sold out. They play second nights at Birmingham Odeon (May 22) and Manchester Apollo (24), and a third concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on May 28. Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50, and early booking is advised, as it's unlikely that any further shows will be added owing to the band's heavy tour schedule. This brings their itinerary up to a total of 22 UK dates.

U2 have confirmed seven more dates for their previously reported UK tour, which opens in Dundee on February 26, two days before the release of their new Island album 'War' — from which their current hit single 'New Years Day' is taken. The extra batch opens at London Hammersmith Palais on March 22, then goes to Glasgow Tiffany's (24), Liverpool Royal Court (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27) and Nottingham Playhouse (28), before returning to the Hammersmith Palais for a second show there on March 29. Tickets for the new dates are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, priced £4 and £3.50.

THE VIRGIN PRUNES, who've been spending the last few weeks involved in a sell-out European tour, have decided to play a couple of rare UK dates on their return — at Manchester Hacienda Club (March 2) and Glasgow Night Moves (3).

SPEAR OF DESTINY are playing a handful of gigs to warm up for a full-scale UK tour, currently being linked up for April. They visit Liverpool Warehouse (March 1), Leeds Warehouse (3), Glasgow Night Moves (4), Edinburgh Nite Club (5) and London Victoria The Venue (11). These dates coincide with the release of their new single 'The Flying Scotsman' on Burning Rome Records.

TEARS FOR FEARS have added another date to their extensive British tour, announced a couple of weeks ago. It's the final date in their schedule, and it's at Southend Cliffe Pavilion on April 2. As at all other venues, tickets are at the one price of £3.50.

GEORGIE FAME & The Blue Flames, Ian Carr's Nucleus, Cayenne, Morrissey Mullen and Paz are five of the 14 acts appearing in a seven-night jazz festival (two groups nightly) at London Ealing Questors Theatre all next week, Sunday (20) to Saturday (26). It's been put together with financial assistance from the Musicians Union and Greater London Arts Association, and BBC Radio will be recording it.

PALLAS are headlining their first nationwide tour, in support of their newly released album 'Arrive Alive' on the Cool King label (through Pinnacle). Gigs confirmed are at London Marquee (this Friday, February 28, March 11 and 26), Manchester University (this Saturday), Edinburgh Nite Club (Sunday), Galashiels College (February 24), Middlesbrough Cavern (25), Liverpool Dingwalls (26), Bristol Granary (March 1), Hull Dingwalls (2), Scarborough Taboo (3), Sheffield Dingwalls (4), Newcastle Dingwalls (5), Retford Porterhouse (12), Manchester Gallery (17), Coventry General Wolfe (18) and Dudley J.B.'s (19), with a further 19 dates still being finalised.

THE ENID have added another string of dates to those reported five weeks ago — at Brighton Top Rank (March 4), St. Albans City Hall (5), Derby Playhouse (6), Gravesend Woodville Hall (7), Newcastle Mayfair (9), Colwyn Bay Dixieland (10), Coventry General Wolfe (11), Dudley J.B.'s (12), Workington Carnegie Theatre (13), Manchester Band On The Wall (14-16), Preston Clouds (17), Hull Dingwalls (18), Southend Zero 6 (21), Norwich Gala Ballroom (23), Loughborough Charnworth Town Hall (24), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (25), London Marquee (28-30), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (31) and Southampton Guildhall (April 1), with more still to come. This Saturday (19), they now play Guildford Surrey University instead of Norwich East Anglia University — and on March 3, they're at Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall instead of Sheffield Limit Club.

THE DUBLINERS are back on the road for another UK concert tour, visiting Croydon Fairfield Hall (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Town Hall (Friday), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (Saturday), Leeds Grand Theatre (Sunday), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (February 22), Leamington Spa Royal Centre (23), Southampton Guildhall (24), Hayes Beck Theatre (26), Dartford The Orchard (27), Swindon Wyvern (March 1), Chatham Central Hall (3), London Tottenham-Court Rd., Dominion (4), Leatherhead Leisure Centre (5) and Cardiff St. David's Hall (6).

JoBOXERS — the five-piece band widely tipped for a major breakthrough this year, whose debut RCA single 'Boxerbeat' is already knocking at the chart door within a fortnight of its release — have landed the plum support role in the Madness tour of Britain, starting next Monday (21). See *Gig Guide* for initial dates.

KISSING THE PINK, who recently released their new single 'Last Film' on Magnet Records, play a series of headline dates early next month. They first support The Thompson Twins at London Hammersmith Palais on February 28, then — in their own right — visit Bradford University (March 1), Leeds Warehouse (2), Sheffield Limit (3), Newcastle Dingwalls (4), Liverpool Dingwalls (5), Lancaster Sugar House Club (6), Croydon Green Gragon (8), Bristol Dingwalls (9) and Birmingham Polytechnic (10).

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS are back on the UK circuit, though initially they confine themselves mainly to the Dingwalls network. They play the London venue in Camden on February 24, then — after a visit to Europe — appear at Bristol (March 16), Liverpool (17), Sheffield (18) and Hull (19). Their one other date is at London Victoria The Venue on March 21, supported by the Shakin' Pyramids.

STEVE YOUNG, the American country-folk singer who's been guesting on the David Allan Coe tour, is to play a string of dates in his own right. So far set are Brighton Country Music Club (February 24), Oxford Radcliffe Arms (26), Haywards Heath Claire Hall (27), Bristol Dingwalls (March 4) and London Camden Dingwalls (5), with more to be added. He'll be back for another visit in the summer, including an appearance in the Cambridge Folk Festival.

KEVIN COYNE is going out on the road again next month. Work on his tour schedule has only just begun, but the first three dates to be confirmed are at Manchester Band On The Wall (March 9), Liverpool Warehouse (10) and London Marquee (25). The remainder will be announced in a week or two.

THE CRAMPS now seem unlikely to visit Britain until considerably later in the year. Plans for them to come over this month have been thwarted by the cancellation (reported last week) of the projected ten-night rock season at London Roundhouse, at which the US band were to have headlined for two or three nights. This was to have been the hub of their visit, and they won't now be coming until something equally attractive is offered to them.

TOKYO OLYMPICS, the hot Irish band who've juse released their first UK single 'Shot By Love' on the Ritz label, have added more dates to their British schedule — in addition to those reported two weeks ago. They have London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), Fulham Golden Lion (Friday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (February 23), Fulham Greyhound (March 2), New Cross Goldsmiths College (8 and 17), Camden Dingwalls (11) and City Polytechnic with The Mobiles (18). Out of town, they visit Coventry Warwick University (March 5) and Kingston Polytechnic again with The Mobiles (10).

STOP PRESS: CLAPTON, SPANDAU

ERIC CLAPTON has added a second night at Edinburgh Playhouse to his UK tour schedule, announced last week, due to heavy ticket demand — it's on Friday, April 8 (which now becomes the opening night of the tour), and tickets are on sale now priced £6.50 and £5.50. Additionally, his concert at Newcastle City Hall has been moved back 24 hours — from April 10 to 11 — though tickets purchased remain valid for the revised date. There's no news yet of his London dates, though details should be available shortly.

SPANDAU BALLET are being lined up for a string of major UK concerts, including several in London. Chrysalis promise to announced their itinerary within two weeks.

Manfreds return

MANFRED MANN's Earth Band have lined up their first London dates for over two years — they play the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Rd., on April 13 and 14. They'll be performing a 2½-hour show — complemented by robots, films and assorted effects — with no support act. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents, priced £5.50, £5 and £4.50 — and the promoter is Mick Cater of Alec Leslie Entertainments.

These are the final concerts in the band's 13-country 50-date tour, and — surprisingly, in the light of this intense activity abroad — the only ones they'll be playing in this country. Meanwhile, their previously reported new album 'Somewhere In Afrika' has a revised release date, and is now issued by Bronze tomorrow (Friday).

DANSE SOCIETY BRANCHING OUT

THE DANSE SOCIETY have lined up a series of dates, tied in with the release next week of their new double A-side single 'Somewhere' / 'Hide' — it's on their own Society Records label (through Rough Trade), and is also available in 12-inch form with an extra track titled 'The Theme'. They visit Kingston Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Brighton New Regent (Friday), London Chelsea College (Saturday), Liverpool Warehouse (February 24), Sheffield Polytechnic (25), Coventry Polytechnic (26), Birmingham Kiss Club (March 5), Manchester The Gallery (8), Leeds Warehouse (10), Glasgow Night Moves (11) and Leicester Horsefair Disco (14).

It's all lined up for Shriekback

SHRIEKBACK — the highly rated group formed by Dave Allen, Barry Andrews and Carl Marsh — are playing a series of one-nighters to tie in with the release of their new single and debut full-length album, and for these dates they'll be augmented by South American percussionist Pedro Ortiz and drummer Martyn Barker. Culminating in a major London show, they visit Leeds Warehouse (February 24), Derby Blue Note (March 9), Leicester Polytechnic (11), Sheffield Leadmill (12), Portsmouth Polytechnic (16), Weymouth Dorset College (17), Bristol Trinity Hall (18), Cheltenham Gloucester Technical College (19), Exeter University (20) and London Charing Cross Heaven (21). The new single is 'Lined Up' / 'Hapax Legomena', for release by Y Records on February 25 in both 7" and 12" formats, and it's followed on March 11 by the album 'Care'.

BIG COUNTRY IN THE PROVINCES

BIG COUNTRY, featuring Stuart Adamson, are playing a few dates to tie in with the release this weekend of their new Phonogram single 'Fields Of Fire' / 'Angel Park' — which is also available in 12-inch form with an extended extra-mix of the A-side. Next week they play four venues on the Dingwalls circuit — at Sheffield (February 23), Liverpool (24), Hull (25) and Newcastle (26) — then visit Keele University (March 4) and Retford Porterhouse (5). This brief outing is the prelude to a 30-date nationwide tour.

POLECATS BACK ON THE PROWL

THE POLECATS are playing their first set of British dates for over a year, including a show at London's The Venue. They'll be showcasing their newly released Phonogram single 'Make A Circuit With Me' / 'Juvenile Delinquents (From A Planet Near Mars)' at Hull Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (February 24), Southampton University (25), Bristol Dingwalls (26) and Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (March 4).

BALLET GAMBIT BY INCANTATION

INCANTATION, already set for a five-concert mini-tour at the beginning of March, are also playing a number of concerts with the world-famous Ballet Rambert — they are at Leicester Haymarket Theatre (February 22-24) and London Sadlers Wells Theatre (March 11-12 and 14-16). They'll be playing their traditional panpipe music to complement the Rambert performance of 'Ghost Dances', a ballet based upon the dictatorial regimes of South America.

Sacha reverts to jazz

SACHA DISTEL's success as a singer has, in recent years, overshadowed his prowess as a jazz guitarist — in fact, he's played with the likes of Lionel Hampton, Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie, as well as being voted top guitarist in his native France for five successive years. Now he intends to restore the balance by undertaking a British tour — and not singing a single note!

Instead, he's teaming up with another renowned jazzman Barney Kessel, and the duo will be playing a series of jazz guitar concerts — at Southampton Concorde Club (March 2), Southport Arts Centre (3), Dublin New Concert Hall (5), Manchester Royal Exchange (6), Leicester Braunstone Hotel (8), Yalding Village Hall (9), London Ronnie Scott's Club (10, 11 and 12), Eastbourne Congress (13) and Grimsby Central Hall (14). They'll also be appearing on several TV shows, and Sacha himself threatens to break his vocal silence on a couple of other TV programmes.

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PALLAS
PALLAS – TOUR DATES

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	19TH	MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
	25TH	MIDDLESBROUGH CAVERN
	26TH	LIVERPOOL DINGWALLS
	28TH	LONDON MARQUEE
MARCH	1ST	BRISTOL GRANARY
	2ND	HULL DINGWALLS
	3RD	SCARBOROUGH TABOO
	4TH	SHEFFIELD DINGWALLS
	5TH	NEWCASTLE DINGWALLS
	11TH	LONDON MARQUEE
	12TH	REFORMS PORTERHOUSE
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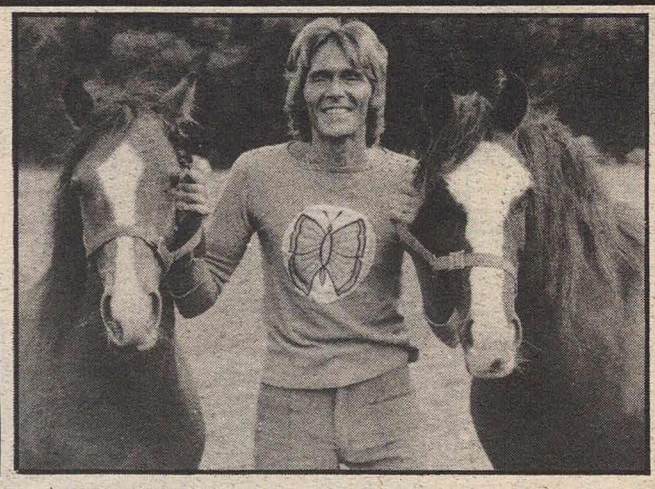
record NEWS



● Virgin have signed eight-piece Australian band **Hunters & Collectors,** who are currently resident in Britain, and appear at London Victoria The Venue on February 25. Their debut single, released on February 25 in both 7" and 12" is 'Talking To A Stranger'/'Alligator Engine' — and it will be followed on March 25 by their self-named debut album.

● **Second Image** are back in vinyl action on March 11 with a new single on Polydor titled 'Better Take Time', coupled with the instrumental 'Special Lady'. They're now putting the final touches to their first studio album, due for spring release.

DONNA SUMMER has her German double-LP compilation 'Wereldsuccessen' now available in the UK through IMS, the import branch of Polygram. Other new releases through this outlet are 'Italian Girls' by ROD STEWART, 'With A Little Help From My Friends' by JOE COCKER, 'Greatest' by ERIC BURDON (a 1967—69 compilation) and a self-named album by DUANE & GREGG ALLMAN.

HAWKWIND have finally got around to releasing the first track they ever recorded, 'Hurry On Sundown'. It's accompanied by two other tracks, 'Lord Of The Hornet' and 'Dodgem Duke', on a release this week by Flicknife Records called 'Your Last Chance EP'.

GOLDEN EARRING — the Dutch group who are probably best remembered for their hit 'Radar Love', which reached the UK Top Ten in 1974 — have a new single released by Phonogram this weekend. It features two songs written by the band, 'Twilight Zone' and 'King Dark', and comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

JOAN ARMATRADING, whose spring UK tour (March 28—April 22) was announced before Christmas, has her eighth album released by A&M on March 4th. It's titled 'The Key', and consists of 11 tracks, all written by Joan. Steve Lillywhite produced nine, and Val Gray the other two.

AMAZULU, the five-girl one-man band who've just completed their first headlining tour, release their debut single on Towerbell Records this weekend — 'Cairo' / 'Greenham Time'. It's also available in 12-inch form with an extra track titled 'Nuya Deya'.

SCARLET PARTY, who aroused considerable interest last autumn with their debut single '101 Dam-Nations' have their follow-up 'Eyes Of Ice' / 'Another World' issued by EMI next week — with a limited edition in clear vinyl. Tour dates are being arranged for April.

SMOKEY ROBINSON has a new album, his first for nearly two years, released by Motown on March 7 — titled 'Touch The Sky', it's already climbing the US charts. A single from the LP, called 'I've Made Love To You 1000 Times' precedes it on February 25.

● **Faith Global,** the group formed by original Ultravox guitarist Stevie Shears together with vocalist Jason Guy, release their debut album 'The Same Mistakes' on Survival Records (through Pinnacle). It includes a guest appearance by Duncan Kilburn (ex-Psychedelic Furs).

● The latest single by **The Room** is 'One Hundred Years' / 'The Whole World Sings' on Red Flame Records (through Rough Trade and The Cartel). It was originally announced for release last autumn, then held over due to manufacturing delays, but is now officially available.

● The **Larry Miller Band** have released an album called 'Right Chaps'. It's on sale at all their gigs — or by post at £3.50 (including p&p) from Matinee Music, 132 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks RG1 7NL.

● PRT Records have signed four-piece London band **Panic,** and their debut single is an electronic dance cover of The Zombies' 1965 chart-topper 'She's Not There'. The B-side features an instrumental version of that number, and there's a bonus track on the 12-inch format.

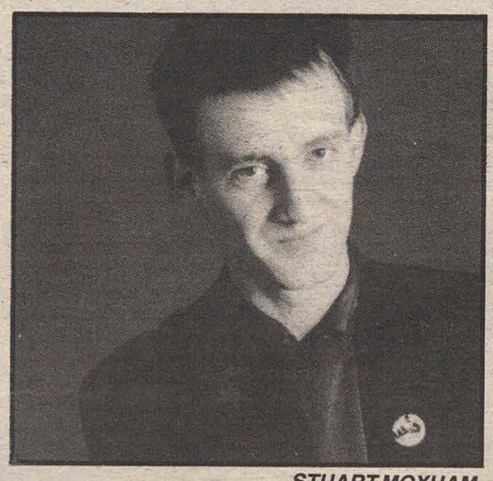
● **Bill Wolfer,** the renowned keyboardist who's just launched a solo career, has his single 'Papa Was A Rollin' Stone' issued on February 25 by Solar Records (through WEA). It's taken from his recently released solo album 'Wolf', and features Michael Jackson on back-up vocals.

● Three-piece London band **The Sun** this week release a cassette containing five tracks, all of them on one side of the tape, while the other side is blank. It's available by mail order at £2.50 (including p&p) from Chevron Crown Music, 243 Munster Road, London S.W.6 — or at £2 at their gigs.

● Ohio funk band **Slave** have their single 'Do You Like It. . .Girl issued by Cotillion Records on February 25 in 12-inch form, with the seven-inch following a week later. It's taken from their new album 'Visions Of The Lite'.

● Small Wonder Records release an EP by Gravesend punk band **Anthrax,** titled 'They've Got It All Wrong'. From the same source on March 25 comes the single 'Destitution' / 'Race In Athens' by Leeds electronic duo **Camera Obscura.**

● London band **Shoc Corridor** have their debut album 'Experiments In Incest' released on February 25 by Shout Records, distributed by Pinnacle and The Cartel. To coincide, their 12-inch single 'A Blind Sign' is being re-promoted.



STUART MOXHAM

GIST OF THE MATTER

THE GIST, formed by Stuart Moxham and Phil Moxham in late 1980 after the break-up of Young Marble Giants, have since released just two singles—due to Stuart's lengthy indisposition after a serious road accident. But now comes a positive burst of Gist activity on Rough Trade Records — with the release this week of their third single 'Fool For A Valentine' and debut album 'Embrace The Herd'. The band, now also including Phil Legg, are about to bring a drummer into the line-up to enable them to go on the road.

● CSA Records release the new album 'Brethren & Sistren' by Jamaican trio **The Viceroys,** containing nine new songs and a re-recorded version of their 1968 Jamaican hit 'Ya Ho'. And from the associate Burning Sounds label comes the compilation 'The Best Of **The Maytones'.**

● **Evrol Campbell,** who's previously performed with Jimmy Cliff and Johnny Johnston, releases his first single on the Stiff label this weekend. It's called 'Nearest To My Heart', and it features the same backing band which Eddy Grant used on his 'Frontline' LP.

● Recommended Records have launched a subsidiary label named It's War Boys, devoted to English avant-garde musicians. First release was the double EP 'Sara Goes Pop', and now comes a set of budget cassettes — 'Mental' by **The Fear Merchants,** 'Into Orbo' by **Amos & Sara** and 'True Tears' by **Amos & The Work.** An album by **The Just Measurers** titled 'Flagellation' is due in a couple of weeks.

● Bristol-based reggae rockers **Black Roots** have their new single 'Move On' / 'Wha Them A Do' released this week in both 7" and 12" formats. It's on Silvertown Records (through IDS).

● The two new signings to Criminal Damage Records, announced two weeks ago, both have double A-side singles issued this week — they are 'Leanora' / 'Hail To The Roots' by **The Stunt Kites** and 'Five Minutes Of Fame' / 'Strange Sensation' by **Twisted Nerve,** with distribution by Stage One. Both bands will be gigging to support the releases.

● The new **True Life Confessions** single 'Don't Call Me Chickenhead!', issued by Speed Records, comes in three different forms — limited edition picture disc, 12-inch extended version and orthodox seven-inch.

● **Red Alert,** who are currently recording their first album, have their third single 'City Invasion' released by No Future Records. And on the company's subsidiary Future Records label, there's now a 12-inch version of the **Blitz** single 'New Age'.

● Five-piece Liverpool band **Surface Tension** release their three-track single 'Rotation' next week. Available at £1.40 (including p&p) from Spiv Records, 24 Devonshire Road, Liverpool 8.

LASER DISCS ARRIVE

VIRGIN RECORDS make their first venture into compact discs on March 11, when they release five of their biggest selling albums in this new format — 'Tubular Bells' by Mike Oldfield, 'Dare' by The Human League, 'Kissing To Be Clever' by Culture Club, 'Face Value' by Phil Collins and 'Architecture & Morality' by O.M.D. This is the new technique whereby discs are pressed on metal, with grooves laser impregnated, and they are played by laser beam instead of a stylus. Virgin say they expect them to sell for less than £10 each — though a machine on which to play them will probably cost you around £350! Another batch of compact discs will follow soon afterwards, including 'Hello, I Must Be Going' by Phil Collins, 'Five Miles Out' by Mike Oldfield, 'New Gold Dream' by Simple Minds, and the upcoming second album by Heaven 17 titled 'The Luxury Gap'.

Billy Fury —THE FINAL TRACKS

BILLY FURY's final album is to be released by Polydor on March 4. Titled 'The Only One — Billy Fury', it consists of recently recorded tracks, apart from the original version of 'Don't Tell Me Lies' which he cut in 1970. The other 11 tracks stem from sessions between July 1981 and December 1982. The selection of songs, plus mixes and packaging of the LP, is being supervised by Fury's manager Tony Read — together with Lisa Rosen, who shared the last ten years of Billy's life. These two are also involved in organising The Billy Fury Memorial Fund — see *Tour News* for further details.

● Six early Fury albums are being reissued by Decca, in the light of his recent tragic death. They are 'The Billy Fury Hit Parade', 'The World Of Billy Fury' (Volume 1 and 2), 'We Want Billy' by Fury with The Tornados, the double-LP 'The Billy Fury Story' and the ten-inch album 'The Sound Of Fury'.

EDDIE & SUNSHINE, the modern cabaret duo who recently signed to Survival Records, release their first single for the label (through Pinnacle) on February 25 — 'All I See Is You' / 'Somewhere Else in Europe' — and a 12-inch version, featuring a disco mix of the B-side will follow in mid-March. Their debut album 'Perfect Strangers' is scheduled for late April release, and they'll be undertaking a full-scale tour to coincide. Their nine-song 34-minute video is also available at £15.99 (including p&p) from VC/U Entertainments, Suite 1001, 11 Kelross Road, London N5 2QS — or send your own blank VHS one-hour tape, plus £7.99.

THE HIGSONS' second single on the Two Tone label is 'Run Me Down' / 'Put The Punk Back Into Funk', released on February 25 in both 7" and 12", with a remixed instrumental version of the A-side as an extra track on the latter. They'll be performing the new single on Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* on March 7, and they are at present recording an album.

LITTLE RIVER BAND have a 'Greatest Hits' compilation album issued by Capitol this week. Next Monday (21), the same label releases the follow-up to the MELBA MOORE hit single, titled 'Underlove'. And that's followed on February 28 by the single 'Even Now' by BOB SEGER & The Silver Bullet Band.

STEVE HILLAGE releases his eighth solo album through Virgin on February 25, titled 'For To Next', and it includes his current single 'Kamikaze Eyes'. The LP is virtually a one-man effort; in that he produced it and plays all the instruments, as well as writing all the material with assistance from his partner Miquette Giraudy. The initial pressings will include a free album of instrumentals called 'And Not Or', which showcases Hillage's talent as a guitarist.

SAMSON release their new Polydor single 'Red Skies', a remixed track from their 'Before The Storm' album, on February 25 — it's coupled with 'Living, Loving, Lying' featuring Rock Goddess on backing vocals, and there's an extra track called 'Running Out Of Time' on the 12-inch format. The single is a prelude to a major UK tour by the band, starting on April 1, dates to be announced shortly.

RIP RIG & PANIC will be releasing their third Virgin album in mid-March. Meanwhile, they mark their return from hibernation with a new single titled 'Beat The Beast', issued on February 25 — the B-side of which features pianist Mark Springer and rejoices in the title of '1619, A Dutch Vessel Docked In The U.S.A. With 20 Humans For Sale'. There's an extended version of the B-side on the 12-inch format (but fortunately not an extended title).

● **Trux,** the Cambridge band who've just added ex-Rick Wakeman bassist Roger Newell to their line-up, release a single 'Bad Luck' / 'Moving On' this week on their own Trux label — available at £1.50 (including p&p) from 25 Carters Way, Swavesey, Cambs.

● Wimp Records of Cambridge have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle, and all their product is now available from that source. This includes two singles by **Sindy & The Action Men** and one by **The Great Divide,** plus the 12-band Cambridge compilation 'Honey For Tea'.

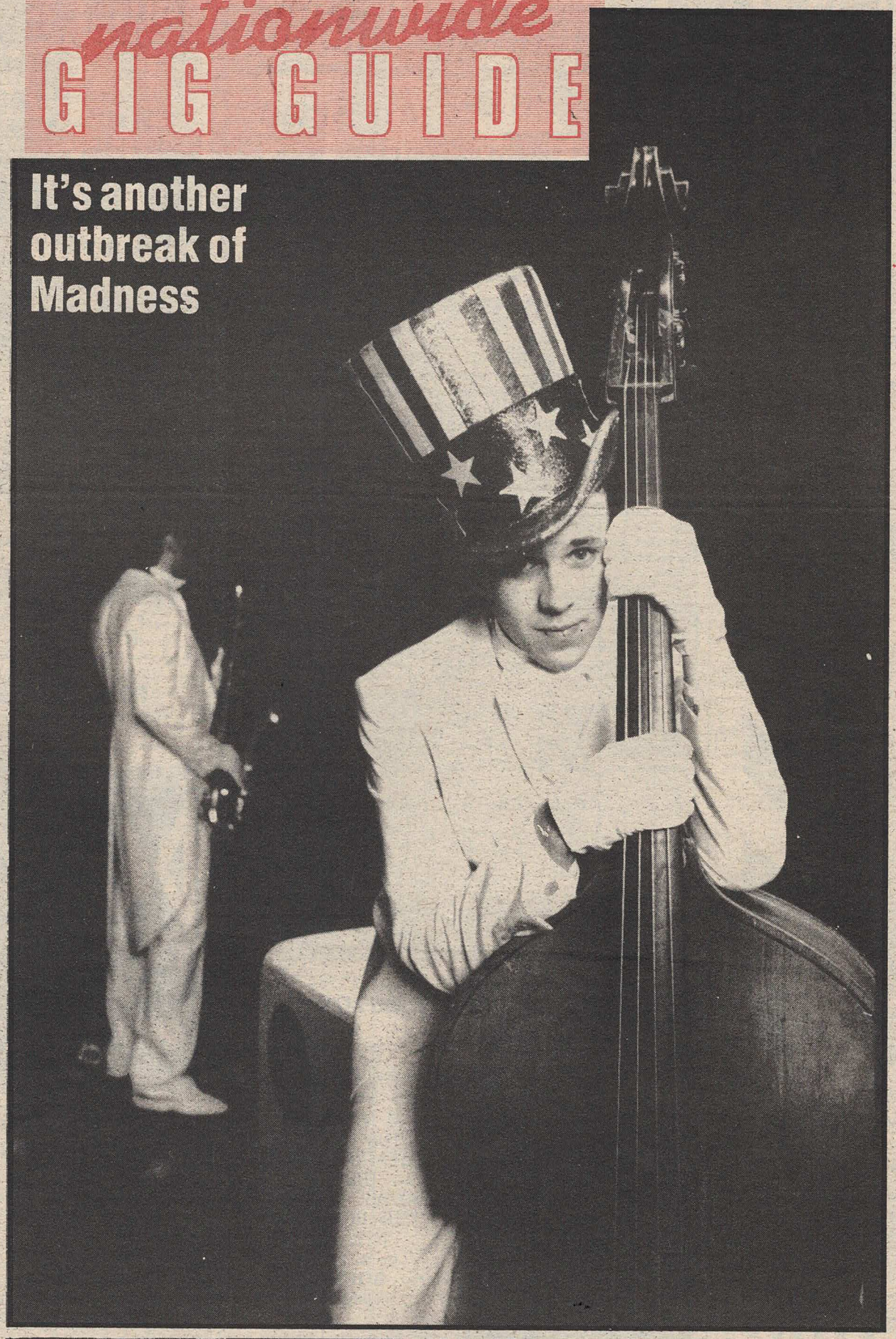
● Birkenhead band **Instant Agony,** who made the indie chart last year with their EP 'Think Of England', release a new EP this week on the Half Man Half Biscuit label (through The Cartel). Tracks are 'Fashion Parade', 'Dead End Kids' and 'Anti Police'.

● The **Happy Refugees** single 'Warehouse Sound' / 'Enshrined In A Memory' is now available on Gymnasium Records, through Rough Trade. The group will be following it shortly with an EP titled 'Last Chance Saloon'.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 17th

Aberdeen University Union: **The Argument**
Arbroath Smokies: **Runrig**
Bangor University: **Animal Nightlife**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Duff Party**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Chain Reaction**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Paul Windsor Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Major Accident**
Brighton The Centre: **The Stranglers**
Brighton Dome: **Sky**
Brighton New Regent: **Serious Drinking/The Defectors**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Stan Webb Band**
Camberley Agincourt Club: **Geisha Girls**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Gene Pitney**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Dubliners**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Fault**
Dartford Flicks: **Praxis**
Dundee Dance Factory: **The Bluebells**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Pzazz**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Harry & The Headaches**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Kissing Bandits**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Woden Forge**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Fugitive**
Hayfield The Bull: **Ex-Directory**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Roy Williams/Bruce Turner Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Deja Vu/The Tuxedos**
Huddersfield Coach House Club: **The Macc Lads/All Over the Carpet**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Polecats**
Hull Duke of Cumberland: **Ricky Cool Band**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Danse Society**
Leeds Polytechnic City Site: **Sex Gang Children**
Leeds Warehouse: **Divine**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Gary P. Nunn & The Pride Of Texas**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Southern Death Cult**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Recruits/Flying Colours**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Bebop Preservation Society**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Lee Fardon**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Sun**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Aswad**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Ramblers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Amazulu/Tender Trap**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Peter Cusack & Clive Bell/The House Devils**
London Catford Black Horse: **TheWild Eagles**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **El Trains**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lovers & Giants**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Ken Hyder's Talisker/Frankie Armstrong**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Blue Three with Bobby Rosengarden**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Chris Difford & Glenn Tilbrook's musical *Labelled With Love* (until Sunday and February 24-27)**
London E.C.1 Old Red Lion: **Benjamin Zephaniah/John Gibbens/Anonym Bosch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jazz Sluts**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Choir/R.S.V.P.**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Republic/King Biscuit**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Milkshakes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Emotional Play**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Irving Street Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The 4 Skins**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush the Bush Hotel: **Broadclaw & Clapperside/Skint Video/Seething Wells/Mr. Clean**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Douglas Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **A Popular History Of Signs/Red Terror & Green**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Roman Holliday/Jivin' Jump**
London Stratford North East Polytechnic: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Laurie Anderson**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Cooper Clarke/Thin Men**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dance On A Telephone/Ghost**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshead: **Litttle Sister**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Rathbone Place) The Black Horse: **The Faraway Stars**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **National Gold/The Marines**
Manchester Band On the Wall: **Dave Tyas Legend**
Manchester Deville's: **The Summerhouse**
Manchester The Gallery: **Catwax Axe Co/Inca Babies**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Milton Keynes Open University Theatre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus/Charlie Mariano**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Umo Vogue**
Newcastle Soul Cellar (at Grey's Club): **Hurrah!**
Newport Tiffany's: **The Searchers**
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: **Rumours**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Palais: **Pigbag**
Oldham Moor End Bar: **The Relatives**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Portsmouth Academy: **Bill Nelson/Yorkshire Actors Company**
Portsmouth Goldsmith Rooms: **Wailing Slash**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Meteors**
Redcar The Park: **Talk Dark**
Salisbury St. Edmund's Art Centre: **The Prophecy/4 A.M./Micro Chip & The Processor**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Eurythmics**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tickkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Zanti Misfitz**
Sheffield University: **Mirror Crack'd/The Box/Flying Alphonso Brothers**
South Shields Buddies: **Fist**
Stockport Smugglers: **Special Duties**
Watford Bailey's: **Jess Conrad (until Saturday)**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Wrathchild**
Westerham Oasis Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Caffrey**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**
Wolverhampton Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**



It's another outbreak of Madness

A DRAMATIC increase in the number of gigs available to you this week, with the circuit almost back to its pre-Christmas bustle and frenzy. Pride of place (though not necessarily of importance — that's for you to judge) goes to MADNESS, if only because they've sent us a new picture! They set off on one of their regular outings, coinciding this time with the release of their latest single 'Tomorrow's Just Another Day', and can be seen in action initially at Newcastle (Monday and Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

For many people, the week's highlight is the welcome return of one of the most significant cult figures in latter-day rock, RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS — though the band's line-up is somewhat re-shaped since he went into hibernation a few years back. British dates in an extensive European schedule are at Newcastle (Friday), Hull (Saturday), London Lyceum with The Vibrators guesting (Sunday) and Manchester (Monday). And his first new LP for yonks, titled 'Destiny Street', is in the shops this weekend.

That remarkably talented lady LAURIE ANDERSON is presenting her epic work 'United States' at London Dominion this week. It's so lengthy that — if you go on either Thursday, Friday or Saturday — you'll only see half of it. But she's performing the whole thing in its entirety on Sunday, starting at 2pm, though you'd better take sandwiches and a flask!

A number of other acts are newly on the road, including DEF LEPPARD, who open their first UK trek for over 18 months in Manchester on Monday — while THE POLECATS are undertaking a short tour, with Hull (Thursday) as their starting point. Then there's BILL NELSON who's doing some shows with the Yorkshire Actors Company, ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE, THE DUBLINERS, MISTY IN ROOTS, THE MICHAEL NYMAN BAND, yet another gig series for CHAS & DAVE, and TV personality (among other things) KEVIN TURVEY who's working with a company he chooses to call The Bastard Squard — you'll find details of dates and venues for all these acts in the accompanying listings. Finally, the perennial WISHBONE ASH play their only British dates this year (so they tell us) in London on Tuesday and Wednesday.

DEREK JOHNSON

friday 18th

Aberdeen University Union: **The Bluebells**
Aviemore Osprey Rooms: **Runrig**
Bath University: **Zanti Misfitz**
Birmingham Aston University: **Eurythmics**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Dubliners**
Bracknell South Hill Park Centre: **G.B. Blues Co with Root Jackson**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gil Evans Orchestra/Lester Bowie Ensemble**
Brighton New Regent: **The Danse Society/Where's The W?/Toy Factory**
Brighton Top Rank: **Devine**
Bristol Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Cardiff University: **Amazulu**
Chatham M.I.C. Club: **The Milkshakes**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **The Enid**
Chelmsford College: **Tony McPhee Band**
Colne Franc's: **The Room**
Consett Trades Club: **Fist**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Ricky Cool Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **A Bigger Splash**
Darlaston Town Hall: **Naro 83/XL5/The Great Outdoors**
Daventry Ashby Rd. Community Centre: **Neat Neat Neat/Cloud 9/Kenny Richards**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Edinburgh University Union: **The Argument**
Elland The Bar Bados: **Ik**
Fareham Princes College: **Emotional Play**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Sensible Pencils/Cuban Unit**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Mobiles**
Gloucester Bowden Hall: **The Searchers**
Greenford Railway Tavern: **Indecision**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **John Brunning Band**
Halifax Royal Oak Hotel: **New Shoes**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Roy Harper Band**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Unemployed Centre: **Mirror Crack'd**
Hull Dingwalls: **Umo Vogue**
Leamington Spa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Stan Webb Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Cocteau Twins**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Wrathchild/Middle Earth**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Funkapolitan/The Apollinaires**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **20 Yards Behind/The Killer Tomatoes/The Jailbirds**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Broadclaw & Clapperside/Seething Wells/Skint Video/Hooha's**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Network**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bonsai Forest/The Cup Cakes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jo-Ann Kelly**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Al & Joe Cohn**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Trilogy**
London East Ham Town Hall: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **Eye Witness**
London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **Gene Pitney**
London E.C.1 Old Red Lion: **Adrian Mitchell/Tom Pickard/Ronnie Wathen**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Murphy Code X/Andre Stitt/Angelica Joyce**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The London Cowboys/Dance On A Telephone**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Floyd Lloyd/Red Cloud/Amazulu**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Empire/Agent Orange**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sky**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Freehand**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Boyfriends**
London Marquee Club: **Pallas**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Stu Stevens Band/James Town Ferry**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Stu Hamer**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Scala Cinema: **The Cabinet**
London School of Economics: **The Bouncing Czechs/Tony Allen/Andy De La Tour/Ronnie Golden**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey Quintet/Betty Smith**
London South Norwood Stanley Halls: **The Heartbeats/Another Country/The Normil Hawaiians**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tooting St. George's: **Howard Jones**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Laurie Anderson**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **Catch 23/The Kicks**
London Woolwich Clockhouse Community Centre: **Attila The Stockbroker/Belinda Blanchard/Little Dave/Slade The Leveller**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Alarm/Major Accident**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Persian Flowers/I Am Alone/Anna Goodman**
Maidenhead The Bell: **Predatur**
Manchester Band On the Wall: **The Islanders**
Manchester Didsbury College: **The Mr. Rons**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Animal Nightlife**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Hostages**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Nottingham Asylum: **One The Juggler**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Moontier**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Seychelles**
Retford Porterhouse: **Southern Death Cult**
Rugby Boys Club: **Barbed Choir**
Scarborough Taboo: **The Meteors**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Gary P. Nunn & The Pride Of Texas**
Southampton South Stoneham House: **X-14**
Southend (Westcliff) Queens Hotel: **Rent Party**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Polecats**
Stafford Riverside Leisure Centre: **Dagaband**
St. Albans City Hall: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson**
Stockport Technical College: **Music For Pleasure**
Stonehouse Crown & Anchor: **Blurt**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Lix Helix**
Tyldesley George & Dragon: **Ex-Directory**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Wigston Marquis of Queensbury: **Chain Reaction**
Wokingham Angie's: **Rave To The Grave**

saturday 19th

Aylesbury Friars: **Southern Death Cult**
Bangor University: **TheWatusi Bros**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Tom & Bertha Brown & Friends**
Bradford College: **Zanti Misfitz**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Freddie Hubbard Quintet/Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
Brighton New Regent: **Mango/Dingos**
Brighton Zap Club: **The Cabinet**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Eurythmics**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Sex Gang Children/The Destructors/Paralysis**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Lix Helix**
Castleford Trades Club: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Franc's: **New Model Army**
Coventry Apollo theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Coventry General Wolfe: **One The Juggler**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Meteors**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Yeow Band**
Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **Dancette**
Derby Kedleston College: **Hot Snacks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Pallas**
Dundee University: **Lenny Henry**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Hollywood Killers**
Fife St. Andrew's Cosmos Centre: **APB/Stereo Exit**
Glasgow University: **The Bluebells**
Gloucester College: **Music For Pleasure**
Gloucester Roundabout: **The Searchers**
Greenford The Railway: **Arrival/Jade**

CONTINUES OVER

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Wednesday 23rd February
PIGBAG
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Thursday 24th February
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Wednesday 2nd March
VIRGIN PRUNES
Thursday 3rd March
THE EURYTHMICS
Wednesday 9th March
PALE FOUNTAINS
Thursday 10th March
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+ YOUR NEXT

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Life Membership 25p. Fatman.

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Friday 25th February	OSIBISA + DAGAMA + RALPH ADU & HIS DRUMMERS	£3.00
Saturday 26th February	WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS + GAZ'S REBEL BLUES BAND With Special Guests DIZ & THE DOORMEN	£2.50
Monday 28th February	Reggae Night BLACKROOTS + TRIBESMEN With Special Guest BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH	£2.50
11th March 17th March 24th March	Coming Soon NEW ORDER SEX GANG CHILDREN THE DAMNED + Guests	£4.00 £3.00
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Monday 21st February
BOUNCING CHEQUES

Tuesday 22nd February
THE GAMBA

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LEE FARDON

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EL-TRAINS

Thursday 24th February
STRANGERS

Thursday 3rd March
ACTION HOLIDAY

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ENTERTAINMENTS CONFERENCE

Friday 18th February
ALTERNATIVE SHOWCASE
THE BOUNCING CZECHS
TONY ALLEN
ANDY de la TOUR
ROY HUTCHINS
ANDREW BAILEY
RONNIE GOLDEN
compere: DAVID COHEN

Saturday 19th February
BAND SHOWCASE
JOBOXERS
DANCING DID
GO-BETWEENS
DIRECT DRIVE
KABALA

Tickets £1.50 Adv
AVAILABLE FROM ALL STUDENT UNION BOX-OFFICES
at LSE'S STUDENT UNION, HOUGHTON STREET, LONDON WC2A 2AE
ENQUIRIES: 01-405 8594. TUBE: HOLBORN, TEMPLE.

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 17th February £3.50
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ Thin Men

Friday 18th February £3.00
DAVE KELLY BAND
+ Juvessence

Saturday 19th February £3.00
SECOND IMAGE

Monday 21st Feburary Closed

Tuesday 22nd February £2.50
EYELESS IN GAZA
+ Hurrah

Wednesday 23rd February £3.00
MISTY 'N' ROOTS
+ Vivien Jones & The Pieces

Thursday 24th February £3.00
POLECATS

COMING SOON

Friday 25th February £3.00
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS

Tuesday 8th March £7.00
BLACK ECHOES REGGAE AWARDS
feat: Wailing Souls + Jah Thomas

Thursday 10th March £3.00
JOHN WATTS (on stage 9pm)

Wednesday 16th March £4.00
'Return by Acclaim' **JOHN CALE**

Friday 18th March £3.00
B.B.

GIG GUIDE: continued

Our first picture of the new-look PIGBAG, now featuring girl singer ANGELA JAEGER. This week they continue their tour in support of their new single 'Hit The 0 Deck' and album 'Lend An Ear' — visiting Nottingham (Thursday), Chippenham (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **One Track Minds**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Larry Miller Band:**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Enid**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Le Mat**
Heaton Buffs Club: **Caffrey**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Xcited/The Seychelles**
Hull Dingwalls: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Ilford Kings Club: **Fat Larry's Band**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Stan Tracey Sextet**
Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club: **Terrain**
Lampeter The Old Quarry: **The Ferrets**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Umo Vogue**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **Mysterious Voice/Talking To Heroes**
Liverpool University: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Passion Puppets/One On One**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Brilliant/Urban Shakedown/Sisters Of Mercy**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Spiritual Leaders/Serious Drinking**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gary P. Nunn & The Pride Of Texas**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Kang**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **The Danse Society**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kabbala**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Al & Joe Cohn**
London Enfield Starlight Rooms: **Gene Pitney**
London E.C.1 Old Red Lion: **Terry Wilson/Eric Mottram/Newclear Son**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours/Any Anxious Colour**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Felix & The Cats/Wild Girls/Peter Zero**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Heretic/Sinner**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sky**
London Harlesden Ye Olde Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Corporation**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Lee The Centre: **Dancette/The Wait**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Stinky Winkles**
London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Masquerade**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Broadclaw & Clapperside/Skint Video/Mr. Clean/Pat Condell**
London N.W.3 Rosslyn Hill Chapel: **Michael Nyman Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band/Bruce Boardman Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moondance**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Sean Cannon**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London School of Economics: **The Go-Betweens/Joboxers/The Dancing Did**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Russell Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Victor Romero Evans/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Laurie Anderson**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Tom Pickard/Peter Campbell/Rory McLeod/City Lines**
London Victoria The Venue: **Second Image**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Divine**
London W.14 Barons Court Tavern: **Accelerator**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Juice On The Loose**
Loughborough University: **Marillion**
Manchester Band On the Wall: **Kurkurudu/Prince Eddie Tago**
Manchester Polytechnic S.U.: **Stockholm Monsters**
Manchester The Gallery: **Punching Holes**
Manchester University: **Dagaband**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **The Lurkers**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Saracen**
Northampton Black Lion: **Crosstalk A/V**
Northampton Lings Forum: **Dentist Chair**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Roy Harper Band**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Dubliners**
Nuneaton Arts Centre: **Chain Reaction**
Nuneaton Nags Head: **Furious Apples/Thin Fergs**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Terraplane**
Reading Top Rank: **Here & Now/Zip Code**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Polecats**
Rochester The Crown: **The Prisoners/The Milkshakes**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Stan Webb Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Breakfast Band**
Shefford Airman Club: **English Rogues**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Southend (Westcliff) Queens Hotel: **The London Cowboys**
St. Helens The Raven: **Big Mama Hill's Blues Band**
TainDuthac Centre: **Runrig**
Tetford Sports Hall: **Tony McPhee Band**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **John Mizarolli**
Truro The Royal: **Mark Bennett's Heavy Dog Cabaret**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Carrick's Heritage Hall Stompers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dangerous Age**
Wye College: **Emotional Play**

O, SUPERWOMAN!

Laurie Anderson is on stage in London for over ten hours from Thursday to Sunday.

sunday 20th

Bradford Manhattan Club: **Zero**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gerry Mulligan Quarter/Louis Stewart Trio**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon Warehoue Theatre: **Pauline Melville/The Oblivion Boys**
Gt. Chesterford Station Club: **Trux**
Hemel Hempstead Spotted Bull: **Splash**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Eurythmics**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Barbican Centre (lunchtime): **El Dorado**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Morrissey Mullen (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mountbatten's Plimsoll/Mark Steel/Roy Hutchins-Lee Corns**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus/Charlie Mariano & Gordon Beck**
London Finchley Torrington: **Little Sister**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Downbeat**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Freehand/Visual Aids**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sky**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Serious Drinking**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Feelers**
London Marquee Club: **Twelfth Night**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Peter Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/The Southern Stompers (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Little John's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime)/Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids/The Vibrators**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Victor Romero Evans/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (2pm): **Laurie Anderson**
London Trafalgar-Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Tundra**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Community Centre: **Broadclaw & Clapperside/Seething Wells/Skint Video/Hooha's**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon Band**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **The Questions/Tracie**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K.K. Khan**
London W.C.2 Donmar Warehouse Theatre: **Michael Nyman Band**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Lurkers**
Newcastle The Geordie Lad (lunchtime): **Damian**
Newquay Central Hotel: **TheWinners**
Northampton Five Bells: **Soldier**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oldham (Royton) Railway Hotel: **Howard The Duck**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **English Rogues**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Hondo (lunchtime)/The Enid (evening)**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Dave Smith & Judy Dinning/Gentleman Soldier**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Roman Holliday**
Sheffield The Leadmill (lunchtime): **Out of Context**
Southampton Park Hotel: **Crossfire**
Tyldesley Canal Duke: **Ex-Directory**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
Worcester Swan Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**

monday 21st

Accrington Lar-de-dars: **The Searchers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Gene Pitney (for a week)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Xpertz**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **First Approach**
Cardiff Inn On The River: **Blue Side Of Midnight**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Cimarons**
Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **Caffrey**
Hanley Robateaux: **Tower Struck Down**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **John Otway**
Hull Tiffany's: **Dagaband**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Heretic/Biirds of Prey**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Red Cloud/Acabush**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Thud/Sally Patience/The Great Dantet**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chris Jagger's Jaggernauts/Menage A Trois**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Southern Death Cult**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip One**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Monty Babson Swing Orchestra (for a week)**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Cayenne/The Sound Of 17 Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tiger Tiger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitale Voice/Stable Arabia**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Tronics/Liquidiser**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Ivor Cutler & his show *Private Habits* (for two weeks)**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Kahondo-Style/Pauline Melville**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Angela Christian & Brian Dee (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Scarlet Party**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **John Stevens Free Bop**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Def Leppard**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester Rafters: **Richard Hell & The Voidoids**
Newcastle City Hall: **Madness**
Newcastle Corner House All Stars: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Chartreuse**
Portsmouth Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Thatcham Silks: **The Enid**
Truro Wig & Pen: **Mark Bennett's Heavy Dog Cabaret**
Watford Bailey's: **Fat Larry's Band**

tuesday 22nd

Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **20th Century Blues**
Canterbury Rutherford College: **Emotional Play**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Ruth Hurt & Neil White**
Chesterfield White Swan: **The Mau-Maus**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Pigbag**
Derby Blue Note: **Southern Death Cult**
Dewsbury Town Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Runrig**

HELL'S A-POPPIN'

Richard, that is. Together with The Voidoids, he starts a UK mini-tour on Friday.

Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Def Leppard**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Caffrey**
Ipswich Dukes: **Airbridge**
Kingston Dolphin club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Vibrators**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Vox Arcana/Blue Poland/Prisoners Of War**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Persons Unknown/Ghosts**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Bill Le Sage/Stan Sulzmann**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **24 Hours/Five Pliers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley & The Chiswick Flyovers**
London Camden Palace: **Killer Wales**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Worried Parachutes/Splash**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames/Jiving Jump Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Boyfriends**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Total Strangers/De Stijl**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Airstrip One**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sky**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **Wishbone Ash/Solstice**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Limehouse**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Straps/Chaos**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Stan Greig Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Eyeless In Gaza/Hurrah**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Big Heat/The Answer**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Dance On A Telephone**
London W.1 Dover Street Restaurant: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Bad Detective/Marionette**
Manchester Band On the Wall: **Gary Boyle Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Madness**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Eurythmics**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Long Dangly Thing/Boredom/Free Drinks**
Nuneaton Sylvester's: **Hot Snacks**
Reading Fives Club: **The Seychelles**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **King Bees**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **The Dubliners**
St. Helens Theatre Royal: **Nightwing/Fallen Angel/Jacky Bond Blues Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Enid**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 23rd

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Previous Convictions**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bodmin The Rock: **Mark Bennett's Heavy Dog Cabaret**
Brighton Sherry's: **Decent Assault**
Brighton University Crypt: **Factor**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Enid**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Whisper Zone**
Carlisle Creeps: **Saracen**
Dunstable Wheatsheaf: **Solstice**
Hayes Alfred Beck Theatre: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Undertones**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Pinkees**
Hull New York Hotel: **Clox/Useless Information**
Kingston The Grove: **Larry Miller Band**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Mummy Calls**
Leamington Spa Royal Centre: **The Dubliners**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **1000 Mexicans/The Charts**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Spy vs. Spy**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Angelic Upstarts**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **The Remarkable Family**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Geraint Watkins & The Domino Brothers**
London Camden Palace: **The Three Courgettes**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Verba Verba**
London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Stan Tracey Septet/Our Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Exposure**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Worried Parachutes/The Climb**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leicester-Square Batcave: **Test Dept.**
London Marquee Club: **Wishbone Ash**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arc Connection**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey Quintet (until Saturday)**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lobo**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Misty In Roots**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Dancette**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Phil Miller Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Madness**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Pigbag**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Bill Nelson/Yorkshire Actors Company**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Meteors**
Newcastle The Geordie: **Caffrey**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **Southern Death Cult**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Steve Cameo Orchestra**
Norwich Norwood Rooms: **Chas & Dave**
Nottingham Guava Club: **Franck & The Manglers/Nicky Cope & The Gravediggers**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Perth Salutation Hotel: **Runrig**
Ripon College: **Dagaband**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Big Country**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Al & Joe Cohn**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swansea Top Rank: **Glass Ties**
Thatcham Silks: **Geisha Girls**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Dave Kelly Band**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

TBA International presents

the stranglers

+ Supporting Attraction

BRIGHTON CENTRE
Thursday 17th February at 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 3.50 available from the Box Office (0273 203131) and usual agents

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COME REJUVENATE YOUR SOUL

Sean Oliver & Bruce Smith
spinning some grooves
Monday 21st February at
CASS'S CLUB

LEICESTER SQUARE
10.30 — 3.00
£2

GET UP WITH IT AND GET INVOLVED!

London Palladium
... DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS ...

MARI WILSON
with the WILSATIONS
FEATURING The Marines AND The Marionettes PLUS Roman Holiday
Sunday 27th March 7.30pm
TICKETS £6 £5 £4
FROM BOX OFFICE 01 437 7373 STAR GREEN
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

International Jazz Stars at The Stables, Wavendon

Rare visits by... AL COHN
(International Star of the Tenor Sax)
Friday 4 March at 8p.m.
EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS
Friday 1 April at 8p.m.
DIGBY FAIRWEATHER'S PIZZA EXPRESS BAND
Friday 8 April at 8p.m.
£3 (£2.50 in advance)
Wavendon Allmusic Plan, The Stables, Wavendon, Milton Keynes MK17 8LT
Box Office Tel: (0908) 583928

Derek Block presents
The LYCEUM The Strand London WC2

EURYTHMICS
PLUS One the Juggler
PLUS THE CHOIR
Sunday 13th March 7.30pm
Tickets £3.25 in advance £3.50 on door
FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
KEITH PROWSE STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

MIDNIGHT RUSH AND THE LAST BUS CRUSH

THE HIGH FIVE GROUP
+ THE FIRE
+ DAVID COHEN (Comedian)
Tuesday 22nd February 7.30 pm
Pickwick's, Fraser Street, Liverpool.
Tickets £1.00 Advance £1.50 door
available from Pickwicks, Probe Records, Penny Lane Records

* HI FIVE LIVE U.L.U. 4th March Rock Garden 9th March The Ace, Brixton 10th March

* HI FIVE LIVE U.L.U. 4th March Rock Garden 9th March The Ace, Brixton 10th March

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THE NEW LAKERS MUSIC CLUB
Redstone Hill, Redhill, Surrey.
Tel: Redhill 61043

Friday 18th February £2.50
BLACK ROOTS
Sunday 20th February £1.50
ROMAN HOLLIDAY
+ The Rhythm Men
Sunday 27th February £2.50
POOKIE-SNACKENBURGER
+ Captain J.J. Waller

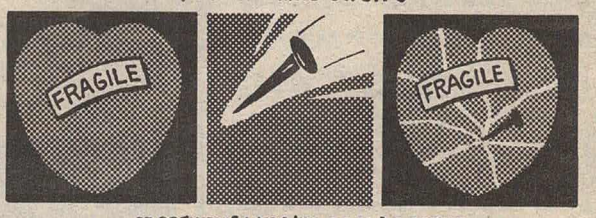
DENIECE WILLIAMS
"Too Much Too Little Too Late"
LIVE AT THE NIGHT OUT BIRMINGHAM
March 3rd, 4th, & 5th
SEATS AVAILABLE
021-622 2233

KINGS HEAD
4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Wednesday 16th February	£1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND	
Thursday 17th February	£1.50
JOHNNY G	
Friday 18th February	£1.50
THE 45's	
Saturday 19th February	£1.50
SALT with Little Stevie Smith	
Sunday 20th February	£1.50
LAVERNE BROWN BAND	
Monday 21st February	£1.50
COUNT LETLOOSE	
Tuesday 22nd February	£1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS	

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
Kingdom Room
Friday 25th February
Tickets £2.50 Advance
£3.00 door
THE DISCO HOOT with LENNY HENRY

OPENING NEXT WEEK!
THE COMBINATION'S
LABELLED with LOVE
INSPIRED BY THE LP SQUEEZE EAST SIDE STORY
LYRICS AND MUSIC ▸ DIFFORD/TILBROOK ♥ BOOK ▸ JOHN TURNER
CHOREOGRAPHY ▸ GRETA MENDEZ ♥ MUSIC DIRECTOR ▸ BRUCE COLE
♥ DESIGN ▸ KATE OWEN ♥



♥ PREVIEW! WEDS/THURS 16/17 FEB. ♥
♥ OPENING 18 FEB. ♥
...AND THEN EVERY THURS./FRI./SAT./SUN. EVENING FOR 7 WEEKS ♥
♥ ADM. THURS/SUN. £2·50/£2 UB40, FRI./SAT. £3·00/£2·50 UB40+M'SHIP
♥ DOORS 7·30 SHOW 8·30 ♥
♥ BAR/FOOD/DANCING AFTER THE SHOW! ♥
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DOUGLAS WAY, S.E.8. TEL: 691-3333

This 6 x 2 advertisement on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£72** and will be seen by over **One Million people.** Ring **01-261 6153** for details

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Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

TOKYO OLYMPICS
THU. 17 FEB. From Dublin, Ireland, playing material in the current funk attitude. Tight, inventive, convincing. Signed to Polydor.

JO-ANN KELLY
FRI. 18. Leads a full-house band rooted in R&B, but edges out toward Bobby Bland soul in one way and Bluegrass in the other. Expert, eclectic & good time. 2 sets ~ 10pm & 11.45.

KABBALA
SAT. 19. Current 45 has charted in the Indie & Afro Top-30's. "A rare discovery." M. Maker. "Restored my faith in music." SOUNDS. They play Hi-life, a fusion of funk, jazz & African rhythms. 2 sets ~ 10pm and 11.45 p.m.
SUN. MXEL LTK + SHADOW BOX
MON. PRIVATE PARTY CLOSED
TUE. WORRIED PARACHUTES + SPLASH
VERBA VERBA
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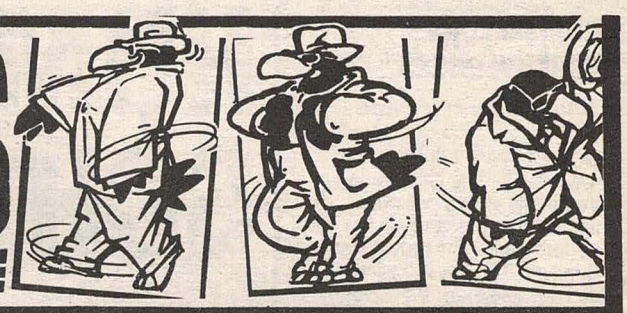

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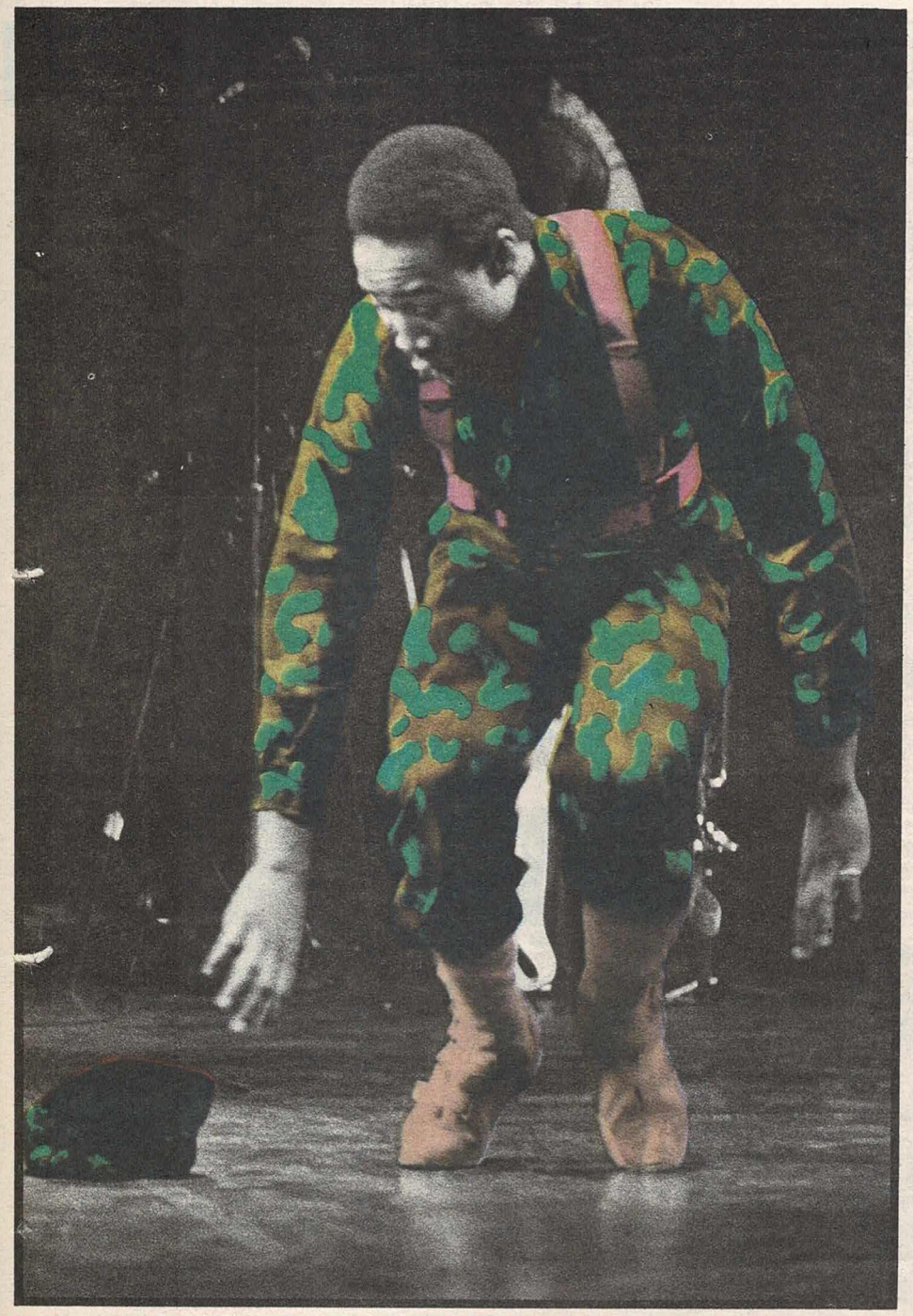


LIVE!

THE GAP BAND
YARBROUGH & PEOPLES

Hammersmith Odeon

WHEN CARLOS Alomar put rock fuzz into JB's fizz and Ike Hayes hit it off with a wah-wah pedal, hot buttered soul bore a mean child — hard-edged funk. Ike kept churning those hammer bass-lines, spiced up tracks thru' 'Shaft' to 'Disco Connection' with rock guitar, and down in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the brothers Wilson took a tip from the King and left post-Stax Soulsville for the synthesized funk of The Gap Band.

While Barry White and friends took The Rap and schmaltz-symphonic layers of strings, Ronnie, Robert and Charles followed Hayes' harder side but, 'stead of using flanged guitar, toughened up with blazing, buzzing slabs of synth. Their strident funk-profile copped them three glorious singles and pole-position, last year, as biggest-selling R&B artists in the whole US of A. Some scam.

From the moment you walk in the Odeon foyer to be accosted by a hired army (hard pushed to convince people that the 12" copies they're thrusting all-directions are *free*) 'til the last chord crash-lands and the lights go out onstage, everything here screamed GAP BAND! GAP BAND! GAP BAND! — 10,000 Volts and maximum echo...

Billed, loud and proud and mighty boastful, as the first major black music label launch since the Stax/Volt Revue of 1967, the Total Experience package is talking, uh, BIG.

Shame then that Yarbrough & People are such small people. Not a big act, they have suitably only *one* song — 'Don't Stop The Music' — but that doesn't seem to worry them. You can stretch a highpoint so far and Yarbrough & People did exactly that — stretching it so far it almost took up half the evening. The rest of the set is jut poor trimmings, all soft-talk and soulless sound to match. No spirit, no guts, no innovation, the operative word in all Yarbrough's songs seems to be *'Stop'*, as in *'Don't!'* Fortunately they do.

Everything stays stone-cold ...'til Greg Edwards hisself glides onstage to MC and drop names — Isaac Hayes is here tonight. (All the cool cats go "Nah?") And Michael Jackson too. (All the girls go "Waaaaaahh!!!") Finally, even The Gap Band showed up and there's Edwards fair-screaming: GAP BAND! GAP BAND! GAP BAND! — 10,000 Volts and r-r-RISING!

The Gap Band fuzz and funk their way thru' 'Shake Your Bootee', 'Party Lights', 'Oops Upside Your Head'... They crackle thru' 'Humpin'', hard and fast and racing all over the shop, Ronnie leading the audience and Robert giving the horns on-the-spot directions with his fingertips. Big? 'Humpin'' was bigger than three Shredded Wheat! And in the midst of it all Baby Gap, a close-cropped body-popper, somersaults on and flips through the most sublime dance routine — white spats and lurid combat gear and hotter than Jeffrey out of Shalamar.

True, behind this fiery music is a messy contradiction — duff lyrics as numbingly conservative as 'Wham Rap', a bad ballad B-side for every storming A-side. But, truer still, their tuff'uns are as sound as a water workers picket-line. Not a scab in sight.

They encored with 'You Dropped A Bomb On Me', which once sounded little more than lavatorial but now cracks wickedly...The Total Experience package is hardly the supreme bill of '67, it may not be the sassiest rave-up, but The Gap Band still stir the biggest buzz — 10,000 Volts and how!

X Moore

GAP!

GAP!

GAP!

HUMPIN' SCHTICK

CHAMELEONS
FOREIGN PRESS

Manchester Hacienda

COME NOW . . . let's be reasonable. The Chameleons treated us all to a polished, tight-assed rock and rawl performance. The brutality of Survivor! The melody of U2! Why do I despise them with such vigour? Was it their fatuous professsionalism? Was it the haircuts? The denims and cap-sleeved T-shirts, perhaps?

Or was it because they churned and groaned? R-O-C-K reared its ugly head and shook its gory locks at me. I was offended by their utter detachment, their perfuntory 'emotion'. The Chameleons boogied and rocked as if playing to an auditorium of enthusiastic American rock fans. Listen, I despair, what can you say about a band who insist on bawling out the likes of "phew", "yeah", and "alright!" after every sodden, plodding, oafish 'number'?

What can you say about a group of lads on stage who emit every cliché in the book and resort to dumb male posturing — except, what were they doing playing at the Hacienda? Progressive booking policy indeed . . .

Foreign Press are forever missing out. They've been likely contenders in Manchester since about 1979. Once upon a time the lead singer wanted to be Ian Curtis. Now he wants to be Martin Fry. Reads his music papers. So, they wear the right trousers and sport the right haircuts. They produce an acceptable 'modern' sound — a little bit, uh, funky, a tiny bit pop and a lot of rock.

They don't upset and seem a well-bred, polite bunch. Yet their music/stage presence remained dull and frighteningly unspectacular.

Foreign Press always seem to arrive when the party's over. Doomed forever to be bridesmaid to the gushing bride, Pop Music.

Liz Neer

MAXIMUM JOY
THE APOLLINAIRES
APB

University Of London

THREE BANDS loosely related as being members of the white funk family. As a billing something of a non-event, but with enough curiosity value to fill the student union hall.

APB have been playing their brand of punk-funk for some time but still come across as fresh, raw and enthusiastic. Their sparse sound (rapid-fire guitar, drums and bass) leaves room for only crude arrangements of the lively songs. Loud and sometimes too harsh, APB could benefit from an occasional change of pace and maybe keyboards to add brightness to their coarse approach.

What APB lack in numbers The Apollinaires certainly make up for. They seemed to cover every inch of the stage, with a large brass section, percussionists and guitarists all fighting for attention. The singer controls the show, sounding like early Joe Jackson but wishing he was James Brown. The group are rhythm heavy, seeming short of melodies to lift them out of a foggy, funk muddle. Having all the right ingredients is not enough, The Apollinaires need some good tunes to get their teeth into. When they do tackle a song with a strong melody such as their first single, 'The Feeling's Gone', The Apollinaires roll along in a convincing manner.

Light relief was finally offered by Bristol's bohemian jazzy funsters, Maximum Joy. Flowing along in an off-beat way, with plenty of subtle layers, MXJY weave a smooth web of rhythms, which make you move, but not exactly in a dance groove. Janine Rainforth's flowery singing is whimsical and, although pleasant, only gives their sound another layer, without conveying any soul or conviction. Like so many of the white bands that have abandoned rock and tried their hand at funky rhythms, Maximum Joy are competent but not convincing. I can't dance but Clinton, Brown and Shalamar all make me respond like someone shaking loose change out of his trousers. MXJY hardly evoke a shuffle.

Alan Marke

LIVE! pics:
Gap Band—*Chris Clunn*
EvelynKing—*Leon Morris*
Hand-Tinting—*Ricky K*

NEUTERED!

SEX GANG CHILDREN

Liverpool Warehouse

THE SEX Gang Children have found themselves a corker of an image. Mysterious, implicitly dangerous, they come across like those creepy saucer-eyed orphans in *Village of The Damned*. Four nice-looking boys with a suitably risqué name, they'd go down a treat on the all-new, super-hip *TOTP*. Damndest thing is though, they can't play.

Too many of their songs had their living daylights smudged out by the pulverising rhythm section. They opt for a fashionable 'demented' sound, and stick with it. Chugging, insidious bass foundation, chaotic drum cascade, and a soaring, shrieking guitar filling in the gaps.

All very aggressive and tribal, but delicate singer Anddiii lacks the raunch to live with all this bacchanal passion. The lad puts the wimp back into whimpering, with his tortured, angst-laden songs of the heart of darkness.

Weak vocals apart, The Sex Gang Children are still a pretty limited concern. Methinks they greatly overestimate the appeal of their particular brand of de-structured noise. Songs such as 'Kill Machine', 'Cannibal Queen' and 'Into The Abyss' were all very much of a muchness — heavy, repetitive, impossible to enjoy. Even 'Beasts', their sole tuneful achievement of the night, had its impact taken away by slight singing. They were impressively committed to their music, but very quickly went from vigorous to nightmarish — via numbing and painful.

To children who must follow these cultish fads, I say these few words of guidance. Go to your nearest record library, and look in the archives for Sabbath, B. You'll find their early stuff much more convincing, more tuneful and a whole stack more amusing than these Sex Gang Children.

Sammy

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT SOUL

LIVE! gets a bellyful of Evelyn 'Brut Champagne' King and decides Brian 'Brut 33' Tilsley should've run off with Sharon.

EVELYN 'CHAMPAGNE' KING

London Dominion

IN ORDER to be a success, the classic soul show needs not only the expected professional aplomb of the big league black American entertainer, but also a certain panache, a certain style. A band like Shalamar simply radiate that style, as does Grandmaster Flash, but too many of their peers just go through the motions; they might make great dance records but onstage they project a smug showmanship as redundant as any old axe-grinding rock'n'roll cliché.

The old malaise — showmanship minus soul — shook its phoney ass once again last week as the champagne kid's roadshow rolled into town to boogie.

"Hellllllo Lunnnnndin! Ya don't look like ya enjoyin' yaself. Are ya enjoyin it? Then get up off ya feet! We're gonna turn this mutha out!"

Evelyn King is the lush voice behind a magnificent string of dance hits — 'Shame', 'I'm In Love', 'Love Comedown', 'Back To Love' and 'Get Loose' — the first of which was once described by Julie Burchill as the best record of all time. But at the Dominion that voice became buried by other considerations, like just how horny a dancemistress Ms King could be and just how many members of the band's entourage could get individual dedications for being such utterly wonderful human beings. (We went through the various players, the sound man, Ms King's manager and her bodyguard, only stopping short of the vendors who sold ice-cream out in the foyer...)

The show took shape as a headlong rush to turn every song into a funk jam with Evelyn initiating a pretty spectacular line in suggestiveness with a microphone stand, a course which was quickly followed by her two vocal aides Wanda King and Topaz Dell Bettis.

The pace dropped momentarily for a Diana and Marvin style duet between Evelyn and her saxophonist Benny Boxtail, but it was soon time to start turning that 'mutha' out once more as even the great 'Shame' was transformed into just another excuse for some more groove-mongering.

There were a few neat touches — the white fur that a bodygaurd draped the singer in as she struts offstage was one and watching Christopher Quintin (*Corry's* Brian Tilsley) slip conspicuously out of the stalls and into one of the celebrity boxes was another — but whatever it was that gave the girl's records their effervescent fizz was sorely lacking in this live version. Up on stage the bubbly was flat.

Adrian 'Pils' Thrills

JAH WOBBLE
PATRIK FITZGERALD

Brixton Ace

WOBBLE AND five companions arrived, took up their instruments and went straight into their first number without a word to the large, mixed audience, some with PiL emblazoned jackets, although the bearded majority were there to see Moving Hearts due to play later.

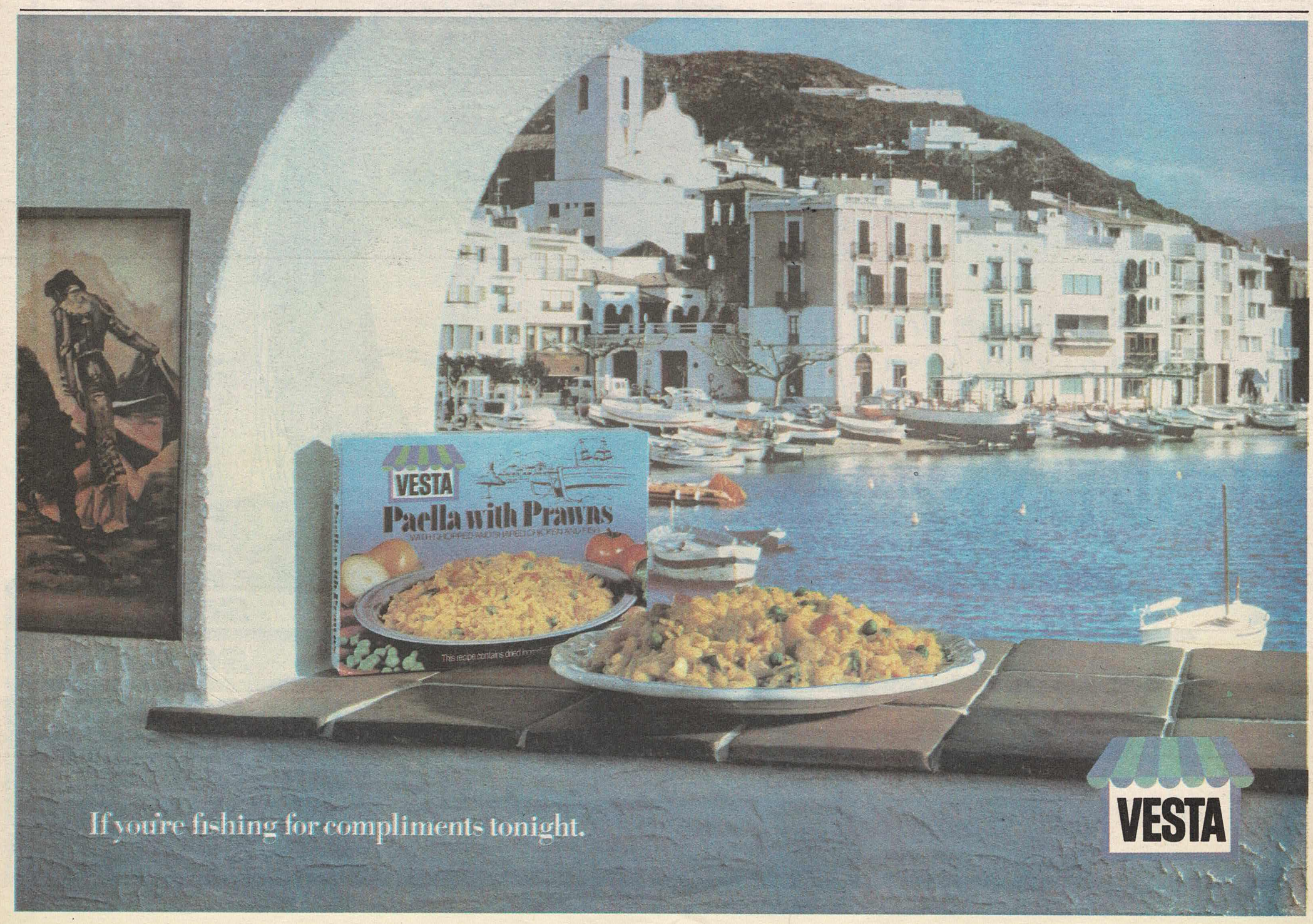
Wobble's characteristic bass over steady drums and full percussion was the only constant, with smooth keyboards, jagged guitar and a deliciously meandering trombone supplied by Annie Whitehead, added in splashes at random. The whole sound was loosely woven together, resulting in pleasurable, lazy and accessible music which caught and kept our attention.

Total vocal silence was maintained, but worked well as each number led to the next and any commentary would have seemed superfluous. Instead changes were preceded by an exchanged furtive glance or a slight shifting of weight.

Their last number 'Tribal' stood above the others, a mere triangle cutting the extra edge and combining unusually well with raw stabs of guitar. Forty minutes seemed more like ten, and with a bashful wave Wobble drew the band away.

As the gig was being televised for viewing in separate segments on Channel 4's *Whatever You Want,* an unbilled Patrik Fitzgerald appeared with his guitar to fill a 20 minute hole in the schedule. An unhappy man, to say the least, he pointed out, in tones of a suicidal Pete Shelley, that things are generally irreversibly dreadful, and in so doing tried the patience of an otherwise congenial audience to its limit.

Regine Moylett



A CERTAIN RATIO
52ND STREET

Brixton Ace

FACTORY'S BOUNCING jazz-funk package hits the streets of London: though feet remain cold and flat, the beat is Hot.

. . . Like 52nd Street! The sound is undoubtedly on the late '70s jazz line, but there is something a little different about them, something a little more compelling than other British purveyors of this beat. What is it? Context, concision, the warmth of their smiles and all the little things that spell love. Tonight they transformed the horribly produced mess of a debut single that is 'Look Into My Eyes' into an ecstatic spin, and rap the show up with the dazzling if uncharacteristic electrofunk of the new 12" 'Cool As Ice' — definitely worth a dance on the dub side . . .

. . . like A Certain Ratio! Whether it be in their LP titles or in their introverted showmanship, ACR are trying to rid themselves of an albatross; this albatross is their audience, and this audience . . . is no soul audience — perhaps the fact that they receive any pleasure at all from them is merely a prejudice. If ACR should be put in a category — and there is certainly no good reason for doing so — then it must surely be alongside the more perverse American soul-twisted New York electro-dubs like Man Parrish's brilliant 'Hip Hop Be Bop (Dont Stop)', Prince's funk-rock and even the spirit of Ze.

Even without the absent or departed Peter Terrell, and probably because of the presence of their new keyboard man, A Certain Ratio currently sound much more muscular and alive than they have ever done. Of the previous incarnations of their sickly skeleton of sound, only the period of their cover of Banberra's 'Shack Up' — which they revisited tonight as a kind of rough Tom Tom Club — comes close.

These days, Donald Johnstone appears to do most of the moving — almost soloing on the marvellous 'I Need Some Love Tonight' and a cover of the heavenly 'Dont You Worry 'Bout A Thing' — whilst the rest of the boys concentrate closely on getting the sound — be it Brazilian jazz or solid funk — right. Generally they do. If there is any missing part to the body of their music, it is that of a lead voice like 52nd Street's Beverley McDonald: not to reduce what constitutes their difference, but simply to focus.

As if it needs repeating, there is more to these two groups than meets your first impressions — seek them out . . .

Marcus Boon

THE TRUTH

Marquee

DENNIS GREAVES, the face in the forefront of the 'late' Nine Below Zero, has bounced back on stage with a new six-piece 2-Toned outfit. Whereas his previous incarnation contented itself with Sarf-East London R&B, complete with power-station harmonics, the new big beat combo aims for Motown and manages to cop quite a hefty dollop of wax from the murky passageways once explored by the terrible Q-Tips.

Since last September, The Truth have also rounded up a healthy wad of Mods, all ready to pledge allegiance to any suitable look or soundalike now that their secret affair with Woking's finest has come to a premature end. Is it pure coincidence that the two songwriters and singers, Greaves and Mick Lister, bear an uncanny resemblance to Weller and Foxton — a dinky fringe and bogbrush hairdo respectively? Or that our Paulie is putting up the money for their forthcoming demos? Questions will be asked.

No matter, The Truth come without the party political, something your 'real' Jam fan is probably delighted about. Now he or she can bob up and down singing at the top of their tiny lungs along to heart rendering anthems such as 'Me And My Girl', 'Love-A-Go-Go' and 'Nothing's Too Good For My Baby'. Good tunes, big beat, that's all they ever wanted anyway.

So when it comes to choosing between the bitterest pill or a beat surrender, The Truth stick firmly to the latter, keeping up the big smiles and the groovy times. But then, that's what sweet soul music is all about, right lads?

Simon F

A TALE OF SIMPLE FOLK

...WHEREIN THREE FRESH-FACED AMERICAN BOYS CONFUSE EVERYONE BY PLAYING WASH-BUCKETS AND PRETENDING TO BE WOMEN.

VIOLENT FEMMES

New York

NEITHER VIOLENT nor feminine, The Violent Femmes are that extraordinary thing, true originals. They have staked out uncharted territory.

The sound is unique. Lead singer Gordon Gano laughingly referred to one description (and to the loads of press attention the band's been getting) when he told the mobbed-to-the-gills Folk City, "yes, we are the semi-acoustic punk-folk band you've been reading about", but it's the only description that makes sense.

Gano plays acoustic or electric guitar, but rarely very loudly — the power is all in the dynamics. Brian Ritchie plays an amplified bass, and

Violent Femmes pic: Joe Stevens

Victor DeLorenzo stands up behind a very minimal drum set-up of one snare, one cymbal, and something he calls a tranceaphone, a kind of metal wash-bucket on legs.

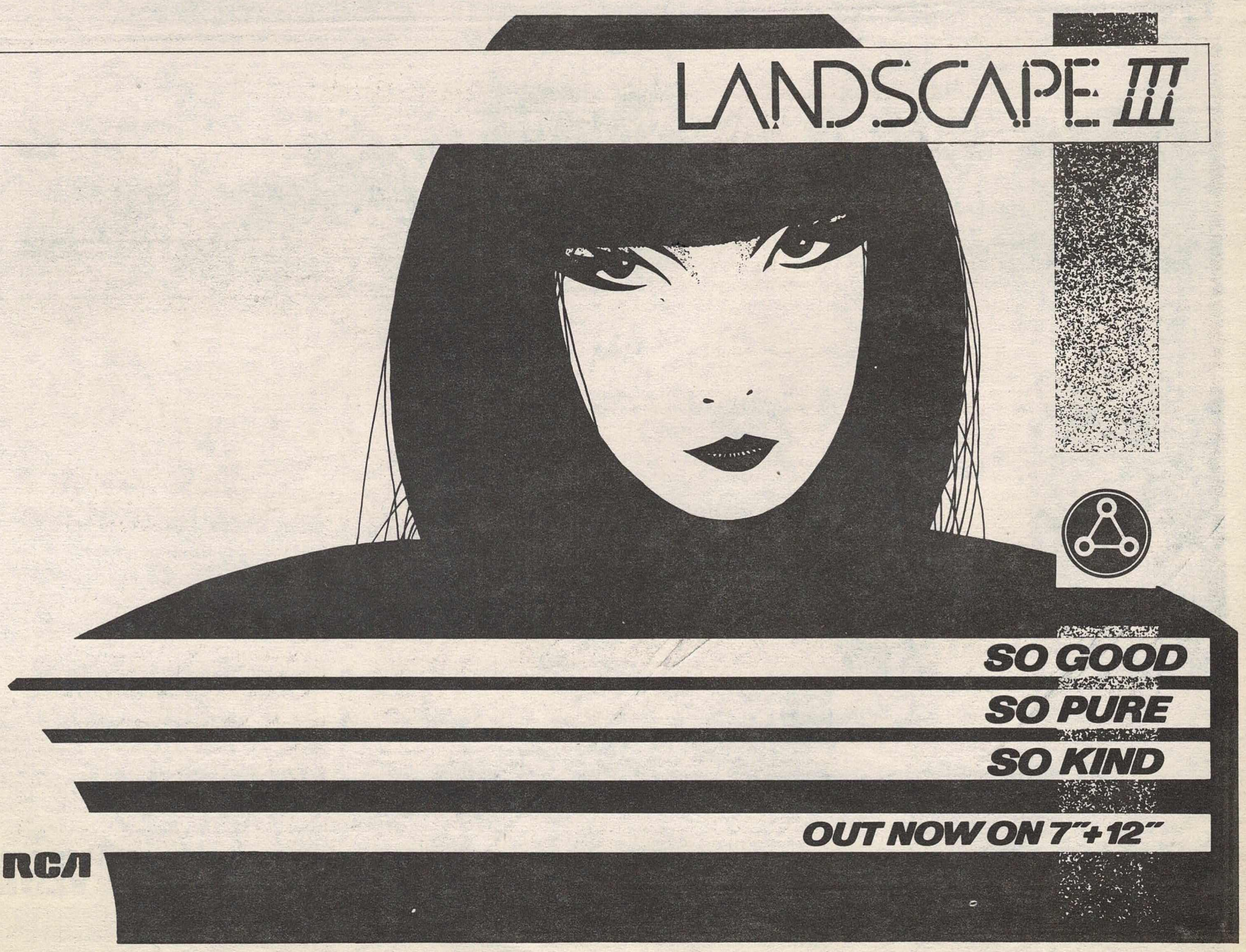
Out of these spare elements the Femmes make a sound that is as full of nuance as you could hope, a gentle sound laced with tantalizing suggestions of tension. They give these instruments new kinds of arrangements and uses.

They are fresh-faced American boys, with an edge of naughtiness that makes them interesting rather than wimpy. Gano is especially appealing, a knowing face with a touch of the cynic and a poet's heart that shows. And though they are great showmen, they are not caught in the trappings of presentation. Probably only a place like Milwaukee, where they come from, well out of the music industry rat race, could have produced a group this unselfconscious.

Their lyrics are very clever, but never merely so — they are always framed by that sense of personality. Most of the songs are love lyrics, complaints of high school horniness that are refreshing and funny, or serious takes on the perspectives of growing up that are tender and touching. They are not afraid of sounding awkward and confused.

A band this intelligent is more likely to inspire a loyal cult than a mass audience. Too bad. As long as the world is taking stuff as minimal as Stray Cats to heart, The Violent Femmes should have a chance. Not only are they much more innovative but also, for me at least, much more entertaining.

Richard Grabel



TEMPLE

FROM PAGE 25

No one's applied the scalpel to Britain during the past 20 years. Nobody's been tough enough with looking in the mirror. It isn't particularly pleasant really, but it has to be done.

Lindsey Anderson's *Britannia Hospital* tried to tackle the whole thing (and failed).

I think it did, but I haven't seen it. It's a funny thing, but often you don't have to see things to know what they're like. I didn't go and see *The Wall* either — I'd never go see *The Wall!* — but I'll talk about it, slag it off! It is to do with the way people are made to perceive reality as a fixed thing.

One thing films can do — I don't think they can preach much — they can emotionally kick you around, but they can also plant this idea of breaking down that one approach to reality. They can plant things in the back of your head which do change your perception over a period of time.

I think one of the more interesting aspects about *Rock And Roll Swindle* was the way it tried to confuse the media reality with a fictional reality. We were trying to make the things that were true appear untrue, and things that were false we were trying to make appear true, leaving people to sort it out for themselves.

What I'm keen on doing with this *Arena* programme *It's All True* works on a similar mechanism. It's about asking people the kind of reality they're digesting everyday and then throwing it up. Ha ha.

How is it structured to achieve this?

Two old men, rather like the characters in *Waiting For Godot,* are stuck inside these TV monitors, which are placed in a rather harsh, desolate set, based on the kind of environments that are used to advertise video. In other words, a '70s idea of high tech.

They're in the middle of this bare room in front of a monumental tower of video monitors, a sort of tower of babel of video. The bank of videos is actually a map of the world, which they have control over. Windows are open to Tokyo, or Monte*video* or Moscow . . .

The programme really consists of them trying to come to terms with the process of being forced to think with their eyes. Through them we're trying to investigate all the bizarre ways videos are being used to reinforce certain kinds of reality.

It was filmed in Japan and America and features a lot of these crazy media figures like Mel Brooks and Koo Stark. It shows the video judges in Florida, who sentence TV sets in the dock while the prisoners are still locked in jail. And, in Japan, inside love hotels where you go and fuck in a room after which you leave with a cassette souvenir of it. Things like video graveyards, where you leave your loved ones a memento of your life on tape . . .

Come on!

It's all true! Anyway the two old men go through this very bizarre, senile voyage through the implications of video, while all the time things go wrong and a strange repairman figure keeps cropping up to put things like the horizontal hold slipping right. Gradually, they realise the repairman is more sinister than they thought . . . that he's gradually synthesising them, the way someone might synthesise two sounds. It is like a big riddle and hopefully you'll need to see it more than once to understand it.

In other words, people will have to video it.

WHILE TALKING about illusions, what happened with *Mandrake The Magician?*

I think there's a cautionary tale involved with *Mandrake,* because unless a miracle happens it doesn't look like I'll be doing it anymore. I and a writer friend of mine were brought in after the first draft was written, took the project and really changed it, making it into something really wonderful and in the process something very expensive. It finally got to Hollywood and now they're wondering whether I'm experienced enough to do it. It's very frightening that you can spend some 18 months totally committed to something, staying up nights dreaming about it, and then they can just take it away . . .

Wasn't *Mandrake* a strange choice for you?

People were a bit surprised that I would take on an American comic strip, like *Mandrake The Magician,* the forerunner of the superhero-type cartoons, from the early '30s.

It was based around this conjuror, relating back to the 19th century illusionist tradition . . . that's why *Mandrake* was such a strong subject for me, because in the beginning cinema was to do with magicians. They were the first people to use films. The early films of people like Melies (French illusionist/filmmaker circa 1900) always used conjuror's tricks.

Mandrake didn't have super powers, but he had the power of hypnosis. He could make people see anything he wanted. He would extrapolate their fears and embarrassments from their own heads and make it real to them, thereby rendering them helpless.

It really gives you a fantastic inroad into dissecting reality. You could tell a story within a scene from five different characters' point of view, bringing it back to the kind of concern I'm involved in in *It's All True,* testing one person's reality against another person's version . . .

All this talking about it is making me sad . . .

So in reality you wrote yourself out of it? Do you have any longterm projects in mind?

I'd like very much to do a film about Burgess and McLean, to look at that period of history. I love history. I adore trying to understand how things happen. It makes sense of everything to me, when you begin to understand the shape of things. I think you need to understand that to make films as well . . .

Anything more concrete in the interim?

In the Summer I'll be filming Colin MacInnes' *Absolute Beginners.* I like it because it really does fit in with the whole notion of *Teenage.* It was written right at the beginning of the teenager with immense understanding and incredible prescience. It has both a strong perspective on what was happening then, and what has happened since. It really sums it all up. It is *the* book about London.

It is set in '58 and ends with the Notting Hill riots of that year. Again, it is analysing Englishness, growing up and coming to terms with being English, the absence of those elements in French or Italian culture that causes the strange outgrowth in England which is what happened over the past 25 years.

Like any event it is a historically prescribed thing. Something that is there because of a certain time and the certain forces that create it. And then it goes. There is no reason to think it will go on forever. It is a very blinkered view to think there will always be a teenager. I'll film it from that perspective.

You want it to actually put an end to teenagerdom?

It will help with that. Teenager is nothing more than a form of control now.

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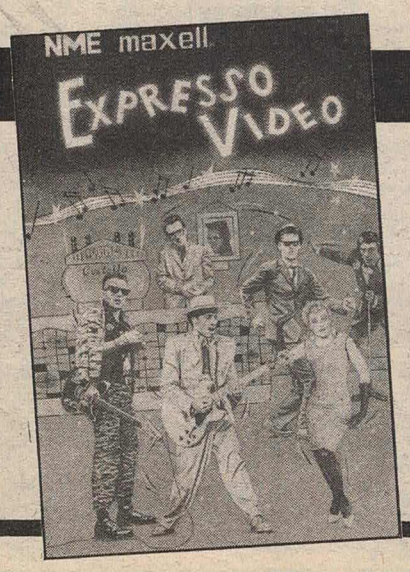

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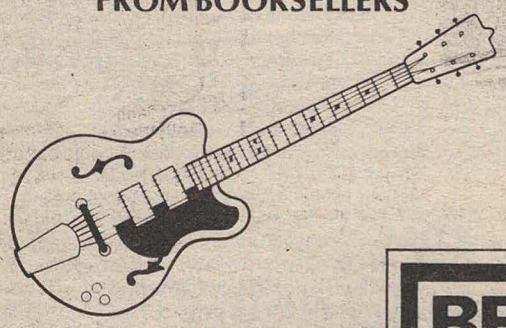

BBC PUBLICATIONS

It'll bring tears to your hi-fi's...

All over the country it's a worrying time for the everyday hi-fi system. The influential Practical Hi-Fi is publishing this month a first ever review of compact disc players with Sony's CDP101 and Philips CD100 players put to the test. Is the promise of improved sound quality really enough? What are the other advantages? Is it the end of the road for the hi-fi system as we know it? The results are very revealing.

Also in this issue

* Those amazing loudspeakers from Marantz.
* 3 pairs of Wharfdale Speakers to be won.
* System building—£200 amplifiers get a fair hearing.

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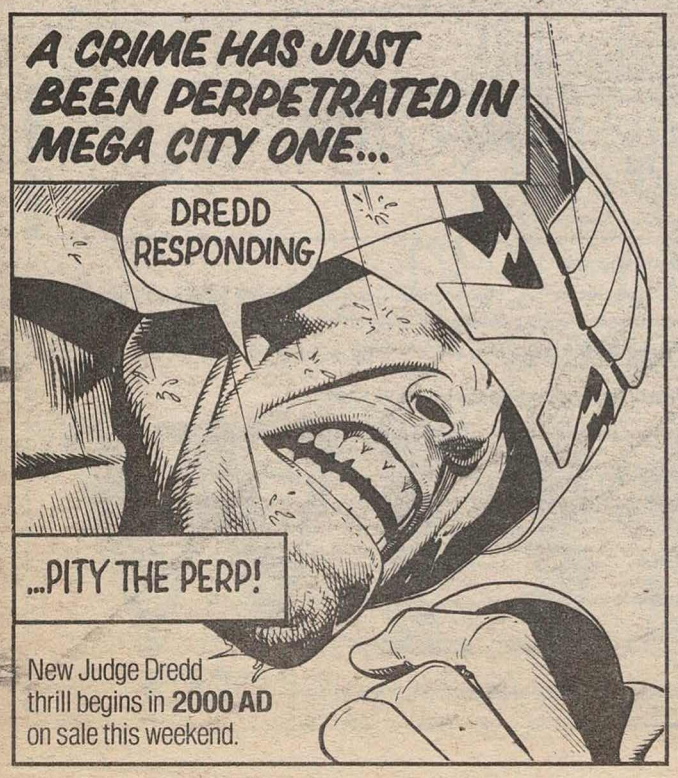


New Judge Dredd thrill begins in **2000 AD** on sale this weekend.

I Owen Isaac (right) and I Frank Davies

The I & I Club

"WOMAN A go through great tribulation," says Owen Isaacs. "If her man doesn't help the woman, no one else a go help her in this time."

Such is the reasoning which inspires Owen together with Frank Davies to duet their debut recording '(Woman Have) Heavy Load' — "based on a Jamaican folk song from a longer time," he concurs — released on Larry Lawrence's Exclusive label to the conclusion of a sell out first pressing.

Long celebrated in the runnings as a promoter of the I&I Club dances featuring sounds such as Jah Tubby, Small Axe, Shaka, Coxsone and Ray Symbolic at venues like Cubies and the east London Stratford Municipal Hall, Isaacs ventures into recording following a lengthy apprenticeship as a singer on sound system slates.

"Me in this business a long while," he says. "Born and grow in Waterhouse in Jamaica. And right now me feel this a my time."

Recorded at Easy Street in Bethnal Green and produced by Black Slate drummer Desmond Mahoney, 'Heavy Load' is just one of a number of titles from the session, with another 'Three Little Mice' already scheduled for issue next month. Also in the pipeline is 'I Shall Have A Grand Time', 'The Judge' and 'Heaven And Earth.

Musicianship on the material, in addition to Des's drumming and production, was also provided by Ras Elroy (bass and keyboards), Horace Burke (organ), Chris Amoo (guitar), with harmony vocals from Sister Adelaide. As well as Owen and Frank's own recordings, they also have a solo tune by Sister Adelaide entitled 'Rasta Woman' for forthcoming issue.

"Enough tune we have. 'Cause right now in a few weeks I a go a yard and finish them off. In my own area of Waterhouse. At King Tubby's."

And in the meantime coaches his own musical youth Nashan aged five on guitar and Tafari aged four on drums, together with one Shana on organ for a prospective career in the field...

Penny Reel

St Albans stepper

EVERY Friday night — all night — at the St Albans International Club, Brickett Road, off Victoria Street, St Albans, Herts in tune to **Small Axe** from Brixton + guest sounds. Refreshments. Admission: £2.

MIDNIGHT ROCK

A BATCH of new discomixes produced by DJ **Jah Thomas** and issued on his Midnight Rock label include two titles from **Anthony Johnson,** who follows up his reggae chart topping 'Gun Shot' for the producer with 'Mystic Woman' c/w Jah Thomas, 'Dance Hall Connection' (MR 009) and 'Take You To The Show' c/w Jah Thomas & **Toyan,** 'One Combination' (MR 013); plus **Little John,** 'All Who Gone' and **Lee Van Cliff,** 'Ganger Pipe Alight' c/w Jah Thomas, 'Jah Thomas Chalice' (MR 008); **Bunny Lie Lie,** 'Keep On Dancing' and Jah Thomas, 'Style And Fashion' c/w **Dean Fraser,** 'Dance Beat' (MR 010); and a sole Jah Thomas toast, 'Hail Lyrics For Sale' (MR 012).

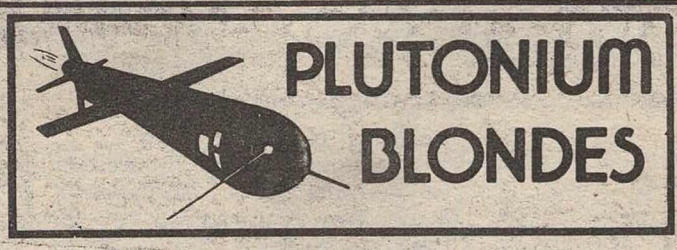
OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing from a semi-frequency — the flower that smiles today tomorrow dies ...finally out on street is Dennis Brown's incitement to 'Revolution'. Issued on 7" pre-release via Sly and Robbie's Taxi label, the song bears distinct variation on the tune current as a sound system slate these months past... **all that we wish to stay tempts and then flies**...new toast up on pre include two Welton Irie skanks, riding the 'Please Doctor' rhythm on Carlton Patterson's Black & White label for 'Come Nurse', and on Jungo Lawes's Volcano label with 'Out A Hand'. Also pressed on Volcano is 'Let Go Mi Hand' from DJ Josie Whale... **what is this world's delight?**...other pre determines a synthesiser instrumental on the "Queen Of The Minstrels' theme from Augustus Pablo entitled 'King Of The Minstrels' (Rockers Int); Sugar Minott with 'Palavin Spree' (Thunder Bolt); and on Gorgon Faith D'Aguliar singing the praises of 'Reggae Pioneers' Bob Marley, Toots and Maytals, and others... **lightning, that mocks the night**... a trio of new 10" plate over on Jah Life import: Barrington Levy, 'Teach Me Culture'; Johnny Stray and Nevada Joe, 'Heroes Connection'; and Jesse James, 'Obeah Me'... **brief even as bright**.... release 10" include Sugar Minott, 'Heartbreaker' c/w Lee Van Cliff, 'Up To Date' (Black Roots); and Babette Christian backed by The Universal Rockers Band, 'Questions' c/w 'In Every Glance' (Jeneive's)...

★ ★ ★

VIRTUE, HOW FRAIL IT IS!... at the Regal Rooms, Sterling Way, Edmonton, N18 this Friday — from 7pm to 1 — dancing and romancing to The Seven Warriors in unity with Sir Ducer... **friendship, how rare!**... live onstage at Chats Palace in Homerton, E5 on Friday presenting Floyd Lloyd, Red Cloud and Amazulu. Tickets £2 or £1 UB40 retainees... **love, how it sells poor bliss for proud despair**... and at the Laker Hotel, Redstone Hill, Redhill, Surrey this Friday — 8 to 11pm — Bristol stompers Black Roots onstage with sounds by Rebel Outernational... **but these, though soon they fall**... on Saturday at Clissold Park Youth Centre, Clissold Road, Stoke Newington, N16 — 7pm till late — in tune to the sounds of Jah Whitey + Styler. Adm: £1 ... **survive their joy, and all**... all-night red hot session also on Saturday at Corner Shot, 77 Plashet Road, Plaistow, E13 with King Josiah sound and starring direct from Jamaica, Ranking Joe with Jah Screw the cool selector and operator, plus DJs like Papa Joe, Shaolin Monk and Frankie D... **which ours we call**... and for two evenings this Saturday and Sunday at 8pm dub ranting and reggae raving with Benjamin Zephaniah and Victor Romero Evans live from the Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Square, Stratford, E15. Box-office: 01-534 0310...

★ ★ ★

WHILST SKIES ARE BLUE AND BRIGHT ... cult DJ Brigadier Jerry emerges on an LP issued in France on the Dance Hall Stylee label and entitled 'Live At The Controls At Jack Ruby Sound Ocho Rios JA' (DHS 001). The set invigorates chat from Briggie to versions of D Brown's 'World Is Troubled', 'To The Foundation', 'Have You Ever' plus Sammy Dread and Michael Prophet tunes... **whilst flowers are gay**... similarly on Gorgon pre is a various DJs set featuring Peter Metro, squiddle Ranking, Burro, Little John, Black Kuru, John Wayne, Carrott, Toyan, Thriller and Dicky Ranking toasting Lee Unlimited sound for 'Bibow Posse Live Inna Dance Hall Style'... **whilst eyes that change ere night make glad the day**... on the Greensleeves label, meanwhile, is the second volume of the 'DJ Clash' (GRED 50) series, with Billy Boyo and Little Harry sharing the honours... **whilst yet the calm hours creep, dream thou**... new on Greensleeves discomix is Fathead, 'It's Me' c/w 'Wha Dat' (GRED 108) and Linval Thompson, 'All Night Long' c/w 'Baby Father' (GRED 112)... **and from thy sleep then wake to weep...** this STATION in attendance at Ranking Dread's ram up all-nighter along the Hackney line last weekend taking in sounds of Unity Hi-Fi. Among many guests sighted were Bunny Lee, Jah Thomas, Ranking Joe, Johnny Clarke, Gene Rondo, Jah Bones, Winston Fergus, Keithroy Drummond, Owen Isaac, Sonny and Jackal, Pebbles, Instigators and highlight of the night was mike mc Dread toasting a Studio 1 selection with Johnny Osbourne's 'Water More Than Flour' and Freddie McGregor's 'Boby Babylon' garnering terrific crowd reception. People are still queuing in the snow for entrance when this STATION finally leaves around 6am... **One Love...**



Thou shalt not kill. . .FIRST!

● The Church of England has just played out its deliberations over how to frame its anti-nuclear stance in front of the largest audience ever drawn to a meeting of the General Synod — including over half a hundred members of the press and a half-dozen camera crews.

At the heart of the heated debate was *The Church And The Bomb*, that 180 page working party report commissioned by the Synod's Board Of Social Responsibility. In the end, the 550-clergymen assembled at London's Church House, Westminster, went with a repudiation of NATO policy put forward by the Right Reverend Hugh Montefiore (due in March to take over the Board Of Social Responsibility himself). Rev Montefoire, Bishop of Birmingham, had proposed a universal ban on the "first use" of *any* nuclear weapons as "a position of moral opposition".

The vote which carried his measure was 275-222, and passed only after five hours of debate — much of it over rather more radical measures, including possible Church backing for unilateral disarmament. Dr Stuart Blach, Archbishop of York, spoke on the clergy's responsibility "to enable mankind to deal with the fear, as well as the threat" that nuclear weapons had already engendered.

The successful Bishop Montefiore told the press that he hoped adoption of his resolution by the Synod would spell the way to "giving a new direction to the already healthy peace movement" of Britain.

● Far less concerned about the feelings of his fellow countrymen and women is Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine, who dashed off a letter thanking the Thames Valley Police for the 'protection' they afforded him against anti-nuclear demonstrators from Greenham Common who ruffled his feathers outside Berkshire US Air Force base last week.

Heseltine continues to reject the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament's challenges to debate the nuclear policy of the country in public, preferring flat statements concerning (surprise) Britain's 'need' for 'nuclear deterrence' and the government's commitment to Trident and Cruise. The Defence Minister contends that nuclear weapons such as Cruise are not "being foisted on reluctant Europeans... if anything it was the Europeans who originally pressed for them".

He last week cited the Labour as well as Tory governments as having endorsed NATO's "determination" to deploy the Cruise missile.

As for recent proposals from Labour and the SDP that Britain might 'at least' retain direct physical control over any American weaponry based here, Heseltine reiterated his government's position: that the uses of American bases in the UK might be a matter for 'joint consultation', but that it did not necessarily mean it was one for 'joint decision'.

● So far, 59 of the Greenham Common women who demonstrated against Heseltine two Mondays back at Newbury in Berkshire have been served with High Court writs designed to seek their eviction from the peace camp premises. Similarly, nine members of a similar camp at Upper Heyford in Oxfordshire are on bail after an arrest for 'breach of the peace' last week. Any donations towards the costs of *their* upcoming case may be sent to Upper Heyford Peace Camp, Outside USAF Upper Heyford, Camp Road, Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire OX5 3LP.

● And the public enquiry into the Sizewell PWR continues to roll rockily along. A week ago this Tuesday, official objectors Friends Of The Earth called for an adjournment of the safety hearings. They cited numerous reasons — one of which was that although the Nuclear Installation Inspectorate had promised to complete its safety review of the reactor before the enquiry began, it later announced it would be making 'no comment' on safety 'for the enquiry'.

Inspector Sir Frank Ladyfield told FoE's Energy Campaigners that he would rule on their appeal for an adjournment come March 15. "We probably won't get one," a spokesperson for FoE's Sizewell contingent told *NME*. "Because logistically and practically it would be impossible for them to give it to us — but this has put a lot of pressure on the Inspectorate to at least come up with more evidence. Originally we submitted 410 questions about the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate's very *slim* review of the safety case."

"Everybody, including Sir Frank, has been shocked at the woefully thin nature of the slim little case they've presented," continued FoE's fighter.

CYNTHIA ROSE

don't touch that D·I·A·L

BY TONY BACON

Tuning in for under a ton

A LINE-UP of four cassette-radios all selling around the £100 mark compete for space in this week's Dial, and certainly this must be one of the most crowded areas of audio. Gadgets, LEDs and switches are chucked with glee on to fascias, doubtless accompanied by the intention of giving Product X the edge over Product Y. But often these toys seem to be there to divert the attention away from the basic requirements: a good sounding, easy to use, all-in package of stereo radio and cassette.

Our four cassette-radios fall easily into two types. Two are mini-systems, each measuring roughly 17in W × 6in H × 3in D— the Hitachi TRK6601L (priced at around £120) and the Sanyo M7750LG (bang on our £100 target). The other two are larger, conventionally shaped cassette-radios — though not quite in the shoulder-shelf league (each measures about 19in W × 10in H × 5in D). They are the JVC RC656LB (selling for around £120), and the Toshiba RT170S (just the cheapest of the four at about £90).

First, a look and listen to the minis. They're visually very similar on first glance, although I find the Sanyo a little more pleasant, lacking the Hitachi's black trim and opting for silver or silvery-grey throughout. The layout of both is very similar too, as you'd expect in the rather limited space, the main difference being the Sanyo's front-mounted tuning indicator and rear positioned band selector (long wave, medium wave, FM, and short wave). The Hitachi's tuner is on top, angled toward the front (and, to some advantage, slightly longer), and the band selector (no short wave) is also on top.

The Sanyo's gimmick is its so-called Automatic Music Select System, thankfully shortened to AMSS and thereby sounding suitably mysterious and pseudo-technical. Actually, it's quite a useful circuit which can detect spaces of four seconds or more between tracks on cassette playback, allowing the user by a series of pushbuttons to select particular tracks on pre-recorded tapes. Drawbacks are that you have to know the order of tracks (not necessarily so on home-made tapes) and the space *must* be four seconds or longer. Things like speech and low level breaks, let alone Cabaret Voltaire, can also send AMSS into a CNFS (complete non-function situation) Otherwise it's a canny bonus.

Power for the Sanyo comes via a 9V 'pin' adaptor or six 'C' size batteries; for the Hitachi via a supplied mains adaptor or six 'C' size batteries.

The Hitachi boasts no gimmicks, which one would imagine is to its advantage as money is more likely to have been spent getting the sound right. But for cassette playback I prefer the Sanyo's slightly warmer racket, rather less obviously coming from a small un-dynamic enclosure, I feel. The Hitachi has a two-way tape switch, rather confusingly marked Normal or Metal (whither chrome?), while the Sanyo has a three-position metal/chrome/normal selector. Not that we're going to be too fussy about tape in such a machine.

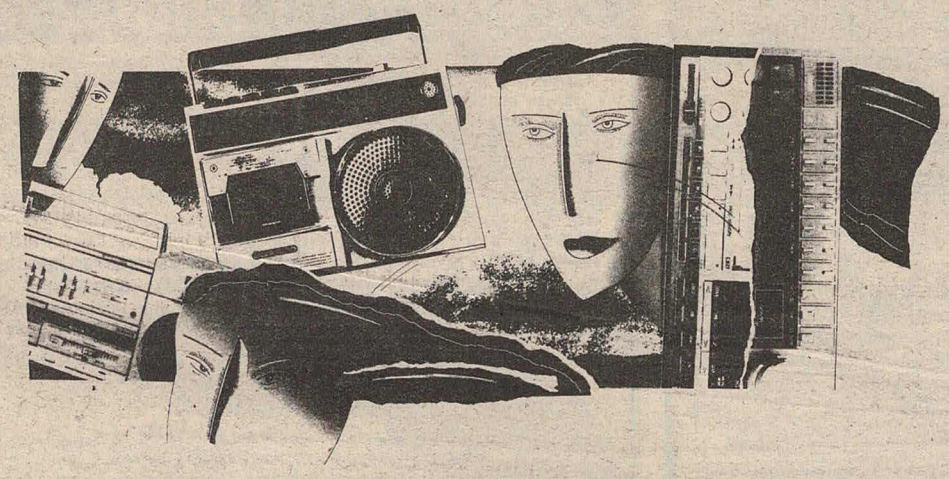


Illustration: Catherine Denvir

Using a basic but very able Maxell UL cassette and recording direct from the radio of each, the Sanyo's performance was very commendable, giving back a crisp and punchy reproduction. Handy for recording radio is the Sanyo's mute button, so that you can render the airwaves DJ-less at a stroke. Unfortunately its effect is though just as bad on the Hitachi, while a TDK MAR metal seemed a little overpowering in the Sanyo.

Tuning the radio has advantages and disadvantages on both: the Sanyo has twin aerials, the Hitachi one, though this difference seemed to make no change in the reception quality of the two. The 'on-station' LED is, helpfully, actually *on* the tuning marker on the Sanyo, while the Hitachi's wider scan is helpful when picking out bunched-up stations.

And so to the larger two cassette-radios tested. Visually they're rather more different than the minis are — the Toshiba slightly taller with everything on the front; the JVC squatter with tuning indicator on the front and almost everything else on top.

The JVC is gimmickless, and in this case it does seem to mean that they have concentrated more on necessities. The Toshiba's gimmick is 'auto-reverse', with which you can save yourself all the trouble of turning the tape over at the end of a side, on both playback and recording. You can also change to the other side during a side. The only negative point I could see to the operation of auto-reverse is that you do lose a few seconds recording at each end as the leader-tape runs through, though no more or less than you would when scrabbling to turn a tape over anyway. A fairly useful thing then, but hardly crucial, and it makes a tape counter impossible.

The Hitachi's self-recording performance was disappointing, with something going wrong somewhere, giving back a thin, right-channel-biased replay sound. Moving up to a Maxell XLIIS chrome tape was an improvement for the Sanyo,

Both the JVC and the Toshiba are powered by eight 'D' size batteries or a supplied mains adaptor, though the JVC will alternatively accept a 9V 'pin' adaptor.

Pre-recorded cassette playback sound of the JVC was at a distinct advantage with the benefit of Dolby-B (the only one of the four to have noise reduction), and a tape eq selector for normal/chrome. The Toshiba has neither, and while its playback quality was certainly decent it couldn't match that of the JVC, with modification only available through a single tone knob as opposed to JVC's separate bass and treble.

Trying out the internal radio-to-cassette recording was limited to Maxell UL with the Toshiba because of the lack of tape-switching — one assumes from this that it only accepts normal cassettes of 120 bias. I found that the Toshiba's ergonomic advantage with cassettes, however, is that you put a cassette in right-way-up (the only one of the four), which I find a less confusing operation. Who doesn't? Compared un-Dolbied, and because of the JVC's shared Dolby/automatic-record switch in automatic recording mode, the Toshiba may just have the edge. With the JVC's exclusive Dolby and manual-record set, however, the JVC is, as you'd expect, much better, and the chrome XLIIS was sweeter still.

Both the JVC and the Toshiba have all four radio bands, and their scan is about the same size. The JVC has twin aerials, the Toshiba one, but again this didn't seem to make too much difference to reception.

If I had to choose one of the four cassette-radios tested I'd opt for the JVC, both for quality and ease of use. But if space is at a premium or you need something light, then you certainly should cock an ear (preferably two) to the impressive little Sanyo. Well then, that only leaves about 50 cassette-radios to check out . . .

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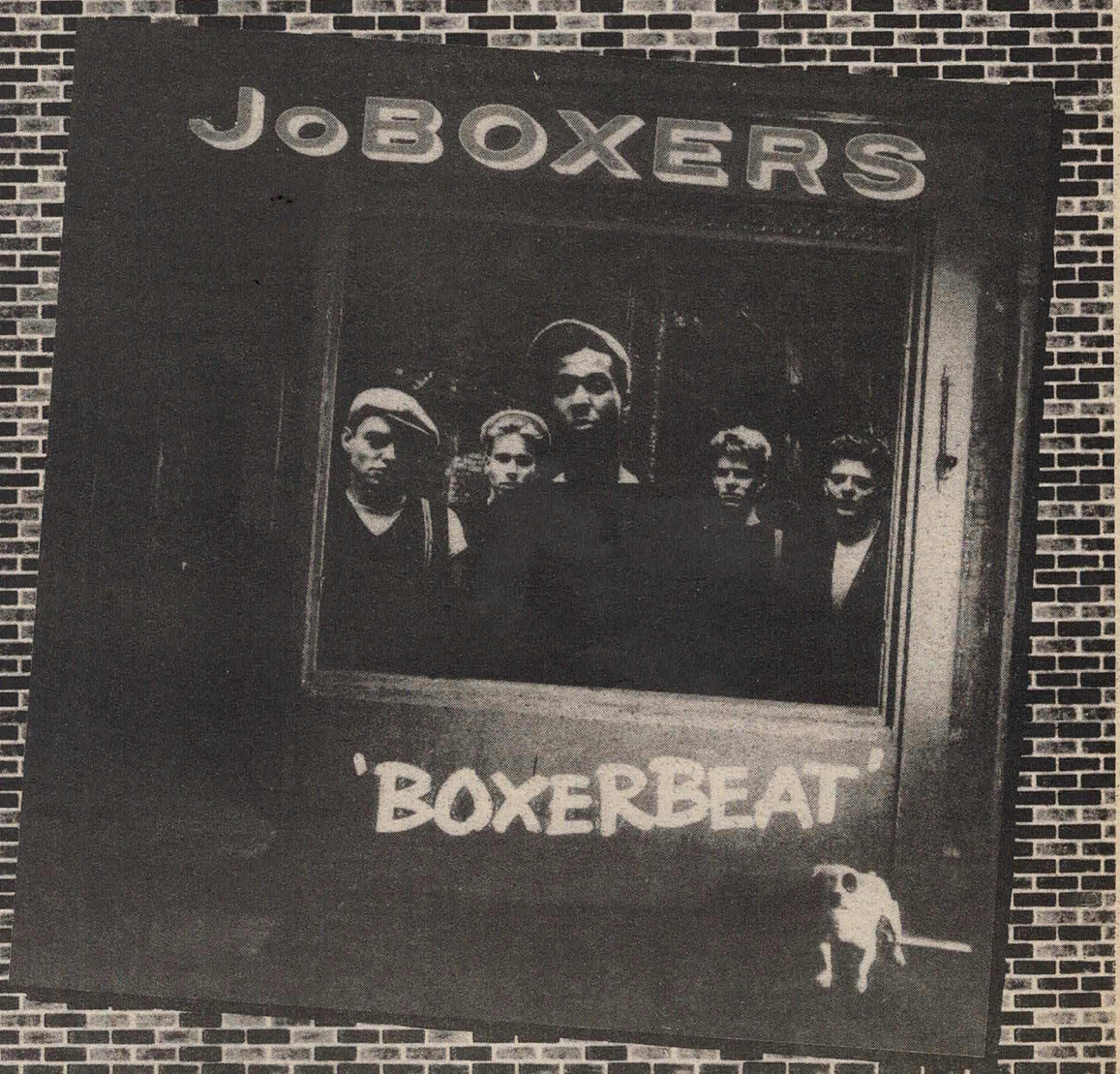

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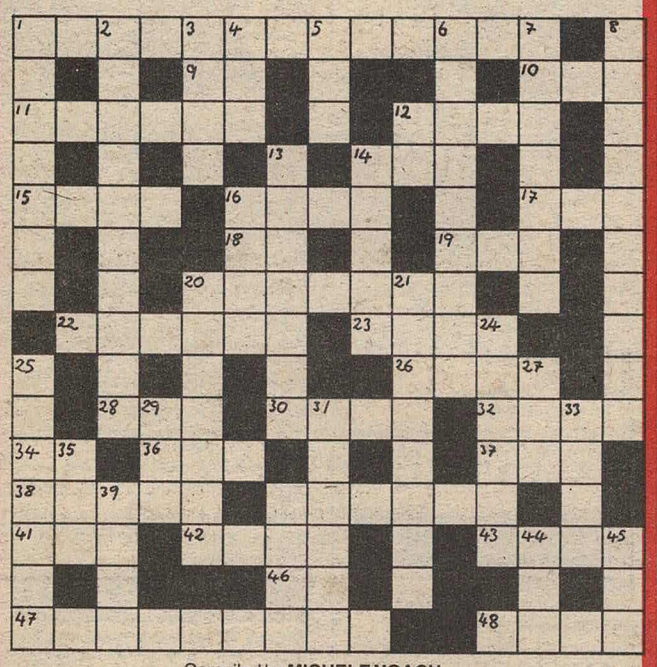

Compiled by **MICHELE NOACH**

CLUES ACROSS

1. And what does Gypsy Lee foresee for these killjoys? To the reaper? (1,3,7)
9. Coming somewhere between the usual Australian business. (2)
10. *"---watha didn't bother too much about Minnie Ha-ha..."*, Sweet song. (3)
11. +**20A.** A type of life observed by Talking Heads. (6,7)
12. The ones who broke down with you. (4)
14. One dreads to think what this band got their degree in. (3)
15. Insects that no longer crawl up and down the charts. (4)
16. His address is c/o The Hill. (4)
17. Rip Rig person, A.K.A Barnacle Head. (3)
18. Half of someone Bowie once teamed up with and a third of a Bow Wow Wow character. (2)
19. French Culture lesson 57. Name de plume. (3)
20. See 11 Across.
22. As in recordings or radio stations, capt'n. (6)
23. Ever laid nine dolphins? (4)
26. The Clash fall from grace under pressure. (4)
28. "---on it", Fonz instructions. (3)
30. He was once with The Belmonts and also ran after Sue. (4)
32. To ban, prohibit. (4)
34. Don and Phil duo, initials only. (1,1)
36. And from a different album T.Heads also viewed this country. (3)
37. Here comes the warm maestro. (3)
38. Polish-ish geezer wot made *Rosemary's Baby*. (5)
40. Talking of celluloid, it really seems as if Bowie is doomed to be anorexic. (6)
41. Recently publicised part of the tiger. (3)
42. Matlock in the valley. (4)
43. Tracey Getz his. (4)
46. Initials of someone who created something new under the sun. (1,1)
47. The orange tube do a cover of an old cover of a cover version. (6,3)
48. See 21 Down.

CLUES DOWN

1. Hide on a clue by Mac. (2,5)
2. Those weaving sweet dreams. (10)
3. The part that deals out chance and fate, re:T.G and the Stones. (4)
4. Punk funk from Bronx family, little gems. (1,1,1)
5. London college venue. (1,1,1)
6. Deaf aids for Pigbag. (4,2,3)
7. Shapes they can cope with, but that's about it. (7)
8. What a shy baby kangaroo might say to another. (10)
12. What a Night for The Four Seasons! (2)
13. This rude ole character has donned a new mask having grown up. (3,4)
14. What corpses wouldn't be seen dead in (more celluloid . . .). (5)
16. Exciting landscape from Bauhaus. (4)
20. Fun Boy Three grow impatient. (7)
21. +**48A.** Marvin's identitracks album. (8,4)
24. Whose rock on Feb 14? (6)
25. Section of the USA under the Fall's eye. (7)
27. The sort of man Ian is (was?) (3)
29. Those keeping watch on ITV and C4. (1,1,1)
31. Aged Sore Throat single b/w 'Complex'. Now they know. (1,5)
33. Pearl Harbour film on a triple rota? (4)
35. Prefix for wild-eyed George to ensure we get the gender right. (3)
39. The thaw sets in for the Banshees. (4)
40. Goes with peaches, urgh . . . (4)
44. How many of us on 'Let It Be'. (3)
45. It may be last, but there's no more escaping this clue. (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Too Rye Ay, 5 Jake Burns, 11 Elton John, 12 Mud, 13 + 43A Ticket To Ride, 14 Train, 15 USA, 16 Dickies, 18 + 21A Rat Scabies, 19 Hai, 20 She, 21 (see 18A), 23 Monkees, 25 Fall, 27 Loveman, 30 Eton, 31 Harmony In My Head, 33 Grip, 35 Bread, 36 Opus, 39 Wu, 40 UK Subs, 42 Women, 43 (see 13A), 44 Simon And Garfunkel.

DOWN: 1 The Story Of The Blues, 2 Outcasts, 3 Yin And Yan, 4 Atomic, 6 Adicts, 7 Best Friend, 8 Rumours, 9 Sad Café, 10 Ant, 17 It's Been So Long, 19 Hymn, 22 I Got You, 24 Ego, 26 Lurkers, 28 Bond, 29 Ben, 30 Edge, 32 + 34D You Wear It Well, 37 Asia, 38 I Ran, 41 UFO.

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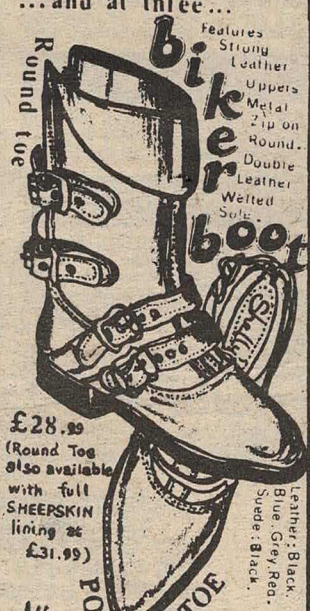

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MUSICAL SERVICES

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Sample absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

CASSETTE COPYING, Fast, Impressive, friendly service — Anarres. 01-251 6830.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St Albans Avenue, London W4.

SCORES, ORCHESTRAL parts: single and double staves: Brady, 01-761 0428.

RECORD FAIRS

BRIGHTON RECORDS fair. Sunday 27th February. Brighton Centre. 1pm-5pm. Admission 50p (11am-1pm — £1.50). Everything for the Record Collector.

BRISTOL — SATURDAY February 19th — Central Methodist Hall, Old Market. 11am — 5pm. Admission 40p.

COVENTRY — SATURDAY, February 26th — Central Hall, Warwick Lane, Coventry, 11a.m.-5p.m. Admission 40p.

SALISBURY RECORD fair. St. Edmunds Arts Centre, Bedwin Street, Saturday 19th February 11-12am. £1. 12-4 pm 30p. Enquiries 0734 481671.

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

In the High Court of Justice
QUEENS BENCH DIVISION
Nottingham District Registry
Before Mr. District Registrar A. A. Hibbert
No. 1981 R. 1732

BETWEEN:
RETFORD PORTERHOUSES LIMITED *Plaintiffs*
v
CHRISTOPHER MILLER, RAY BURNS, PAUL GRAY AND DAVID VANIAN carrying on business together as THE DAMNED *Defendants*

ORDER FOR SUBSTITUTED SERVICE

UPON READING the Affidavits of Leslie Robert House, John Cranstoun and Nicola Jane Wood

IT IS ORDERED that service of a copy of this Order and a copy of the Statement of Claim in this action by advertising the same in the New Musical Express shall be good and sufficient service of the Statement of Claim.

Dated this 25th January 1983.

Registrars *A.A. Hibbert, G.A. Hotter, C.E. Lavender, C. Enzer*

In the High Court of Justice
QUEENS BENCH DIVISION
Nottingham District Registry
Plaint No. 1981 R 1732

BETWEEN:
RETFORD PORTERHOUSES LIMITED *Plaintiffs*
and
CHRISTOPHER MILLER, RAY BURNS, PAUL GRAY AND DAVID VANIAN carrying on business as THE DAMNED *Defendants*

STATEMENT OF CLAIM

1. At all material times the Plaintiffs were owners and operators of a Nightclub known as the Porterhouse Nightclub in East Retford Nottinghamshire, which said club was licensed for the sale of alcoholic drinks and for music.
2. At all material times the Defendants were members of a popular music group called "the Damned" and were managed by their servant or agent, John Miller.
3. By an agreement dated the 2nd day of November 1981 and signed on behalf of the Defendants and upon their authority by the said Manager, John Miller, the Defendants undertook to perform at the said club on the 11th day of November at a fee of £960.00.
4. In breach of the said agreement the Defendants failed to appear on the said date. By reason of the matters hereinbefore the Plaintiffs suffered loss and damage.

PARTICULARS OF LOSS AND DAMAGE

(i) Loss of door takings of £1,200 (less the fee of £960 payable to the Defendants)	£240.00
(ii) Loss of profits on the sale of drinks	£300.00
(iii) Loss of advertising thrown away	£112.00
(iv) Loss of food and drink purchased for the use of the Defendants and their employees in accordance with the said agreement, which said food and drink thereafter became unusable	£20.00
(v) Loss of reputation and goodwill amongst the numerous disappointed patrons	£500.00
Total	£1,258.00

AND the Plaintiffs claim DAMAGES.

Guy Napthine

Dated this 5th day of February 1982

Messrs. Mee & Co., 19 Churchgate, Retford, Notts.,
Solicitors for the Plaintiff

MUSICIANS WANTED

MUSICIANS
NME outsells
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Make your money go further — Advertise in
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(*Source ABC Jul-Dec 1982)

AMERICAN MANAGEMENT. Successful, US manager seeks commercial UK artist, with modern sound and hit potential songs. Other artists that have been represented: "Kraftwerk", "Rush", "Rod Stewart". Send tapes to Ira Blacker, 15, Outrigger, Marina Delrey, California 90046.

BASS/DRUMMER wanted for versatile band into Stones, Velvets, Doors, Iggy, early punk, Bowie etc. Contact Andy 373 7409.

BASS PLAYER and vocalist wanted. (17-24). Into China Crisis, Monochrome Set, etc. No pros. Ring Dave 599 4806. Romford area.

DRUMMER INTO Mutant Funk. 01-458 3340.

DRUMMER, KEYBOARDS to form band in Manchester. Influences K. Joke, Brilliant, Cure. Tel 061 226 5654 after 6pm.

DRUMMER MUSICIANS needed to form pop soul bands. Phone Pat 01-555 9511 after 6.30pm.

DRUMMER, VOCALIST, Musician. Influences: Hatfields, Rainooats, early Softs. 01-346 0254.

DRUMMER WANTED, Velvets/Soul etc. No time wasters. Phone Pete 01-551 2252.

PERSONS WANTED to join guitarist and drummer into Wire and esoteric music. John 01-863 5733.

POWERFUL GUITARIST wanted. Stooges attitude imperative. Phone 858 0806.

TWO FEMALE vocalists want to join group, London area. Phone 01-790 5036.

UNUSUAL/SYNTH bands wanted for alternative L.P. Demo's & SAE. 40 Damlia Dr, Swanley, Kent.

VOCALIST REQUIRED for semi-pro rock band. Phone Mick, Worksop 475342. Nick 474715.

VOCALIST WANTED for young Chippenham Bath based R&B band, urgently. Gigs, interviews waiting. Chippenham 653065. Bath 318808.

WARHOLIAN GUITARIST wanted. Daytime, Peter, 388 5392. Evening Aizi 636 6465.

FAN CLUBS

BILL NELSON Club '83. Exclusive records, magazines, merchandise, Send S.A.E. to PO Box 134A1, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

LONDON SCOTLAND. People wanted to run Fan Club from own home. Box No. 4768.

NEIL YOUNG Appreciation Society. S.A.E. 15 Lyle Square, Milngavie, Glasgow, Scotland. G62 7BN.

TONY HANCOCK Appreciation Society. Please write to Chris, 10 Devenish Road, Winchester, Hants S022 6EX enclosing S.A.E.

TUITION

DRUM TUITION offered, Midlands teacher. Stoke-on-Trent. 0782 814381.

SYNTHESISER TUITION 947 0454.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

ANDY'S GUITAR CENTRE — American & Vintage secondhands, also amps, effects, etc. Pro guitar & amp repair workshops, customising, making. **GUITARS & AMPS BOUGHT ANY CONDITION.** 27, Denmark Street, W.C.2 01-836 0899, 01-379 3491.

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FREE CATALOGUE. Rock merchandise etc. Large S.A.E. to: Rockstop, 66 Blackwell Street, Kidderminster. DY10 2EL.

INTERESTING RARE and unusual material on Bowie, Led Zep, K. Bush, Queen, S. Easton, Police, Japan, Stones, Abba, Blondie, K. Wilde plus many others (also Movie Stars). S.A.E. for details (stating interests). To S./P(Dept N.M.E.), 17 Tottenham Court Road, London W1.

JOHN LENNON/Yoko Ono Two Virgins. Album cover. (No record). Offers over £10. Box No. 4761.

NEIL YOUNG Official Tour merchandise, plus books, posters, magazines. S.A.E. N.Y.A.S. (Merchandise), 225 Port Tennant Road, Swansea, Wales. SA1 8JU.

PORTRAITS DRAWN from good quality photos and cuttings, Ring Mick 01-863 0633.

RECORDS FOR SALE

A HUGE selection for used/unused record, tape, & video bargains available at: Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (01-727 3539). Deletions/Rarities **UPSTAIRS.**

ALBUM HIRE, widest choice, postal service. S.A.E. Taw Records, Calver, Sheffield.

BEATLES SALE records, books, E.P.s. S.A.E. 24, Rigby Lane, Bolton, Lancs.

BOWIE, BAUHAUS Roxy rare tapes for sale. 549 2876.

COSTELLO, JAM, U2, Teardrops, Pistols, Bunnymen, 0742 367184.

LIVE DYLAN tapes. SAE. 64 Early Road, Witney, Oxon.

MOVE RARITIES: private collection, also Idle Race, Mike Sheridan etc. S.A.E. Duncan, Hurstley Court, Kinnersley, Herefordshire.

RARE TAPES, Floyd, others, good prices. 01-467 8505.

SLADE AUCTION S.A.E. 46 Fulbeck House, Netherfields, Middlesbrough, Cleveland.

TEN INDEPENDENT Albums £9.99p SAE to 452, Fulham Rd, London SW6.

"THOUSANDS SECONDHAND LPs/singles/cassettes, all types. Send 15½ stamp for **FREE** 36-page February catalogue. Overseas enquiries welcome. Stop Look & Listen, Hayle, Cornwall."

60's 70's SINGLES S.A.E. 5, Burnham Road, Westcott, Aylesbury, Bucks.

SITUATIONS VACANT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES with record companies, radio stations, advertising agencies, etc. Full-time, part-time. Experience unnecessary. Read 'Music Employment Guide', 'Careers in Radio' 'Careers in Advertising.' £1.50 each. All three £4.00. Dept 31, Hamilton House Publishing, Creaton, Northampton.

JOBS AT SEA OR WORKING HOLIDAYS. Get out of the rat race or dole queue and into the sun. Working holidays in U.K., Europe, U.S.A., Middle East, etc. Good pay, low taxes. Experience usually unnecessary. Plus jobs on liners, oil rigs, etc. High pay, both sexes. Send £1.95 for both guides. **PEEWHITE** (A2), 12 Hartington Road, Twickenham, TW1 3EN.

JOBS ON Oil rigs, ships, & overseas. For guide details send large S.A.E. & 50p (refundable). Quality Supplies, (NME) 4, Tower Street, York.

MUSICIANS, EVER considered pub, club, entertainment as a way of earning extra cash? Well, there is a new guide available to help you. Free details S.A.E. Jobes, 105 Littleworth Road, Downley, High Wycombe, Bucks.

RECORDS WANTED

A BETTER DEAL. All you Punks, Romantics, Nattydreads, Mods, Rockers, Skinheads. Send your unwanted L.P.s, singles, cassettes, or lists to:- **RED ALERT RECORDS,** Tenby, Wales.

ABSOLUTELY ALL your L.P.s, singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged. 1p—£2.50 each paid (more for video-cassettes & rarities). **NONE REFUSED!!** Bring **ANY** quantity in **ANY** condition to Record & Tape Exchange. 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11. (Shop open 7 days, 10 a.m. — 8 p.m.: tel. 01-727 3539). Or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash — none returned once sent; we decide fair price; list + S.A.E. for estimate if required (large quantities collected **ANYWHERE!** — phone 01-727 3538. 10a.m. — 8 p.m.)

BEATLES XMAS fan Club records. Please state price. Box No. 4770.

RIPOFF RECORDS High Street, Lampeter, Dyfed. All LP's cassettes, singles accepted. Top prices paid. Send direct or s.a.e. for quote.

SUPERSTAR SHINE Vol. 2 Earth and Fire. Tel Wisbech 63089.

TOP PRICES paid for L.P.'s/cassettes. Any quality. Send details plus S.A.E. for quotations. — Gema Records, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Reading, Berkshire.

SPECIAL NOTICES

MENKEY BASCH

PAUL MORLEY!! Burn again! From Underground...Jonh Wilde.

"RAW WAR" out now!! (XNT)

ROO-LAST true semi loony tune — await post-shape. Take care — love Bongo.

SENSORIUM. GENIUS Appreciation society forming. Write Reece, 32C Oxford Road, London, NW6.

RECORDING STUDIOS

CENTRAL LONDON 1 IN 8-Track £6.90 p.h, Korg MS20. Trident, Roland TR808, CSQ600 SH2. Vocoder, Harmonizer, much more available. 01-286 0642.

SOUTH COAST. Toucan Studios. £5p.hr + VAT. Free use of Instruments. Hayling Is. 07016 67734.

PA & LIGHTS

PURPLE HIRE PA & Lights. 0462 894732.

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN. 01-690 7636.

PERSONAL

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE 22, loves animals, into pop and going out, wishes to meet sincere male for lasting relationship. Box No. 4764.

AUST MALE 27 seeks dark female pen-pal. Peter Dunn, 109 Water-view St. NSW 2103, Australia.

BLOCK: PLEASE come back to me soon. I love you. Block,.

COSTELLO NUT, otherwise nice guy seeks friends, peace etc. GI-s a write Aberdeenshire. Box No. 4762.

DATELINE COMPUTER DATING for successful compatible relationships. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline, (Dept NME), 23 Abingdon Road, London W.8. 01-938 1011.

FRIENDSHIP FREE brochure, Sue Carr Agency, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE. Postal intros. All areas/ages. Write: Orion Introductions, A12, Waltham, Grimsby. DN37 0DP.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with Sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North St. Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BM1 3GJ.

MAIDEN FAN male 24, London, seeks friends to write/meet on May tour. Box No. 4765.

PENPAL MAG: Singles, divorced, widowed. Approval copy:— **MATCHMAKER,** A 25, Chorley, Lancs.

BANDS

HEAVY METAL bands wanted for compilation album. Contact Monitor Studios, Milborne Port (0963) 250826.

"INTERESTING THINGS!! Send Photo/s, Tape/s, any quality, own tapes acceptable. Possible U.S.A. trip. Offer limited to first 500 replies. S.A.E. John Wells International, P.O. Box 33, Basingstoke, Hants."

PRINTING

BADGES MADE and designed. Small, medium, large sizes. Tel: 01-708 0392, or SAE: Al's badges, 6, Great Queen St. London WC2B 5DG.

RAY LOWRY: Colour, photo comix posters make ya laugh. 60p each + 60p p&p. S.A.E. for catalogue. Trojan R3, 47A, Grayling Rd, London N.16.

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BANDS — VIDEOS Promos, live gigs or rehearsals, try Anarres. 01-251 6830.

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CULTURE CLUB tickets (London Dominion). 0865 59662. Juliet Silver.

JAM BETA videos, good quality. Live, TOTP, TV, appearances. Box No. 4769.

JAM WANTED. Anything videos, tapes, records etc. 24 Brookdale Road, Bexley, Kent.

JOAN ARMATRADING rarities wanted. I'm interested in anything. Lovers of Joan, let's correspong and share our interests. Joan, if your reading this, want to correspond? Your loved in Minnesota! Write Mary Hesch, 1915 16th Ave. S 23, Moorhead, MN. 56560 U.S.A.

LIZZY TICKETS for Preston. Telephone Accrington, Lancashire 35908.

LOU REED rarities. Bootlegs, tapes, magazines. Please write with prices. Box No. 4763.

MONTERY POP on video. Box No. 4767.

MOTORCYCLES WANTED FOR IMMEDIATE CASH. Buyer collects. 01-348 3659.

NEW YORK Dolls live tapes, photos, rarities etc. Box No. 4766.

NEW ORDER tapes. Hacienda flexi. 85 Royden Road, Upton, Wirral.

NME's RMs, 1963-1970. Bristol 519937.

PHOTOS AND all inform about singer/violinist David La Flamme. Maria Plop, Johan Huizingasetaat, 28 2552 MA, The Hague, Holland.

● *continues from page 21*

— I can't think of a soul who's vocally more athletic than me in a show! Or on record! It depends on who's listening or *how* they're listening or...The smoothest music I've ever heard is The Beach Boys. The only *process* I use is in saying, I'd like to do *this song!* And then we try and do the best arrangement we can.

It's so random and arbitrary the way it's worked out. If it works, why change it? If it pleases you, why get something that doesn't'? All those Aretha Franklin records that we are so glad to have in our world — they just set the board up and used the same back-up singers and players and *did them all.*

Self-respect is more important to me than anything, more than what other people think of me. That's all I care about. Success is nice because it means I can carry on, otherwise I'd have to work as a waitress or a teacher. The perks are getting good sound and players...but otherwise it doesn't really matter. In some ways your dreams can come true.

How would you feel about being compared to Sarah Vaughn?

That's so silly, really, comparing me to that period. I don't like comparisons much...

How about Barry Manilow?

I don't feel much one way or the other. He's a *man* to start with. I'm sure he works very hard. It's not my favourite kind of music...I don't listen to a lot of pop music anyway. I listen to classic things. I hear records made where I record, played by people I know — It's like going to work. I prefer silence.

I'm still walking around, hale and hearty! Whatever you do has a tremendous impact on you and it would be the same if I were working in a factory. Rock'n'roll has a specific youthful thing about it but it'll be gone eventually when the '50s generation are old enough. Something else will have replaced it.

Rabbit rabbit rabbit

There's so many kind of music to sing. I grew up around country music but I'd go mad if I only had that to sing. It's never a question of getting *tired* of pop music, it's just the way you change. When I was a kid I'd like to sing songs about my boyfriend or this and that — now I can find so many other things that I love to hear about. The 'Get Closer' songs are...I don't know. It's a much more mundane process than people suspect...

But it should be exciting!

Oh, it *is* exciting! To wake up in the middle of the night and feel so miserable and pick up a guitar and sing a particular song — I can't tell you how profoundly satisfying that is when you feel bad and then make it better. It doesn't have to be a happy song. The liberation from tedium, that's music's function.

Music is a mystery and love is a mystery. The more I learn about them the more the mystery deepens. There aren't any hard and fast answers. Hard to find someone to love as it is to find a bass player and a drummer who like to play together. It takes so much effort to make it effortless!

THE WIND-UP

WOULD YOU ever tell a stranger what you really feel?

Sometimes I think I might tell a stranger more readily than — no I wouldn't, my intimate friends know me the best. Sometimes you tell things on airplanes. I have a compulsively frank mouth, though, y'know. I don't know how to edit myself in conversation.

I'm sorry, what was your question?

ANDY I'LL always love you. Chris.

ANN HASPREY love you Steve Evans

BECK, HERE'S looking at you kid. Love Rick

BIGWIG WHAT a funny little Valentine you are. T&P.

BISH, HENRY an't happy — come back, Kerrie xxxx.

BRIAN 'O' Hope Folkestone is as romantic as ever...

BRIGGERLEY, I love you more each day, Biffo.

CANDY THE most precious person in my life. Love you always, Neil.

"CAPTAIN SWOOP you are the best!"

CARIN — ANOTHER Girl on another Planet, love, An Only One.

CAROLINE DOBIE meet you on The Riverbank. Love Hammy Hamster.

CAROLINE, YOU mean even more to me than that boy on the cloakroom. Jeff XX

CARRIE, GIVE me cuddles, Dan.

CATHERINE I can't believe you've happened to me. All the love in the world and more — Rick.

CATHERINE — I love you, Peter.

CEPHEP I'LL love you for ever love, Love Records. xxx

"CHICKEN LIVER — I know when I turn to kiss you — you will always be there — " Swing.

CHRIS I miss you lots but love you much more, see you very soon, love Ronnie.

CHRIS REDSTON is rapidly losing his street cred, but Sue still rates him tops!

CHRISS, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN THE JAM. MR. A.P.

CHRISTINE JANE, whatever became of those two words, Willie.

CLARABELLA, QUEEN BEE "I love the way you walk". Rupert.

COOL CAT calling beautiful bear. Love from a frustrated feline. xxx

CUPCAKE YOU may think your a golden oldie now, but your still my number one. Happy birthday, all my love, Plum.

DARLING JOE, I love and need you. Lesley.

DAVE E Parry, I love you for ever Angi.

DAVID DORRELL — Koochi Koochi Koo — we all love you! The Fan Club xxx.

DEAREST TOPCAT De tous les jours parfaits avec toi je te remerci en esperant qu' ils seront sans fin. All my love. . . Cari. Avec beaucoup de baissers.

DEBBIE POULTON Love your 30 inch waist: Flora.

DEBBIE LUV will you be mine at sixty two or what.

DEBS LOVE yah, hooray Henrey.

DESMOND AND ELSE happy anniversary, love Andrew and Debby.

DIANE LOVE you millions and millions. All my love Mark.

DISCO WILSON bogey my Valentine — Hmmpgh — you are so well 'suited' to me Karen.

DODGY BOILER needs servicing. Only Baby Thrills can do the job. Will exchange for love and passion.

DOWNTOWN STOKIE don't cry. Sharon Asher valentinian Vibrations. A contributor.

EEYORE! GINA, lechyd da and plenty of Dobbins. Lets make some more Raffia mats. I miss your bunions. Love Fatty Barry.

EEYORE SAMANTHA. We'll meet again soon. Love Percy.

E.F. YOU are always on my mind, but wish it was my bed. A.C.

EVEN A poorly honey monster loves his sugar puff.

FIG AND T-Roone, its still big and beautiful, love Boy Gal.

FLAMINGO LEGS, I love you. Marry me soon. Mel xxx

FOR RUTH. My favorite nurse. Beaucoup de baissers. Mark xxx

FORTY (GEDIT) I love you and I need you closer. Love and kisses Tiggy Boo. xxx

FRED/JOANNE. Wanna be my Valentine? — Frap Tickles.

FROG AND pig forever.

FURRY UMBILICUS can keep my entire heart always. Rotund derriére.

"GEORGE, WAS it ever cold? Sickly squirrel"

GINGE, LOVE you always, Ratbag.

GREG — B.P. I love you! Jill.

HAPPY VALENTINE'S Day precious Fe! I hope to be with you soon. Love Craig.

HELEN, I love you, Henry.

HELE — SHANGHAI Gesture — D.N.A.

HI! TIGGER, hows this for a surprise. Lots of love, Piglet.

HORACE SHOESTRING and Angel Bush drink their stingo from a beekur or a cup!

HOWDY BOY PURE BABY FOOD—DOROTHY.

HUGH, FROM "The green-eyed European Female of NME".

IN MEMORY of a hot August day in the shadow of the Westway.

IN TIME, we shall find our castle. Karin.

"JACKIE THE sexist vegie, I'm madly in love I hope Snoopy won't be jealous — Jon".

'JACKS, I always throught TWA was an airline until I discovered you.'

JANASS I need you I really do, I cant stop loving you. Jats Jat Monsta Wiff the Curjays.

KARI BROWN, if you x-rayed my heart, you'd see only love for you. Airifixxx.

KEEP ON Strummin Joe, love Janie Jones. ×××

KERRI, THE only thing that's bright. All my love, Ben.

KING KURT Flash Beggar needscute dead rabbit.

L.B.D. THE man with a 'Whole lot'a Rosie'. Happy Valentines Day, lots and lots of love B.A. ×××

LESLEY WISE Bum. Hell of a girl. Love Jim.

LINDA COME on baby, like my flower. Hugs and kisses. Love Martin.

LINDA: EVERARD, as ever. Hugs-'N'kisses—Andy.

LISA S improve your musical taste. Ily M.

LISA, SORRY ABOUT MY BOTTOM. HEAPS OF LOVE, DENNIS. ××××.

LORRAINE BE my Valentine. I love you. Fluffy xxx

LUSCIOUS LEGS. The one and only pair in my life. Marlon.

LUSCIOUS LIPS Nick, meet me in a land down under, Joan.

MALCOLM WHEN I dream I dream about you. Love forever, Ziggy.

MARDY BUM love Sue R.

MARK, ALWAYS BE MY VALENTINE. LOVE KAREN.

MAURA. HERE'S to thee in '83. Love Barry.

MAUREEN:- SPANISH terrorist will seriously damage my hearing, Brian.

MAXINE MY chicken. Love Ya. Steve.

MELLISSA BUNNYMEN 31/1/83. All my colours, turn to clouds. Kevin.

MISBO CHICA Fantastica. Tutti mi amore, Zom.

MISS GLOVES — Love and Baby Lotion — T.B.L.

MISS JONES. DARLING soon you will need that black nighty, I love you. Love Peter.

MUCKLE MOUTH saw you before in 114 — come again to the chick-pulling Den. Love, passion, and excitement — Rampant James.

NAUGHTY NICK & Cute Chris be my Valentine. I'll be yours forever. J.C. ××××××

NICKY ROD'S new album, side three, track two, love Andy.

NIGEL DOBSON — Happy Valentine's day, TinTin. Love from Moi. xxxx

NIK, I love you more than ever, Loo.

OH DIANE, my love for you will last forever. — from a Rosyth Jam fan.

PAULINE ALL my love to you. My heart is forever yours. Robert.

POLLY WILL you be my Valentine? Love from your hairy friend.

POLLY YOU know how to get a guy on the boil. I love you! Tony.

RATSCAL. SQUIRM with me forever. I.L.Y. Ratbag.

"RATS — HOW can I question your love after all the tears. Thank-you for loving me — " Toad.

RICH (BUTCH) Forget me not.

ROBYN RAE, be my funny Valentine. I'm glad to be a boyfriend of one of the future Girlfriends. Love Nicola.

RUBY LIPS (now living in Hammersmith) Hope everything is going your way...

RUPERT CABBAGE, buzz around my hive. Clarabella.

RUTH, I'LL turn blue, blue for you. Love Bruce.

SALLY, 14TH love you evermore, Nigel.

SHARK IV — Let's go swimming soon!

SHELLEY — SO much, and then some, and then some more: almost perhaps even — Wordsworth.

SHIRLEY, TURN your fantasies into realities. Be mine! Steve.

SHIRLEY. WOW! Two years. Love you. Mr Sensible.

SIMON SMITH "Somebody who cares" is "Here Today" Love xxxxx

SIMON, TAKE me I'm yours, because dreams are made of this, forever there'll be a Heaven in your kiss. All my love as always, Gillian. xxxx

SIMON WACK LE BON, VANESSA SAID, SHE LOVES U. XXX

"SPIDER LOVE Strawberry Shortcake"

"STICKS" STAY WITH ME for breakfast in bed — forever. All my love Mark. xxxx

SUE WHERE Do All The Dead People Go On Valentines Day? Baz xx.

SUSAN PRES de toi par la pensee. Love Joseph Wag.

THE WIMP, we've got love on our side, French kisses, Manwoman at the Freak-show.

THOUGHT I'D buy you "Christian" this year, as I bought you "African and White" last year. Love Elaine-i-poos. xx

TOAD, YOU give me fever, love Mick. xxxx

'TO CAI, from Si, with love for life.'

TO GWEN. Love you like a "fish head", Yum? Yum? Love Dave. xxx

TO LORI, from your London Admirer.

TO MARIETTA. Endless Valentine love from Cerne. Sorry James.

TO SARAH Joslyn, all my love, Chrsi. (Anag), xxx

TO SWORDFISH, Butler Supreme: thanks for spiffing times!

TRACY THOMAS. Yes its me again. Hate you terribly, love me.

TRACY CORR — by my Valentine, 'coz I love you. Love from Diamonds.

WELL BALDINI, another year in the legion— here's to the next!—Chef.

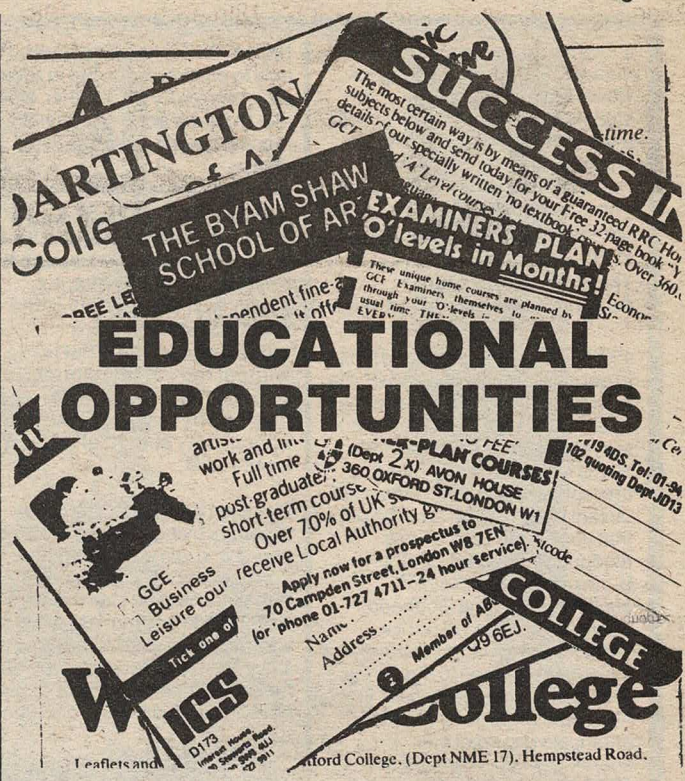
WEELY:— AS MORTICIA AND GOMEZ, AND LILY, AND HERMAN SO WE ARE ONE.

WHAT'S SMALL, blonde, and spikey? Our loveable gerbil. Luv ya The Volvo Brothers.

"WITH EVERY heartbeat I want you madly." Love you more Rhi, from Rob.

YES YES, The Future is blissful.

100 VEGAMITE doesn't have the same ring about it. Nik. xx



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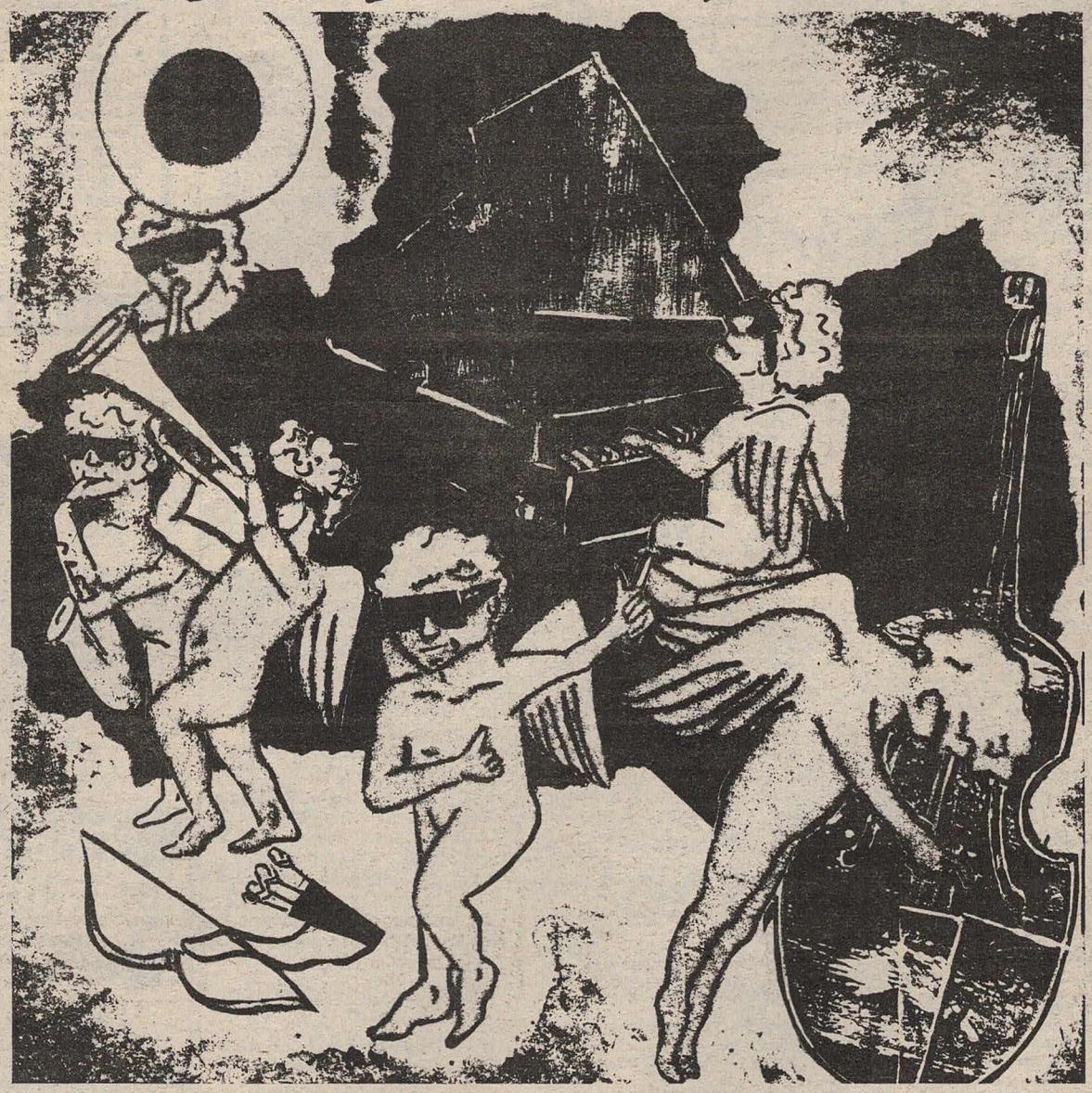
LOVER'S TIFF BAG



Valentine illustration: Pamela Dowie

CHRIS BOHN charts the continuing love-hate relationship between NME and its readers

Just a line to say how much I enjoyed Paul Morley's profile of Dieter Meier. I'll make my students read it. I don't agree with them all, but his words are worth consideration . . . I read *NME* with a strange sense of travelling in the beyond.
Georgina Bishop, D'Alby, Isle Of Man.

Thanks — Paul Morley © Soaring Performance Ltd 1983.

1983: One month down and time to get crucial. How does *NME*, the journal for the "discerning young adult" (right on, Rick) celebrate our relentless descent into the abyss? With the most insipid, uninspiring issue since those dim distant pre '76 days. An echo of that dope-filled halycon era resounds in Richard Cook's Bunnymen piece. Gothic sentimentality. The Godhead returns in a shroud of dry ice.

Flick back to page 11 where a sycophantic paean to the glories of capitalism manifests itself in the *NME* fashion page — a vain attempt to resurrect the shameless hedonism of Errol era *NME*. Where are the Morleys and Penmans who consistently kept *Gasbag* inflated?

As I see it your problem is this: Do you remain an SDP/MOR mishmash for all or advance into a conflict of extremes? This generation is hardening up, not in response to the Elms diktat, but because of the stark bleak realisation that the lunatics have taken over the asylum.

NME should stop paying lip service to the worthless music press guidelines — the antiquated review formats, interviews with hyped bands offering nothing more than shallow posturing; sweep this anachronistic debris away!

As you concurred 'The Message' was *the* single of last year, proving that music's primal bodily function could be combined with lyrical realism and still make inroads on the consciousness of a nation. . .

NME, potentially a highly influential vehicle, should be assuming a greater role in the politicization of youth, not dictating "what to think", but encouraging debate, livening up what have become drab, dull, derelict pages, while concurrently provoking a collective awareness and proving that pop need not be divorced from "reality".
Toby Kinder, Greenwich, London SE10.

Funny you should choose to bring all this up about an issue that carries a cover story on Einsturzende Neubauten, Europe's most rigorously independent and combative group (by yours truly), in which views not unsimilar to your own are expounded. But isn't your choice of targets a touch hysterical? A page of hats as praise to the glories of capitalism? Oh dear. Next — CB.

The way things are going, I give another 10 years at most in which the impetus of the music scene will dwindle and fold completely, taking with it the DJs, the companies and the music press.

The idea of progressive creation in music will lose credibility as the artists disband and diffuse into pursuit of personal goals, just as the world of visual art burned itself out, their movements disbanding into obscurity and government aid.

One by one the arts are consumed by the insatiable appetite for novelty. The people look to each other for entertainment and, finding nothing, retrace the pioneering steps of musicians, painters, writers and choreographers. Nothing new is discovered because every art form has been led via a process of refinement and self-examination to a state of zero.

It is like the law of physics that states that all matter comes to complete rest at a certain low temperature. With the arts, with music, all energy and motion are burned out til the art reaches its simplest most basic form: complete nihilisim.

This is what is currently happening to the music scene. Before, limits were imposed not only to provide order, but to allow progress a very short tether. Now that limits are gone and anything is possible, progress has taken its course.
Stephen Doogan, Glasgow

Ten years? Aren't we being a little optimistic? Personally I've got nothing against treating the past as a museum (thanks, Ross), just the inability of the unimaginative to use a museum properly. That is, without too much propriety. If they can't get aroused or inspired by the things they've stolen, they should give them back — CB.

It annoys me immensely to see reporters using untruths to make cheap and idle points. Whether one admires Kerouac or not, it remains untrue to state that "he never made any moves" when he was moved to write 11 novels in 17 years. Neal Cassady provided the action for many of Kerouac's novels, no doubt, but to call them travel stories is to have missed the point somewhat. I would also suggest they never slept together, which you seem to imply.

The notion that Kerouac spent all his time on the road is a romantic myth, and looking back it is difficult to place him amongst the greatest of novelists. In drawing a landscape, providing a reaction to the self-congratulatory cold war climate of the '50s, he made a huge contribution to which rock and roll still owes a great deal.

It is easy for you to criticise and only slightly harder for me to defend the man who then and, it seems, now — through media misrepresentation — was subjected to a nightmare of harrassment by the youth cults he in part inspired and who you now seek to put down by putting down the man himself.

"The only thing necessary, in life, as in art, is to tell the truth," Leo Tolstoy.
Tim Stott, Longsight, Manchester.

Since when has Gavin Martin been an authority on decent literature? His trite little jibe at Kerouac's *On The Road* was embarrassing to read. "He writes his boyfriend's travel notes," I ask you!? I find it disturbing that he thinks such utter garbage is witty. Please leave Kerouac and other great authors to the literary critics, who at least come half way to understanding what the books are about.
Another Gavin, Portsmouth.

Due to his pagan upbringing Gavin Martin has laudably little respect for icons — yours or anyone else's. Besides, he's never been the same since we told him you can't libel the dead. The only thing I'd leave most lit-er-ary critics is a nasty deposit in their typewriters.

Contemporary reviews of Beat books weren't exactly sympathetic or understanding. On a question of balance, Tim Scott's retrospective seems about right. But why all the fuss about Kerouac's sleeping habits? Ginsberg would've been overjoyed to get the pair bedding down together (cf his introduction to an Evergreen edition of *Visions Of Cody*). One man's meat . . — CB.

Films like Russ Meyer's are labelled art by a male-defined culture, a culture which is afraid of women's new found power and which seeks to devalue women and undermine their strength by portraying them as sexual objects. Gavin Martin's comments in *Gasbag* suggests that he is of the liberal school of thought which advocates that pornography be permissable under free speech.

Such liberals (and there are many amongst *NME* hacks) seem to forget that it is invariably women who suffer from the debasement that pornography encourages in every form, from hardcore porn to so called art films/literature. If black and jewish men were depicted in the submissive and vulnerable roles that women are so frequently in fashionable films, I'm sure the *NME* reviewers would be most indignant.

On several occasions I have been disappointed by *NME*'s lapses into reactionary male chauvinism, but Martin's crass insensitivity beats the lot. As a very influential paper I beg you to review your policy of anti-sexism and ensure your (predominantly male) journalists understand the difference between pornography and art.
Alison Stewart, Isle Of Dogs, London E14.

Your paper seems to be breaking the patterns of the obnoxious music rags a bit. You actually have articles on issues other than music, which makes a welcome change. Greenham Women's Peace Camp, women in the music business, and yet do I detect a weird schizophrenia here? *NME*'s Russ Meyer interview suddenly redresses the sexist balance sorely. A suspiciously sympathetic article here, discreetly avoiding showing a mamary or two, but by no means unsympathetic to Mr. Meyer. No mention of sexual politics going on here in critical terms.

Portia Fincham, Halifax, West Yorkshire.

No doubt women are made to suffer from male gay pornography by the fact of their very exclusion! It seems to me that Russ Meyer populates his films with budding Mae Wests, who share the mae-stress's humour and appetite for dumb hunks of masculine flesh. The *men* are the monkeys of Meyer's movies, not the heroines. Anyway, it's beyond me how you can all kick up so much fuss about such a *small* figure with so tiny a cult status — CB.

Lloyd Bradley criticises Luther Vandross for being MOR, safe, predictable and nothing new. Well, sure his music is a bit too MOR for my tastes, too, at times, but he also manages to produce some truly exhilarating music, particularly on the 'Never Too Much' LP. So what if it is safe and predictable? Is that necessarily a bad thing? . . . The particular soul visions of white acts like Dexys, ABC and Heaven 17 get very favourable coverage in *NME*, and they are also bland and dull at times.

Of course, white acts can often escape these criticisms, while black artists are frequently jumped on at the first hint of MOR leanings! What other reason can there be but unintentional racism behind these charges leveled against Luther Vandross?
BS, Battersea, London.

Lloyd, as *T-zers* readers know, is black. We here at *NME* no longer see things in black and white terms, but there's obviously no convincing you lot out there. So, to avoid all accusation of racial bias and improve our coverage of "minorities", we have enlarged our staff by 18 to cater for all the Yugoslav nationalities. And still there's a tiny Armenian minority in Bradford pushing for independence! I'm sure you liberals understand the difficulties of trying to please everyone — CB.

Dear Pete Wylie, congratulations and that on 'Story Of The Blues', beautiful record. But I'd like to make some constructive criticisms. I agree with your sentiments on 'Part Two' about people who talk about revolution and class struggle without relating it to everyday needs and experiences. yet when you say there is no solution to the blues, you don't elaborate enough. It isn't easy, as you say, but, however hackneyed the words may be, class struggle and revolutionary change is the only way the majority will get a better and freer society . . . (cont page 49)
Mark Shotter, Liverpool

In response to the letters about *Boys From The Blackstuff* records I would say to Peter Kerrigan, listen to that single again about *"the dreams I have of dying are the best I've ever had"* and goodnight. To Benny Hawkins, stop being dozy and wise up. Turn to 'The Wasteland' (the black stuff — get it?) by T.S. Eliot, which relates strongly to *Yosser's Tale*.

I'm beginning to get frightening visions of gangs going about in black donkey jackets and hobnail boots, saying "Gis a job" and head butting anyone who dares get in their way. Yosser is an emotional fascist, sexually inadequate, bouyed up by a lunatic self-belief. He knows what he wants but doesn't know how to get it. Fortunately he is not an intellectual fascist, unlike that fellow with the Groucho moustache who was also supposedly sexually inadequate, but at least he had read both Marx and Nietzsche.

I think Alan Bleasdale really intended the character of Yosser to show what a man of his kind can be driven to, when freed from the stabilising influence of the work cycle: when he loses his dignity and self respect he becomes a desperate and potentially dangerous man.
Chrissie and Loggo, Liverpool.

Seems nobody loves a loser more than a Liverpudlian. Not that the way McCulloch and Wylie have won chart favour deserves anything other than gentle derision, but no one's quicker with the boot than their fellow citizens. Lucky for Yosser he lost, otherwise he'd have really been a nothing. And unloved at that — CB.

Collusion is a wonderful magazine, as Graham Lock points out. He also remarks on its "telling swipe at record biz propaganda with an expose of how EMI's financial crises are caused less by home taping than inept management". Why don't we get the same sort of thing in *NME*? I know it's a dumb question, but I just thought I'd ask. It couldn't be that you're in collusion with the record biz, could it?
John Street, Norwich.

I could tell you about all the withdrawn ads after particularly damaging news stories, but you wouldn't listen anyway. Regarding the home taping herring, *NME* disposed of that when it was first brought up two years ago. How often are we supposed to repeat it before you acknowledge we did it? — CB.

Overseas readers can't get the *NME* Audiozine. Overseas readers can't get the *NME* Maxell Video. We probably pay the highest price to buy the *NME*, but *NME* doesn't care about overseas readers at all.
Gerd Heinisch, Wurzburg, West Germany.

On the first count, we'll own up and admit you're lucky. It's not worth having. As to the video, we are sadly restricted to selling it in the UK by copyright regulations — CB.

Send your love letters to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

T-ZERS

SNORING GENTLY on their bench in *NME* central, the **Three Dots** are dreaming of **Richard Clayderman** drowning in a sea of Farley's rusks and milk. For the greasy pianist, the end is going to be agonisingly slow. The smiles widen on the Dots' weathered faces as they take it in turns to pour in another bucket of slush. If only they can stay asleep for another couple of seconds... CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH! As three typewriters embed themselves in three little craniums, the three-piece gossip column splutters into reality to see the grim countenance of the boss towering above them. "Yessir... Us sir?... Right away sir... When was it? Where was it? How much did he drink?..." Still piecing together the progression of a typically gross weekend, they switch on the office crystal set to discover Richard Clayderman, alive as ever, and crack open a collectivised packet of cereal for the task that lies ahead. Oh for some snap, crackle and POP!

As memory cells revive, they remember bumping into **Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder** one rainy morning at St Pancras. The Cabs were apparently 'pretty miffed' that not a soul had mentioned their departure from the ailing Rough Trade. With a new album in the can, Voltaire are at present scouring the land for a label unwilling to let it stay there. The Three Dots recall sniggering quietly and telling Mal to get on his bike...

Good news from the States. During their recent US visit electro poppers **Blancmange** were taken at face value and billed as **Blank Man.** The reason given is that the citizens of the USA are not familiar with one of Europe's foremost desserts but *T-Zers* ain't so sure. Blank Man's manager has now sent 14lbs of the powdered form to be distributed amongst the populace. And when the subject cropped up during a radio interview with one Tim Summers — occasional *Snouds* contributor — the lads had the outrage to suggest that Blancmange was in fact a word with considerable religious significance because a certain mediaeval sect were accustomed to lengthy periods of fasting where the sticky substance provided the only form of nourishment. When asked if he'd heard of such a practice, the interviewer was heard to say, "Blancmange? Do me a flavour! I'm Jewish."

David Cronenberg's new horror opus *Videodrome* — featuring part-time brunette **Debbie Harry** as a red-haired sexpot who derives pleasure from that which causes pain — has finally opened in America. It's a simple story of video times where everyone develops a mysterious cavity in their stomachs that is, even more mysteriously, capable of accommodating a cassette. Just another simple, everyday tale...

Mick Jagger is to introduce a new line of...can you wait for this?...children's clothing. This enterprise is apparently going to be called Rolling Stone Clothes. Inspired huh?

And Jammy Dodgers dept...Ex-**Door, Robby Krieger** was reduced to joining none other than **Adam Ant** onstage in LA...**John Cale** jammed with the **Psychedelic Furs** but was too fat to handle anything more than a viola...

Silly story of the week. **The Clash** to split? And talking of **Martin Scorsese...**in his new flick, *The King Of Comedy*, The Clash will be joined by **The Pretenders** on the soundtrack...

No one famous at all at **The Farmer's Boys'** signing on ceremony at EMI's Abbey Road studios but, in between stealing sandwiches, *T-Zers* heard that Baz, the singer, and Andy, from **Serious Drinking,** are to take time off to start up an 'avant garde '70s soul outfit' called **The Sir Keith Joseph Brothers...**

Sheffield band **The Box** to make their telly debut soon on a new series called *'Bubblin' Under'*...

***HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU KID:** Janet Kay plays silly games with August Darnell, and comes over awestruck at the snap in the kid's trilby brim. August takes it on the chin.*

The meeting of the songstress turned actress and the songster turned actor was part of Darnell's acting debut when he forsook the steamy jungles of New York City to fly in to exotic downtown Waterloo to guest star on London Weekend TV's black comedy series 'No Problem'.

Darnell plays himself, lured to open a highly dodgy nightclub being organised by that zany, loveable No Problem gang back in Harlesden. The episode, the last of the present series, will be broadcast in early March.

BILLY MACKENZIE was seen doing his thang down at **Gaspar Lawal's** appearance at Dingwalls — the canny quiff is apparently recording with Mr Lawal...

Albert Finney and escort **Diana Quick** (of *Brideshead* fame) and a skinny-glasses-clad **Elvis Costello** were noted at **Randy Newman**'s first 'nite' (as we Dots say) down't Dominion...

Man about town **Glen Matlock** is currently bossing bass with rockist combo supreme, the **London Cowboys.** Included in their set is a version of **The Arrows'** glam hit 'Touch Too Much', played with a Pistolian raunch, and the old **Rich Kids** chestnut 'Burning Sounds'. Matched up with Matlock are vocalist Steve Dyer and guitarist Barry, both formerly of **Johnny Thunders'** backing band.

Nutty **Lee Perry,** who has recently been working on bits for the upcoming **Bob Marley** film, is currently causing a stir round Kingston with a spray can of paint, which he uses to leave mystic messages on any available wallspace. The oddest thing is that he does all of this at night. Won't no one talk to him down the boozer or what?

Hip newspaper of the week award goes to ***The Daily Telegraph*** for informing us that two of the stars of Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* programme have been 'heavy metal band, **Bauhaus'** and 'the black instrumental band, **Wah!'.**

...'ere missus don't titter dept...The lead singer of hypesters **Kajagoogoo** has been seen going out with **Paul** 'Gambaccini' **Gambo,** and the bass player is living with **Sal Solo.** Yuk! Everyone concerned says they go to church every Sunday...

Diminutive men of rock unite! **Marc Almond** and **Andi,** from the **Sex Gang Children,** have just finished recording a track for a really Gothic compilation album called 'The Whip.' Ouch!...

Not content with their sizeable part in the upcoming Martin Scorsese (*Him again? — Ed*) flick *King Of Comedy*, **Joe Strummer** is now shooting his own home movie in and around London.

Aided by his girlfriend's brother, Strummer has been using various Clash personnel in the film, with **Paul Simenon** grabbing the major part. However the film won't be distributed publicly or used in any forthcoming videos. "We're not flying off to Cannes with the tape," said Clash aide **Kosmo Vinyl,** but apparently The Clash will be entering the studio to record a new single, sans **Chimes,** in the not too distant future before commencing work on their next LP...

If you haven't heard that **Michael Heseltine** has been walking a tightrope on the Cruise and Pershing missile issues, you probably buy *The Sun.* While everyone else has been sticking skewers into the slimy one's midriff hoping he'll fall, our favourite daily has been going hell-for-leather on the Corrie scandal with scant regard for anything as trivial as the end of the world...

ONE THE Juggler have been approached by the National Gypsy Council (subtitled Romano Kris) to perform at a benefit for said worthy (or should that be swarthy?) institution. The jig will take place at Manchester's Hacienda on the 16th of March. No caravans...

Following the rather wonderful **Tracey Thorn** feature in last week's issue (*Speak for yerself, Trace — Ed*), the **Marine Girls'** appearance at London University Union was a lock-out event with over 400 people being turned away . . .

A Three Dots Exclusive preview of the **Style Council**'s debut single (that's the group formed by ex-Jam cat **Paul Weller**), shows Mr Mod dropping all ties with the Jam sound of old. Entitled 'Speak Like A Child' c/w 'Party Chambers', the song harks back more to a mid-'70s style soul with **Mick Talbot**'s Hammond organ sound dominating all parts. Scheduled for March 14th release, whether the legion of Jam fans will take to this particular gift is a more than interesting proposition... (*Howsabout 'predictable'? — Ed*)

Who wants to be a millionaire? Uncouth youth and Rolling Stone, **Ron Wood** obviously gets a fair bit of satisfaction out of it. When neighbours in his New York apartment block complained about his all-night parties and jamming guitars, and threatened to get him evicted, the hunky one went out and bought the whole building...

At the last count **Boy George**'s Valentine tally was waving goodbye to 3000 and saying hello to 4000...

Rumour has it that **Haysi Fantayzee**'s **Paul Kaplan** is recording a single with **Marilyn** the transvestite...

Shakin' Stevens's real name is Mike Barratt but he changed it by deed poll two years ago to...wait for it...Clark Kent, because he wanted privacy. *T-Zers* would like to know what he would have changed it to if he was just a hip-swivelling gold digger. **Superman?**

The Standard would have you believe that the latest rock star craze is taking babies 'on the road'...we'll say that again — on *tour*. Instead of the traditional alkie rider written into the contract, promoters are now having to provide creche facilities and a box of Farley's rusks.

Wide awake by now, Three Dots grab a shambolic exit from this page at the mention of their favourite foodstuff. Trendsetters to a man...the Three Dots have been into Farley's rusks for years...They leave wondering when the world will be ready for the breathtaking beauty of Richard Clayderman...

lowry

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

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David Dorrell
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New York
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(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
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Research
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Editor's Secretary
Wendy Lewis

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
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Kings Reach Tower
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